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THE NEW YORKER

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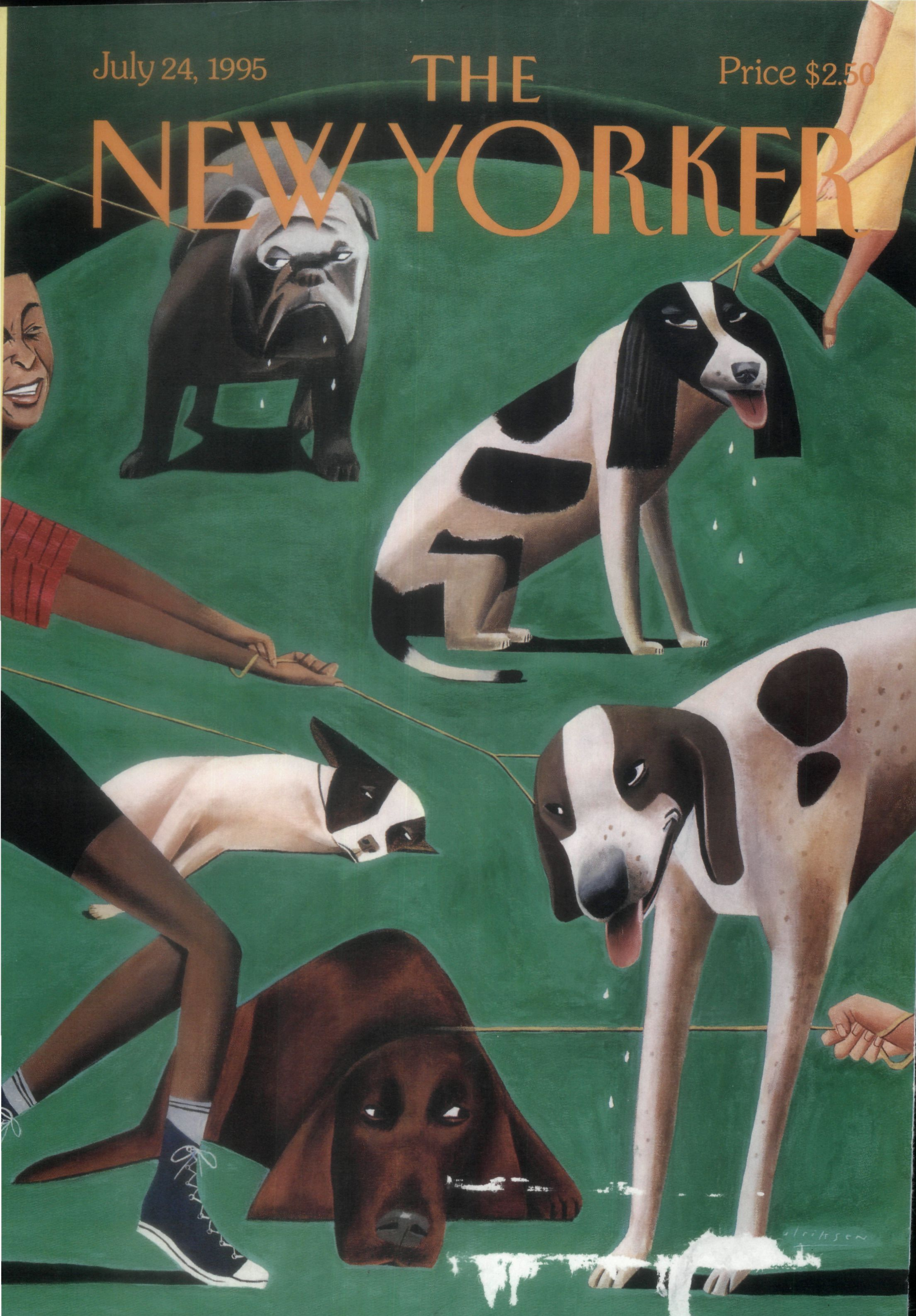

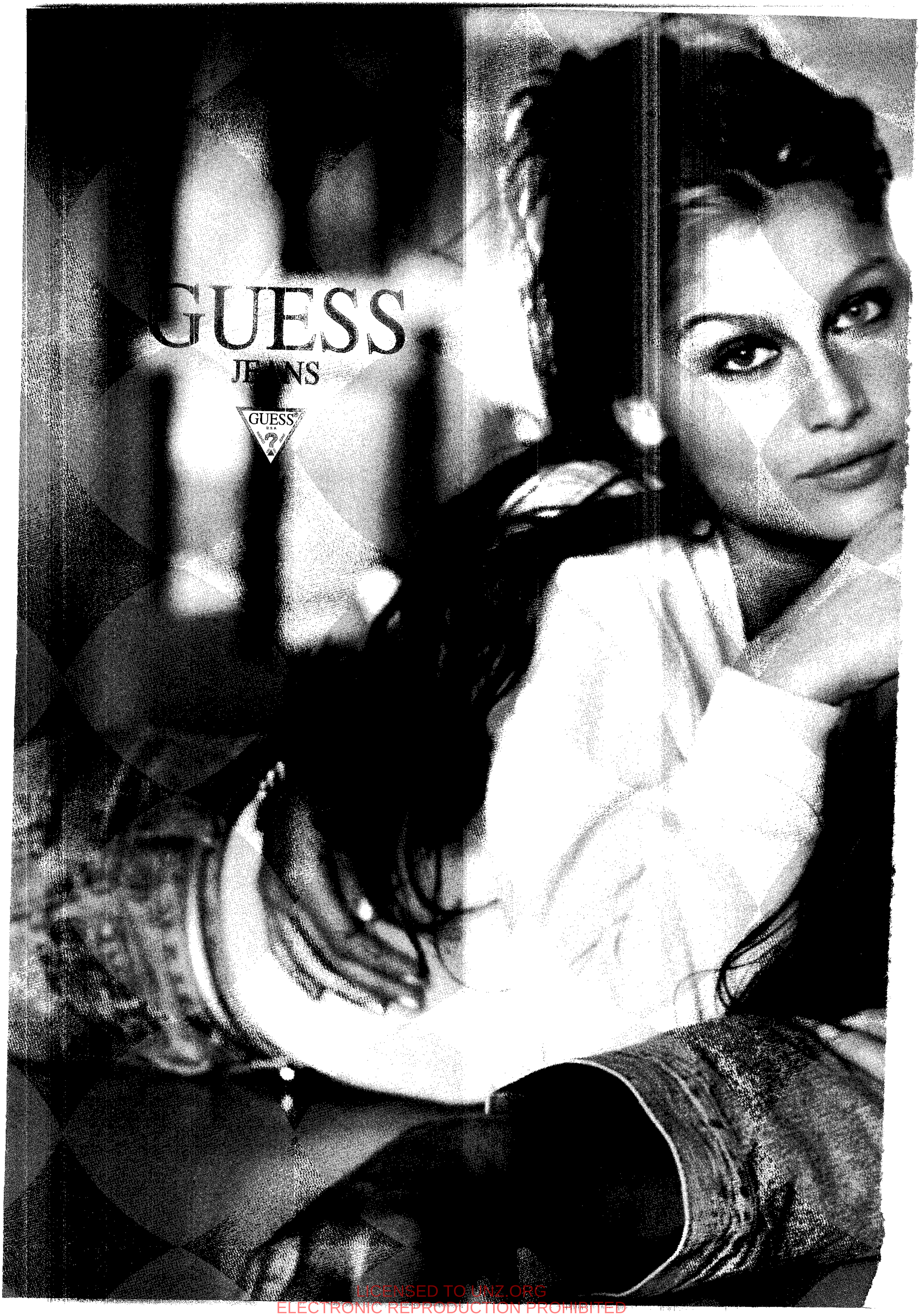
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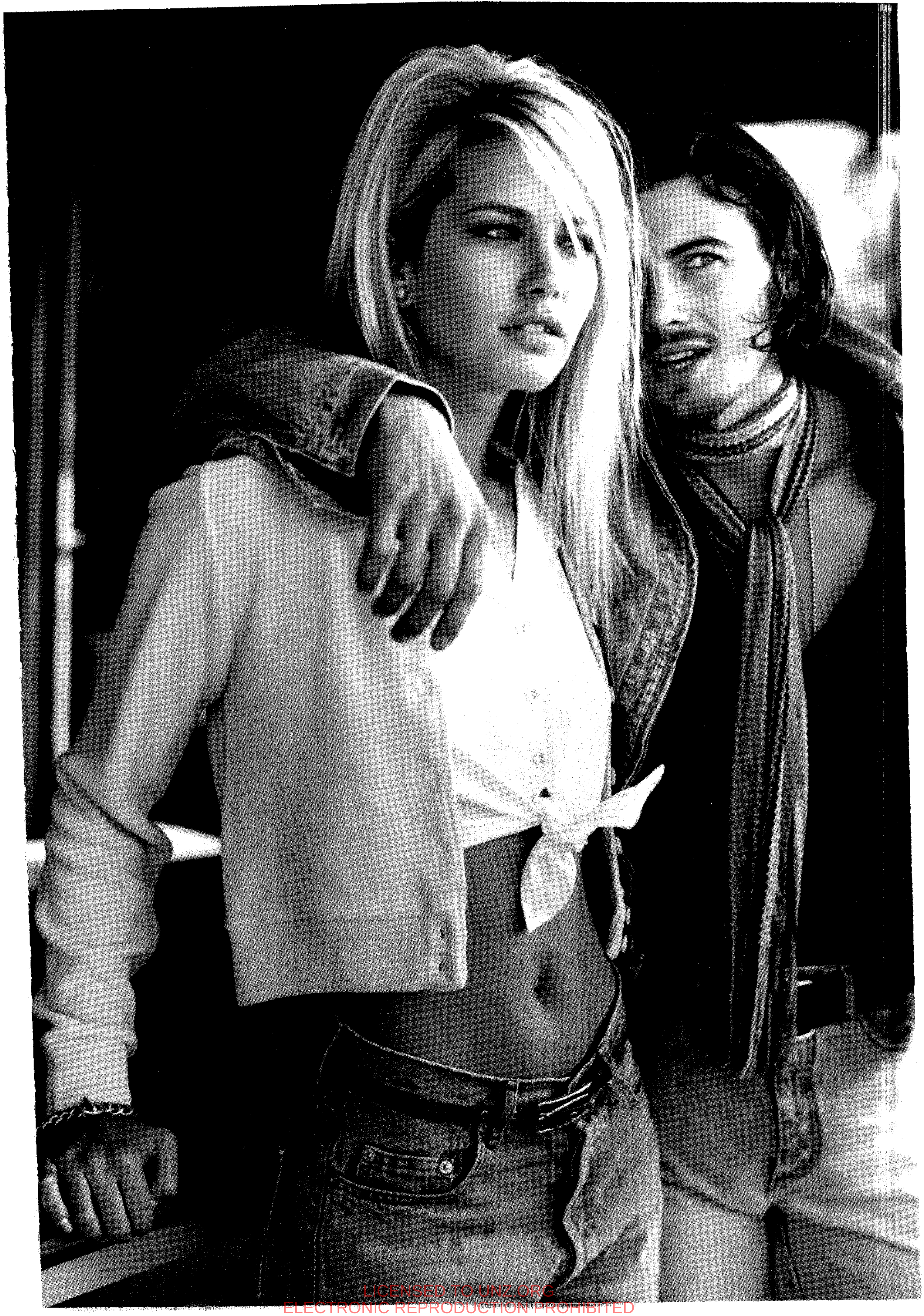

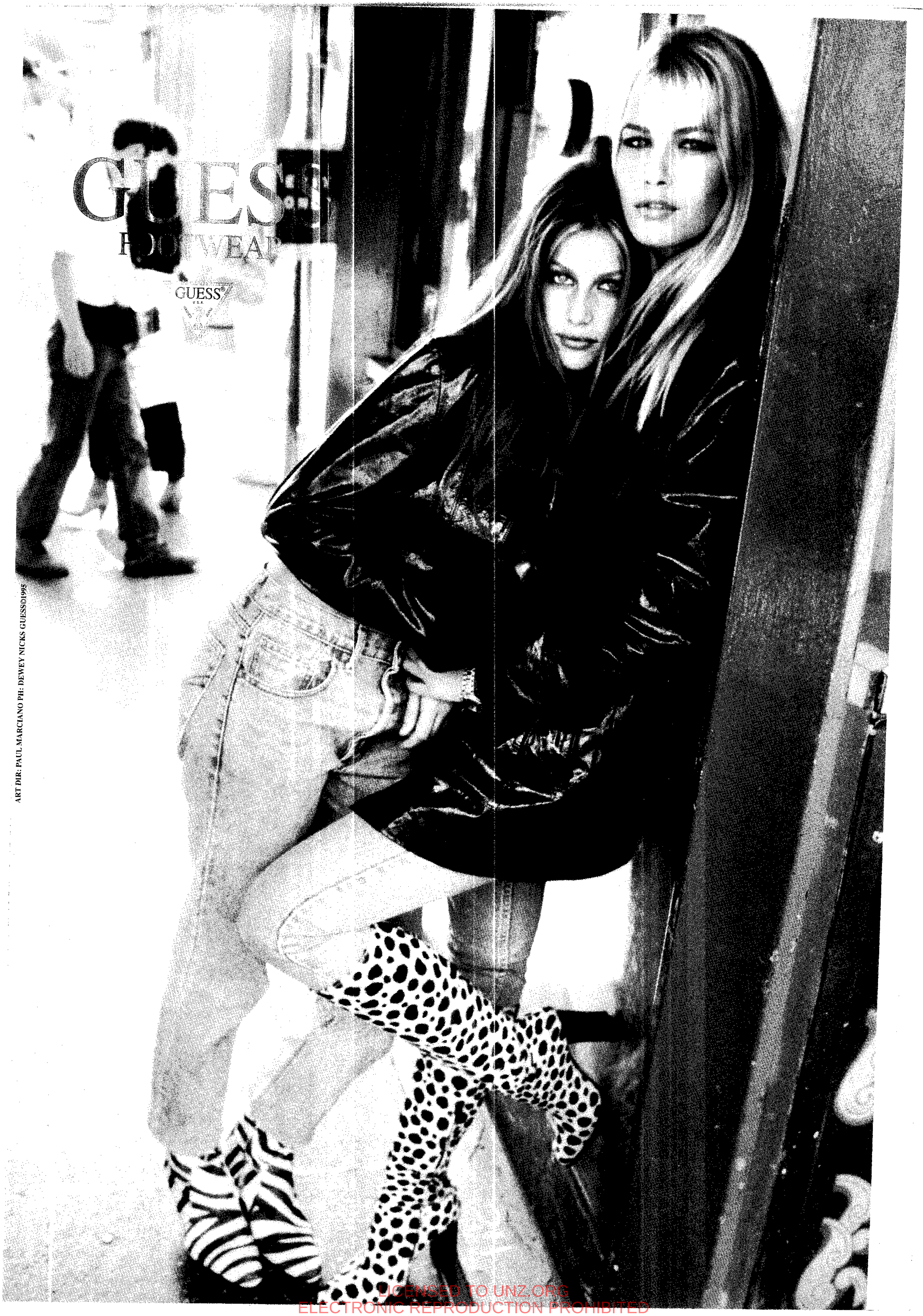
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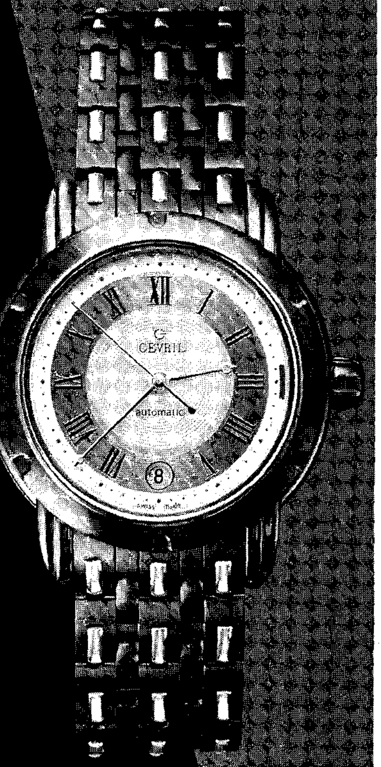

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THE NEW YORKER

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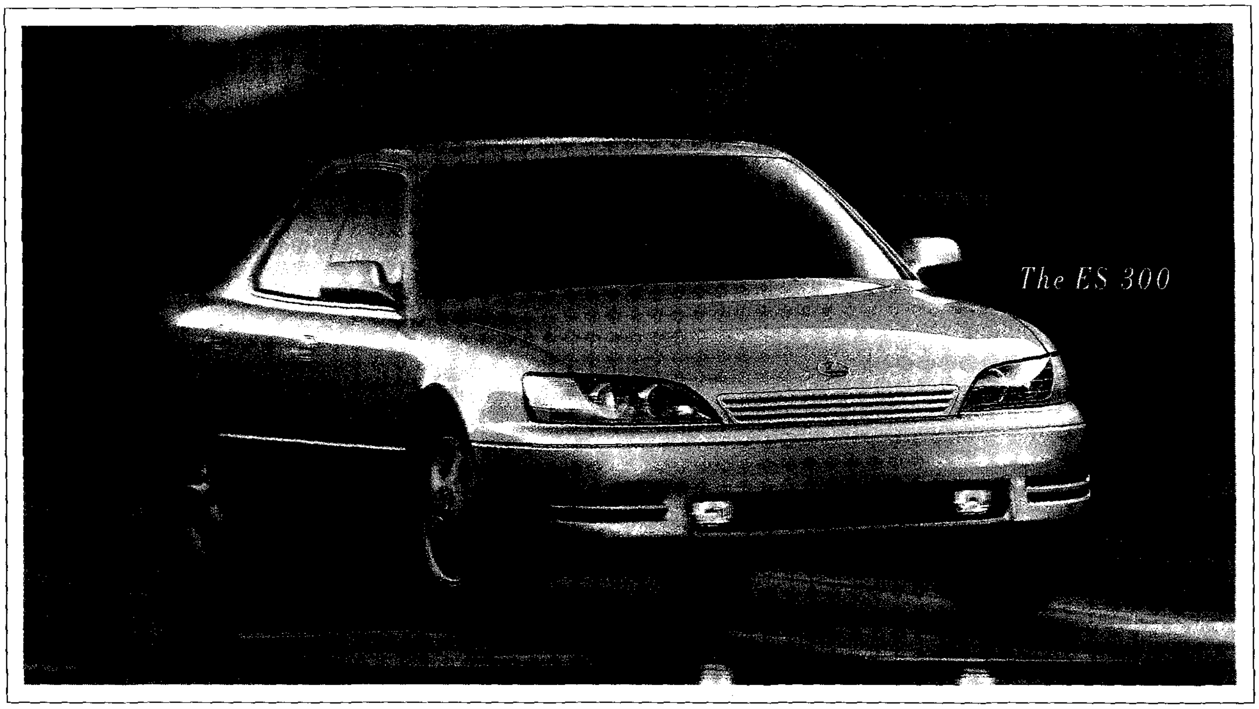

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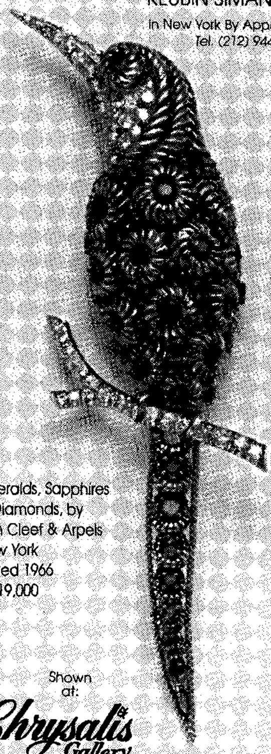

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COMMENT

CEREAL KILLING

New York Newsday was not just another tabloid.

One of the pleasures of life in this hard city has been the daily thrill of passing the newsstand and taking a glance at the front pages of the four daily newspapers in all their shades of difference, their range of tones. The greater thrill was buying all four and feasting one's way through the stack on a park bench somewhere, taking the measure of the great and earnest *Times*, wincing at the latest outrages of the *Post* and the *News*, and then enjoying the most complicated and aggressive of the three tabloids, *New York Newsday*. There are those among us who remember a far greater spectrum—New York used to have more than a dozen papers—but that does not ease the pain: we mourn last week's pitiable and highly dubious killing of *New York Newsday*, the one paper in the city able to keep the stately *Times* on edge.

Newsday will continue to publish on Long Island, where it thrives in the account books, but the closing of the New York edition makes this city vastly poorer. It is bad enough when mediocre papers fail—jobs are lost, rarely to be regained; a diminishing business narrows further—but when one of the best papers in the country folds it is time for something close to despair. It does not take a Luddite or a rank sentimentalist to mourn the loss of a paper that managed to find in its soul a mixture of liberalism, bravado, and civility which embodied the city's own personality. The information superhighway, whatever that is, will not likely match it.

The death of *New York Newsday* was not really unexpected. The fact that New York had four major daily newspapers had all along been an anomaly, just as it is now an anomaly that it has three. (No other American city has more than two.) Only the suddenness of the event was a shock, for the moment of truth, however inevitable, had seemed comfortably off in the vague future. To be sure, in the last couple of months the portents had been growing more than routinely ominous. At the beginning of May, *N.Y.N.*'s owner, the Times Mirror Company, whose flagship paper is the Los Angeles *Times*, got itself a new chief executive officer, one Mark H. Willes, whose previous experience had been with breakfast-table reading mat-

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ter of a quite different sort: his career had been spent at the cereal behemoth General Mills, the maker of Wheaties. On May 25th, Times Mirror announced that it was pulling the plug on the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, long the home of H. L. Mencken. And although in recent weeks the rumblings of doom around *New York Newsday's* offices on lower Park Avenue had begun to interfere with the concentration of its reporters and editors, a few wan hopes persisted. Perhaps *N.Y.N.* would only be downsized, or consolidated as a purely Manhattan paper, or even given a new commitment of cash from far-off L.A.: after all, the prestige of Times Mirror was at stake, and Times Mirror has deep pockets. (On the other hand, half of Times Mirror's very name derives from that of a dead newspaper, the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*, which the company killed off in 1962.)

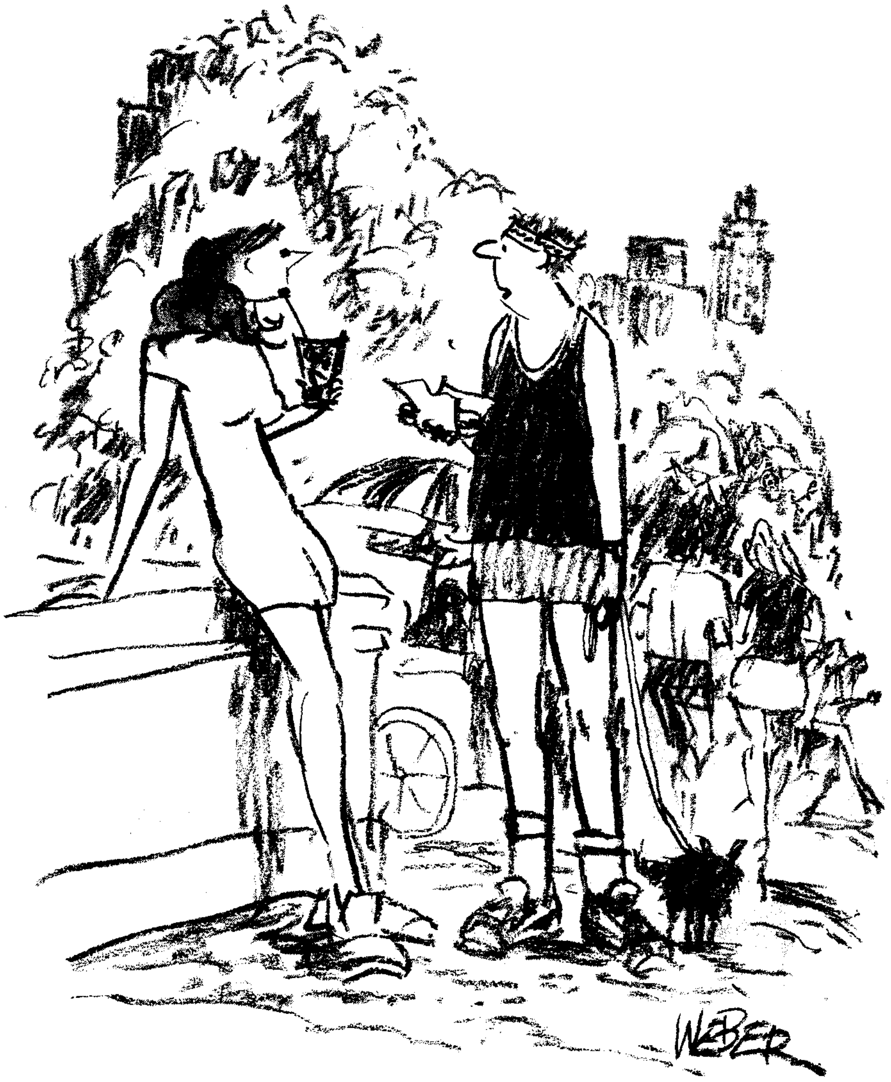
There were Dickensian touches in the way Mr. Willes put an end to it all. The day before the announcement of the closing, he toured *N.Y.N.'s* newsroom wearing a pin a reporter had given him as a gift. The pin read, "*New York Newsday*: Too Smart to Die." Mr. Willes, of course, knew the truth. Earlier, he had remarked that the company's newspapers would have to "refresh" themselves; by way of explaining what he meant, he pointed to his success in marketing Hamburger Helper. No doubt, there is something in Mr. Willes's view of the matter—the press is a business, after all, and *New York Newsday* lost scores of millions over the ten years of its existence—but his appointment seemed to represent an encroaching soullessness. There are times when the new breed of executives, with their talk of marketing and "information delivery systems," betray no feeling or love for newspapers.

New York Newsday was the best, by far, of the three tabloids, promoting a consistent combination of investigation, accuracy, speed, civility, and humor, and its ownership stayed properly aloof from the news columns and from city politics. There are reporters at the *News* and the *Post* who have broken important stories, but the *Newsday* staff was the one that regularly beat the *Times* or gave it a close run on major stories in the city. As great as the *Times* is, and as much as its metropolitan coverage has improved and intensified in recent years, it is a national paper, with national concerns; only a third of its circulation is in the five boroughs. In some ways, *New York Newsday* had become the leading city paper.

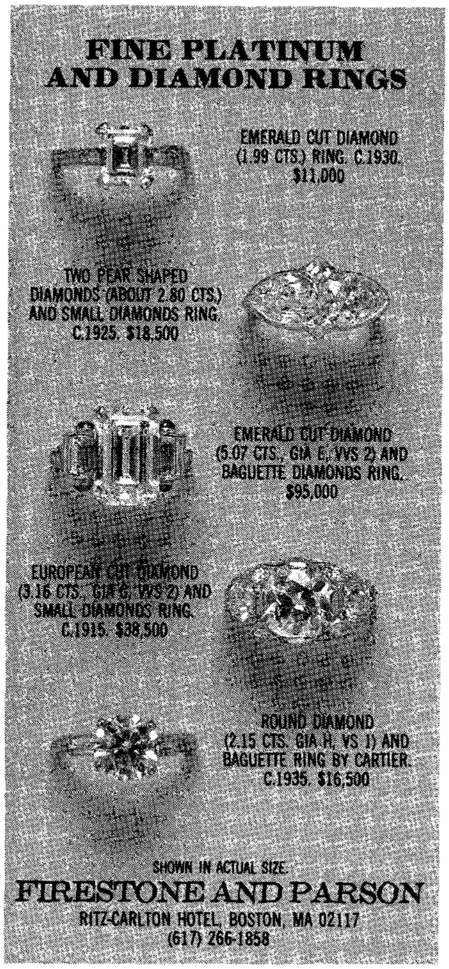
In fact, *N.Y.N.* was no slouch in its coverage of national and international news. Last Friday, the day the closing was announced, Roy Gutman (a Pulitzer Prize winner for his coverage of Bosnia) and Knut Royce published a stunning story out of Washington reporting that the United States government had falsely accused a leading Thai politician of heroin trafficking, preventing him from becoming Prime Minister and sparking a military coup and a popular uprising that led to forty deaths. Now such a story will be left to the *Times*, or it will not appear in New York City at all.

Certainly there has been no paper since the old pre-Murdoch *Post* that had such an impressive and varied array of columnists. Jimmy Breslin, Jim Dwyer, Ellis Henican, Les Payne, Gail Collins, Sheryl McCarthy, Lars-Erik Nelson, Dennis Duggan, Sydney Schanberg, Jonathan Schell, and—the greatest columnist since Mencken—Murray Kempton. It is hard to believe that the city will have to live without their words in the days to come.

This is not the first time that New York has lost its second-best paper, and too often the one that dies seems to be the one that makes room for voices like Murray Kempton's. In 1931, it was the *World*, the paper of Heywood Broun, Walter Lippmann, and Franklin P. Adams. In 1966, it was the *Herald Tribune*, the paper of Tom Wolfe, Red Smith, and (still) Lippmann. On Sunday, July 16th, the bell tolled for *New York Newsday*. Our newsstands are poorer, our city a diminished place. —D.R. and H.H.



"The male in me finds you attractive."



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IN THE MAIL

MIDDLE EAST MUDDLE

Sidney Blumenthal ("The Western Front," June 5th) criticizes the Zionist Organization of America for our campaign to expose and combat P.L.O. violations of the Israel-P.L.O. peace accords, and suggests that the American Jewish community is deeply divided on the subject of P.L.O. violations. The fact is that the Specter-Shelby Amendment to the 1995 foreign-aid-appropriations bill, which would create a link between the promised five hundred million dollars in United States aid to the P.L.O. and P.L.O. compliance with the accords, was publicly endorsed by the Z.O.A., the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, and the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, among others.

The P.L.O. has repeatedly violated the peace accords in many different ways, and, as Senators Joseph Lieberman and Connie Mack have stated, "so long as the P.L.O. and Mr. Arafat are not held to the commitments they have made, there will be no peace."

MORTON A. KLEIN
Zionist Organization of America
New York City

Mr. Blumenthal describes how the Likud has "quietly set in motion a coalition of American Jewish conservatives, Christian rightists, and underemployed ex-Cold Warriors" in an attempt to subvert the peace process. The members of that coalition should pause to consider the counterforces they may be unleashing on the other side of the battle lines. In a showdown between Israeli and Christian fundamentalists, on the one hand, and Islamic fundamentalists, on the other, we could witness the unthinkable—another Masada, another destruction of the Temple, and another Diaspora, with the tattered remnants drifting back to the land of their fathers: Warsaw, Vilnius, and Vienna.

WILLIAM M. BURKE
San Francisco, Calif.

TO SELL OR TO CENSOR

When the powers at Time Warner boast of not acting as censors, they are ducking the issue (The Talk of the Town, June 12th). The question is not whether people have the right to make music that "celebrates the rape, torture, and murder of women." The question is whether the Time Warner executives are the kind of people who are willing to produce and sell that material. And that question they have answered, to their shame.

BILL SIMMONS
Billings, Mont.

I teach eighth grade in a public school, and when a few students are waiting for late buses I let those who wish to do so decorate the blackboards with their art work and lyrics. This not only provides an outlet for them but keeps me in touch with their world; it has also provided me with a starting point for many a discussion with my students about what's right and what isn't. A couple of weeks ago, I began seeing a logo for a group I had never heard of—Nine Inch Nails. Never were any of the lyrics written. Now I know why.

Michael Fuchs, of Time Warner, says that "art is hard to interpret." But I can assure him that eighth graders don't find *this* art hard to interpret. What concerns me more than his hypocrisy is the fact that, despite all their talk, my students look to adults as examples of how to live. I work very hard to challenge my students to think about life and to do what's right—for themselves and for their society—and I challenge Fuchs to do the same.

CATHERINE MADSEN
Westport, Mass.

Language does not cause violence, and, despite the hopes of William Bennett, the G.O.P. Presidential candidates, and all the angry white men who follow them, censoring language will not stop violence. An intolerant and broken society is what causes violence. In a better world, Nine Inch Nails would have to find something else to sing about.

KIM KREICKER
Kansas City, Mo.

NO READING ALLOWED

Bravo for books (Nicholson Baker's "Books as Furniture," June 12th)! I myself am partial to browsing those tomes placed "oh so haphazardly" on the wares of local furniture shops even though looking at them elicits raised eyebrows from the staff and fellow-customers (my better half, actually looking at the furniture, ignores me). However, I've yet to find a book that interests me enough to overcome my fear of physical ejection—or, worse, laughter—if I should ask, "How much?"

BOB KOWALSKI
Somerville, Mass.

"Books as Furniture" reminded me of an episode when my son Dan, who was eleven, was absorbing Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville books. He read them all, up to the moment when Dink Stover goes to Yale. And no further. We couldn't find a copy of "Stover at Yale" anywhere. Even the Boston Public Library's copy had been missing for years. Eventually, we did find one—among a charming arrangement of books along a section divider in a Burger King. But when we tried to lift "Stover" from its shelf it did not move. It had been impaled through its center along with its fellows, and the whole row was bolted to the bookends. We explained to the management that Dan only wanted to read "Stover." Amazed, and made suspicious by our excitement, they explained that it was not in their power to pull apart the décor.

LISA LANSING
West Cornwall, Conn.

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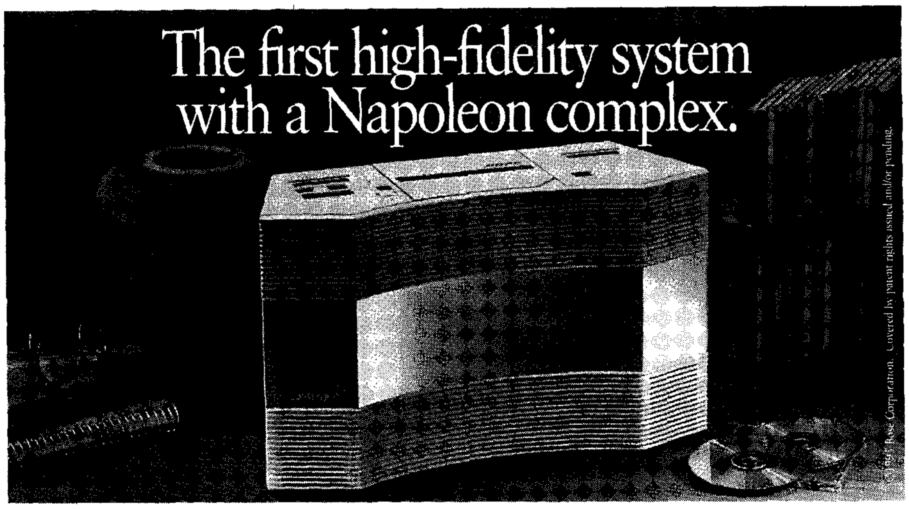

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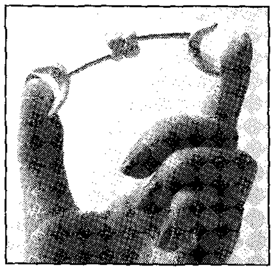
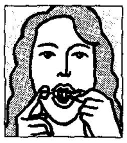
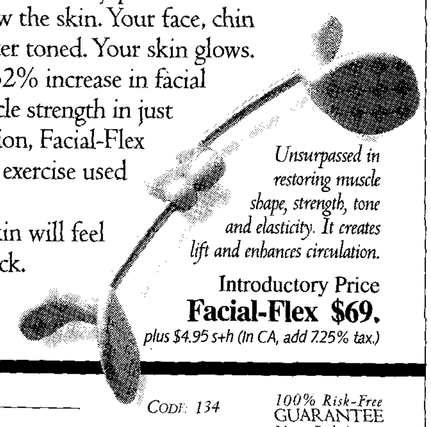

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(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The All-Nude College-Girl Revue—Lisa Faith Phillips' semiautobiographical play, set in a strip-joint dressing room, about a coed who takes an unconventional summer job. Opens July 20 at 8 and runs through Aug. 6. (Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. 642-5908.)

Bonhoeffer 1945—The views of the German theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who was executed for his role in an assassination plot against Hitler, are set forth in this drama by D. Paul Thomas, which takes place in the Wehrmacht Military Prison. Previews through the matinée on July 19. Opens that night at 8. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 279-4200.)

Moose Mating—A comic chronicle of heterosexual courtship in New York, by David Grae. Preview on July 20. Opens July 21 at 7:30. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

Pets!—Five actors perform in both animal and human roles in this revue, dedicated to our finest friends. At each show, a real dog and cat will be available for adoption. Helen Butleroff directed and choreographed. In previews. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 307-4100.)

That's What You Said—The improv troupe Chicago City Limits presents a brand-new revue, featuring their ever-popular five-minute musical. Opens July 20 at 8:30. (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

OPENED RECENTLY

After-Play—Anne Meara's comedy, about two couples who get together for an after-theatre dinner, stars Ms. Meara, along with Barbara Barrie, Larry Keith, and Merwin Goldsmith. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/13/95.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Arcadia—Despite some casting glitches, the American première of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, which shuttles between 1809 and the present, is an elegant production of an enormous theatrical feat. In a kind of intellectual mystery story, Stoppard provides the audience with the exhilarating illusion of omniscience, allowing us to solve a riddle of history from clues and connections that the characters, caught in time, do not see. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (4/17/95) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Crab Piece—Lindy, Maggie, and Marie—three horseshoe crabs swept up in their species' seashore mating rituals—contemplate their fate. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 946-4322. Closes July 22.)

Damn Yankees—Jerry Lewis, the King of Comedy and the King of France, is now, in his Broadway début, the Prince of Darkness—the Devil himself. The old pro delivers the goods. And Charlotte d'Amboise, a sensational Lola, delivers the goods and then some. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 6.)

Death Blues—In his new solo piece, Dudley Saunders uses fantastic tales to convey the anxiety of trying to survive the AIDS epidemic. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088. Closes July 29.)

Death Defying Acts—Three subpar one-act comedies, by David Mamet, Elaine May, and Woody Allen, that have the words "Written to Order" stamped all over them. (3/20/95) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

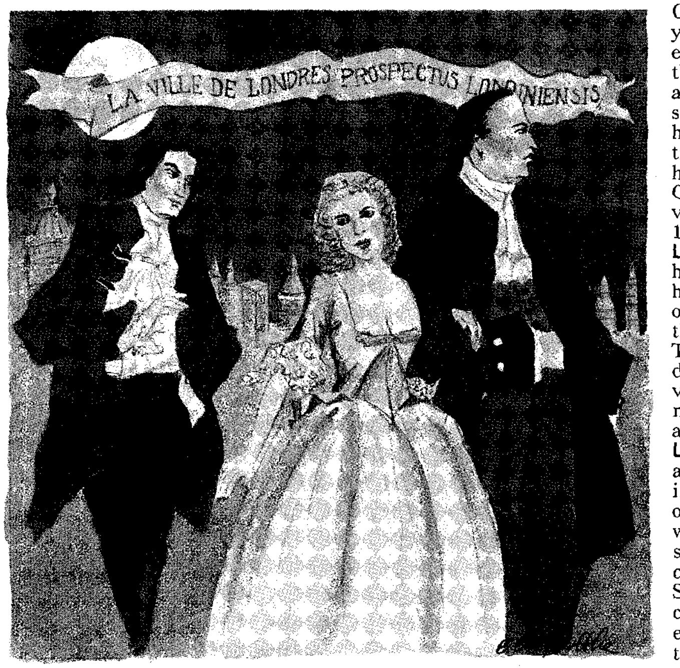
Ecstasy—Mike Leigh's play has reopened at a new theatre. It is set in a dismal North London flat in the winter of 1979; the late-seventies costumes and set are depressingly perfect, and the actors bring the six working-class characters to life with great specificity and vitality. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25				

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide / When the Rainbow Is Enuf—Ntozake Shange directed this twentieth-anniversary production of her consciousness-raising play about black womanhood in America. It's still so fresh that after two decades it seems like it was written yesterday. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 279-4200. Closes July 23, with plans to reopen at a later date.)

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—The audience is part of the group of mourners in this comedy, which is set in a Jewish mortuary. (SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)


LA VILLE DE LONDRES PROSPECTUS LONDINIENSIS

Denis Lawson, Jennifer Lee Andrews, and David Barron, in "Lust."

Hamlet—London's Almeida Theatre has brought over a postmodern production whose refusal to risk interpretation reflects Britain's current bland and winded state. Ralph Fiennes seems almost as unwilling to enter the vortex of Hamlet's torment as Hamlet himself is to take action. But his performance is a stylish event; he radiates an elegance of spirit that rivets the audience with its sense of unspoken mystery. Directed by Jonathan Kent. (5/15/95) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes July 22.)

Having Our Say—Sadie and Bessie Delany, two sisters who have passed the hundred-year mark, presented their vivid life stories in a 1993 best-seller; the book has been adapted beautifully from the page to the stage by Emily Mann, who also directed. Gloria Foster and Mary Alice are brilliant as the sisters, who were taught by their family to "reach high" despite the dogging of Jim Crow. (4/24/95) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Cherry Jones, who plays the title character, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is touching and funny as a widowed aunt. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—In this revival of Frank Loesser's 1961 musical, Matthew Broderick has polish and timing, but it's Lillias White's gospel solo in "Brotherhood of Man" that lifts the audience into a zone of joy. As a paradigm for the Broadway musical's con game—winning the public's heart while picking its pocket—her display of guile made glorious is as good as it gets. (4/24/95) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Indiscretions—The brightest spot in this production of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles"—a dark comedy about the perversities of desire in family life—is Eileen Atkins, who plays a severely wise spinster with her usual magnetic minimalism. Kathleen Turner, as a hysterically possessive mother, is an unfocussed sprawl with a distractingly unplaceable accent. Roger Rees, Cynthia Nixon, and Jude Law also star, under the direction of Sean Mathias, in this import from London's Royal National Theatre. (5/15/95) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

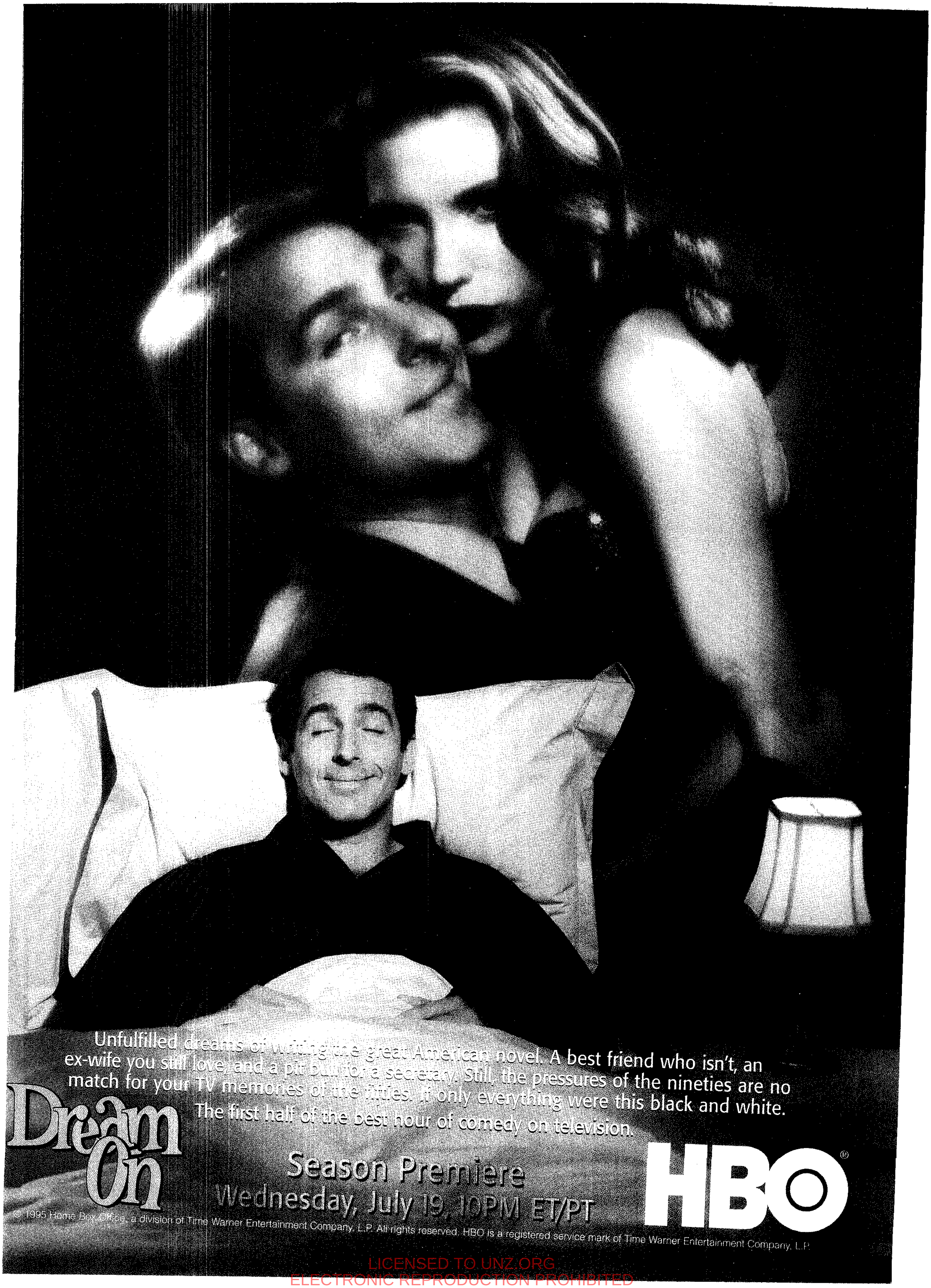
John & Jen—Andrew Lippa and Tom Greenwald's musical spans a forty-year period, starting in 1951, and explores problems of love and family through the relationships of a sister and a brother and, later on, the sister and her son. The book is often hackneyed and the music repetitive, though the lyrics possess an honest charm. Well staged by Gabriel Barre; Stuart Duke provided the deft lighting. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

London Suite—Neil Simon knows how to cater to his audience, but he's serving leftovers: these four one-acts are painfully dated in both their substance and their execution. The main pleasure in this production is Carole Shelley, who provides some much needed comic muscle tone. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Lonely Planet—A two-man play about life under the threat of AIDS, in which an anxious map-shop owner (Mark Shannon) and his wisecracking friend (Denis O'Hare) stave off despair with humor and convivial jiving. The playwright, Steven Dietz, loads the play with cumbersome metaphors, but by the end he has achieved a tender tone that conveys the fortifying nature of the pair's friendship. Michael McGarty designed the set (which gradually fills up with empty chairs); Leonard Foglia directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200.)

Loose Lips—A comedy revue based on record of spoken blunders by the Prince of Wales, Clarence Thomas, President Clinton, and other public figures. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Lust—From London, a musical version of William Wycherley's "The Country Wife," with Denis Lawson reprising his role as Horner



Unfulfilled dreams of writing the great American novel. A best friend who isn't, an ex-wife you still love, and a pit bull for a secretary. Still, the pressures of the nineties are no match for your TV memories of the fifties. If only everything were this black and white.

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Dream On

Season Premiere
Wednesday, July 19, 10PM ET/PT

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Book, music, and lyrics by the Heather brothers—Neil, Lea, John, and Charles. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

The Nightwatch—Three Irish performers—Anto Howard, Fionn Davenport, and Helen James—play watchmen at work in Dublin, in a return production of Mr. Howard's comic play. (Camilla's, 44 Walker St. 925-9456. Closes Aug. 5.)

One Woman Shoe—The brother-and-sister writing team of David and Amy Sedaris bill themselves as the Talent Family, and it's a rare case of truth in advertising. In this encore production of their hysterical show, three clueless women are told by their social-services caseworker (played to Franklin Pangbornian perfection by David Rakoff) that they must put on one-woman shows in order to keep their benefit checks coming. The five cast members are all funny in a number of roles, but Ms. Sedaris, with her chipmunk's overbite and her remarkably plastic face, is extraordinary. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me . . .—Dan Butler offers a procession of characters from the real world of contemporary gay culture, moving seamlessly from one monologue to the next in a one-man show that is by turns hilarious, infuriating, sad, and uplifting—a charmer. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

Party—In David Dillon's comedy, seven gay men get together to play a strip version of truth or dare, with terrifically funny (if occasionally didactic) results. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

The Play's the Thing—This revival of Ferenc Molnár's clever confection lacks a spirit of farcical possibility—it's all leaden inevitability. Peter Frechette, as the egocentric playwright who manipulates the action onstage, excels at neurotic thoughtfulness, but he makes for a limp catalyst. The bright spots are the sparky J. Smith-Cameron, playing a prima-donna actress, and Keith Reddin, as antic as ever as a sweaty factotum. Gloria Muzio directed; Stephan Olson designed the beautiful set—the Italian villa of your dreams—and, hands down, wins the award for Best Curtain of 1995. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Rob Becker's Defending the Caveman—A hundred-minute standup routine. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair number of them are shopworn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

Smokey Joe's Café—The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A feast of early rock and roll, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's one-woman show is an affectionate (but never sappy) coming-of-age story about a girl and her guitar, who are constant companions from the fourth grade on, and it's refreshingly unhip. Trott has a good, folkie voice, but she isn't above sending up her younger, off-key self. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Sunset Boulevard—Betty Buckley takes on the monumental role of Norma Desmond, in Andrew Lloyd Webber's homage to Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett's 1950 fable of Hollywood corruption and dementia. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

Swingtime Canteen—A re-creation of a 1944 U.S.O. concert, performed in a night club. Extraneous bits of plot threaten to derail the show, but the lovely songs, done with verve and charm, carry the day. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Sylvia—In A. R. Gurney's new comedy, Sarah Jessica Parker, as a dog named Sylvia (who says there aren't roles for women?), brings meaning to the life of a middle-aged currency trader (John Cunningham) while driving a canine-shaped wedge between him and his wife (Mariette Hartley). Parker has some funny moments, but this upper-middle-class fairy tale settles too soon into a monotonous sweetness; it lacks bite. John Tillinger directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Tempest—Making the most of Prospero's gift for magic, director George C. Wolfe and a first-rate team of designers and musicians have created a spectacular, otherworldly pageant, complete with stilt walkers, Bunraku puppeteers, and hoopskirted goddesses. Patrick Stewart, as Prospero, ably steers the cast of island captives, which includes Bill Irwin and John Pankow as the rubber-legged valiants Trinculo and Stephano, Teagle F. Bougere as the spry mooncalf Caliban, and Carrie Preston as an unusually spunky Miranda. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277. Closes July 19.)

The Tempest—The Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival version, directed by Thomas Nahrwold, continues through July 23. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 1-914 265-9575.)

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—The Neo-Futurists, a troupe from Chicago, perform thirty original two-minute plays in one hour. They change the program each night, and when there's a full house they order a pizza. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 330-8087.)

Travels with My Aunt—Giles Havergal, directing his own witty adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, has captured the book's amusingly puzzled tone with his playful, inventive (though overlong) staging. Four wildly different actors all play Henry Pulling, the staid retired banker whose eccentric Aunt Augusta drags him into her international adventures. Jim Dale doubles as Aunt Augusta, and the other three skillfully handle some twenty additional parts. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Twelve Dreams—A revival of James Lapine's 1981 play, which he adapted from Carl Jung's case study of a young girl whose dreams portended her own death. It doesn't add up to much, but the dream sequences are a striking amalgam of the everyday and the surreal, and the performances are strong. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 6.)

2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—Michael Curry and Robert Gomes are the boys in James Edwin Parker's new play, which begins in the middle of a one-night stand. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

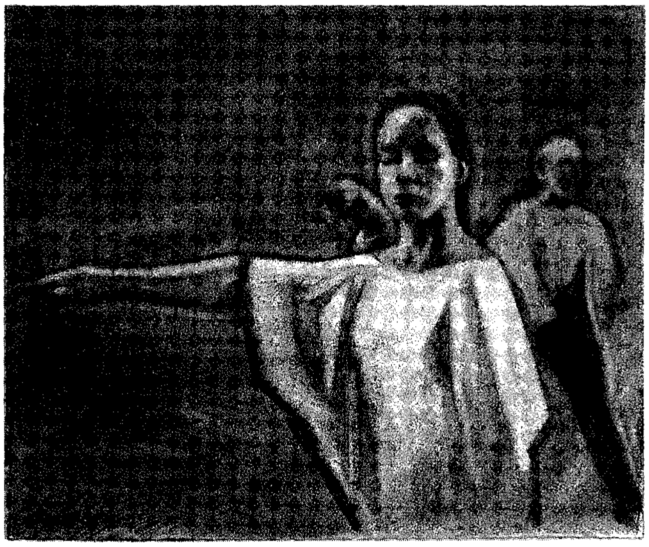
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP / TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **LOVE! VALOUR! COMPASSION!:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **THREE TALL WOMEN:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

DANCE

Brown's Back, Brown's Bach

For Trisha Brown, the iconoclastic choreographer whose stance is rooted in rebellion—against tradition and against gravity—something old is something new. On her company's recent European tour, she paired "If you couldn't see me" (an enigmatically seductive solo danced from beginning to end with her back to the audience) with the first work she has set to classical music: "M.O.," which uses Johann Sebastian Bach's "Musical Offering." Brown will present both works at Lincoln Center's Serious Fun! festival on July 19-22.

Composed in 1747, Bach's multipart exploration of a theme he was given by Frederick the Great includes, along with a trio sonata and ten canons, two of the elaborate contrapuntal compositions known as ricercari, from the Italian word meaning "to search for"—a term that perfectly describes the choreographer's m.o. for "M.O." "For about a year I listened to music," she recalls; "I knew I wanted Bach, but which Bach was the question. The structure of *this* work had an openness I was looking for. I wanted to find the vocabulary and rhythmic interventions that allowed me to dance to Bach, who doesn't need a choreographer. I have been extremely allegiant—and yet I have found my separate voice."



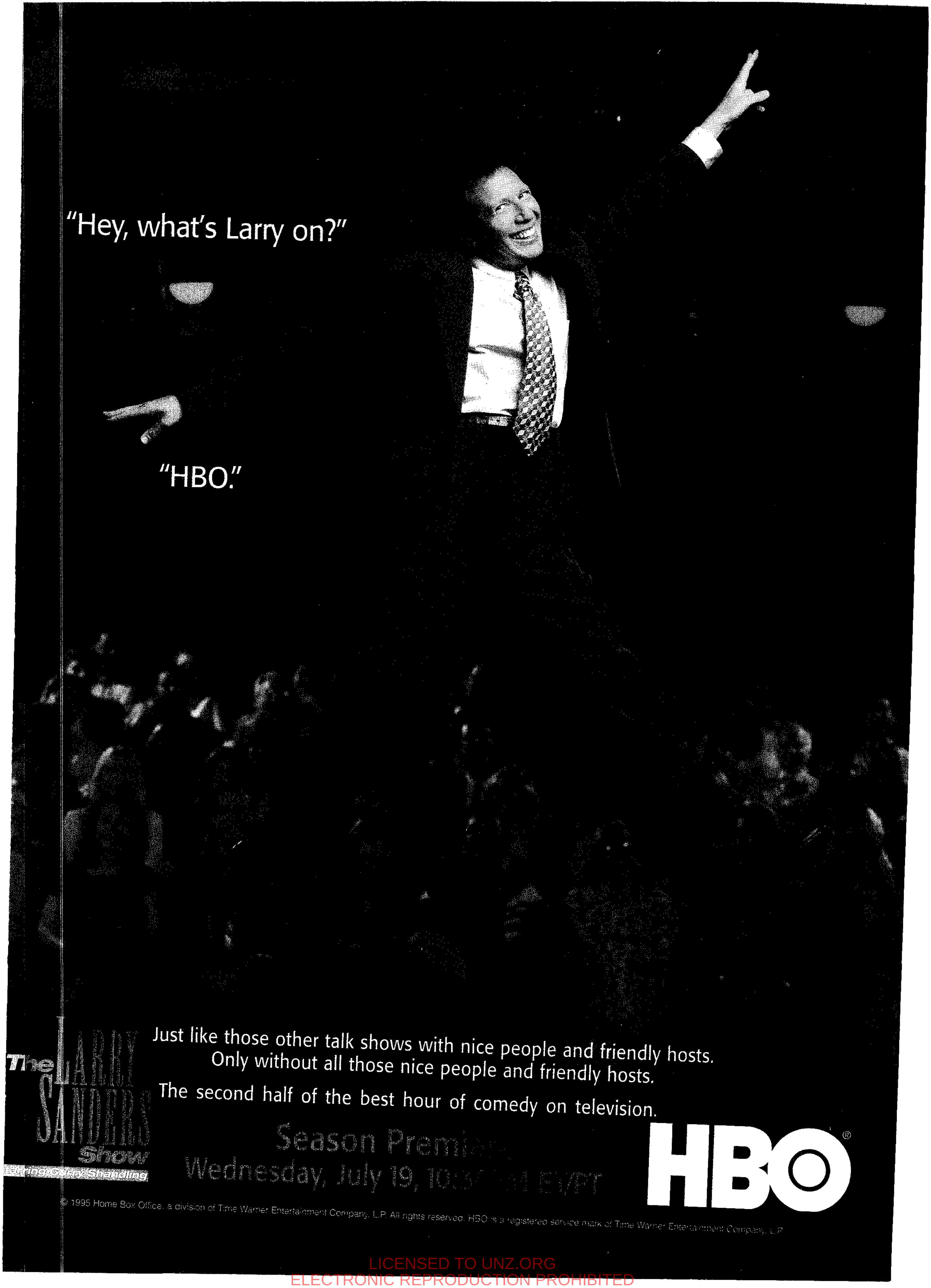
The Trisha Brown Company, in "M.O."

IN TOWN

Trisha Brown Company—Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. July 19-22 at 8.

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—July 19 at 8: "The Doubling Cube," a solo from "The Empty Suitor," "Shizen," and "Rejoyce." . . . ¶ July 20, July 22, and July 25 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Duet," "Quatrejeux," "Pyramid of the Moon," and "Sweet Purgatory." . . . ¶ July 21 and July 24 at 8, and July 22 at 2: "Collideoscope," "Masters of Ceremony," "Animundi," "Walklyndon," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Aug. 4.)

Noche Flamenca—As the evening begins, the seven singers, dancers, and musicians, seated across the stage, welcome the audience, in Spanish. No one in the hundred-and-sixty-



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seat Theatre 80 is more than thirty feet away, and no one onstage seems to have left Madrid. Dancer Martin Santangelo, a transplanted New Yorker, says the openness of the people there is a delicious comfort: "You walk out of your apartment, you know the guy on the corner, you say hello to everybody. All of a sudden, you're never alone, you're with friends who become like a family." Santangelo, whose duet with his wife, the dancer Soledad Barrio, is the technical and emotional core of the evening, began studying flamenco only five years ago. He attributes his rapid rise in the intense dance form to this Latin openness. "If they see a genuine interest," he says, "they don't hide. There are no secrets." (Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. 924-0077. July 19-23 at 8. Through July 30.)

GhettOriginal Productions / Anna Sokolow's Players' Project—The hip-hop dancers, former members of the Rock Steady Crew and the Rhythm Technicians, present "Concrete Jungle," "Moments in Motion," and "Portrait of a Freeze"; then the fifteen members of the Players' Project perform "Ride the Cultural Loop," choreographer Anna Sokolow's re-creation of her 1975 work. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 21 at 8:30.)

Pilar Rioja—In her twenty-third New York season, the dancer performs solo in a range of traditional Spanish styles; expect canes, fans, footwork, skirt work, snapping fingers, and castanets. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. July 24 at 8 and July 25 at 7. Through Sept. 17.)

Dances for Wave Hill—Site-specific works created for several locations in the Bronx garden: choreographer Nia Love dances in her trio "Wind at My Back," with music by saxophonist Antoine Roney; Sally Hess performs her solo "Six Pittoresque," to a score by Chabrier; and choreographer Laura Staton joins four others in her "One Midsummer's Night," with music by Joshua Fried based on Elizabethan madrigals. (W. 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 1-718 549-3200. July 19 at 6:30 and July 23 at 5.)

Taylor 2—At the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival, the younger dancers of Paul Taylor's company appear in "Aureole," "Junction," and "Company B." (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. July 22 at 8. No tickets necessary. For more information about festival events, call 1-718 855-7882.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—July 19 at 8:15: "Square Dance," "Ancient Airs and Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "2 & 3 Part Inventions," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:15: "Huoah," "Beethoven Romance," "Firebird," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:15: "Chaconne," "Adams Violin Concerto," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ July 22 at 2: "Ash," "Romeo and Juliet," "Firebird," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:15: "Huoah," "Beethoven Romance," "2 & 3 Part Inventions," and "Stars and Stripes." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 1-518 587-3330.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—July 19-20 at 8, July 21 at 8:30, and July 22 at 2 and 8:30: Toronto Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8, July 22 at 5, and July 23 at 7: Eiko & Koma. . . . ¶ July 22 at 7: Jazzdance by Danny Buraczeski. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

"Piano Party Plus"—Featuring Roland Hanna, Barbara Carroll, and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. July 19 at 8.)

Reba McEntire—Two nights with the reigning queen of country. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 19-20 at 8.)

Dick Hyman—The pianist plays the music of Louis Armstrong. (92nd Street Y. July 20 at 8.)

Donna Summer—Toot toot, beep beep. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 20 at 8.)

Carnegie Hall celebrates the music of Sinatra.

Bon Jovi—Since they busted out of the New Jersey club circuit with "Runaway," their where-have-I-heard-that-before 1984 début hit, the boys have built a phenomenally successful career out of recycled material that is part Stones, part Springsteen, and all stratagem. Their new album, "These Days," spends considerable time and energy grappling with the big questions ("Hey God," "Something to Believe In," etc.), but, as usual, they've got no answers, just a bucketful of stadium-ready hooks. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 21-23 at 8.)

Stereolab / John Cale and the Soldier String Quartet—The sound of this arty outfit suggests that Hal from "2001: A Space Odyssey" has been demoted from rebellious computer to laid-back d.j.: it's as if amplifiers, mixing boards, and magnetic tape had grown tired of carrying the music and had instead decided to run things themselves. The results are lush and surprisingly human, not at all nerdy or bombastic. / Cale, the other guy from the Velvet Underground, meets a California-based ensemble that inhabits the no man's land between pop and avant-garde. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 22 at 3.)

Bebe & Cece Winans and the Sounds of Blackness—Uplifting R. & B. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. July 22 at 8.)

Boukan Ginen / Vudo 155—An afternoon of Haitian funk. (Central Park SummerStage. July 23 at 3.)

Procol Harum / Jefferson Starship / John Kay & Steppenwolf—Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. July 23 at 7.

Carnegie Hall Celebrates the Music of Frank Sinatra—Ol' Blue Eyes appeared a record sixty-six times at this audiophile's oasis; now it's payback time. At eighty, Sinatra no longer performs—nor is he scheduled to appear—but the following is a brief rundown of those who will. July 24: "Songs for Swinging Lovers," with Joe Williams, Vic Damone, and Nancy LaMott. . . . ¶ July 25: "Come Fly with Me," with Maureen McGovern, John Pizzarelli, and Margaret Whiting. . . . ¶ July 26: "That's Life," with Rosemary Clooney and Linda Ronstadt. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. July 24-26 at 7:30.)

Steve Miller / Doobie Brothers—Jones Beach Theatre. July 25 at 8.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **PHILLIP OFFICER** continues in the Oak Room through late July. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 23: **JOSÉ FELICIANO.** Seventies guy **CHUCK MANGIONE** takes over on July 25. Dining.

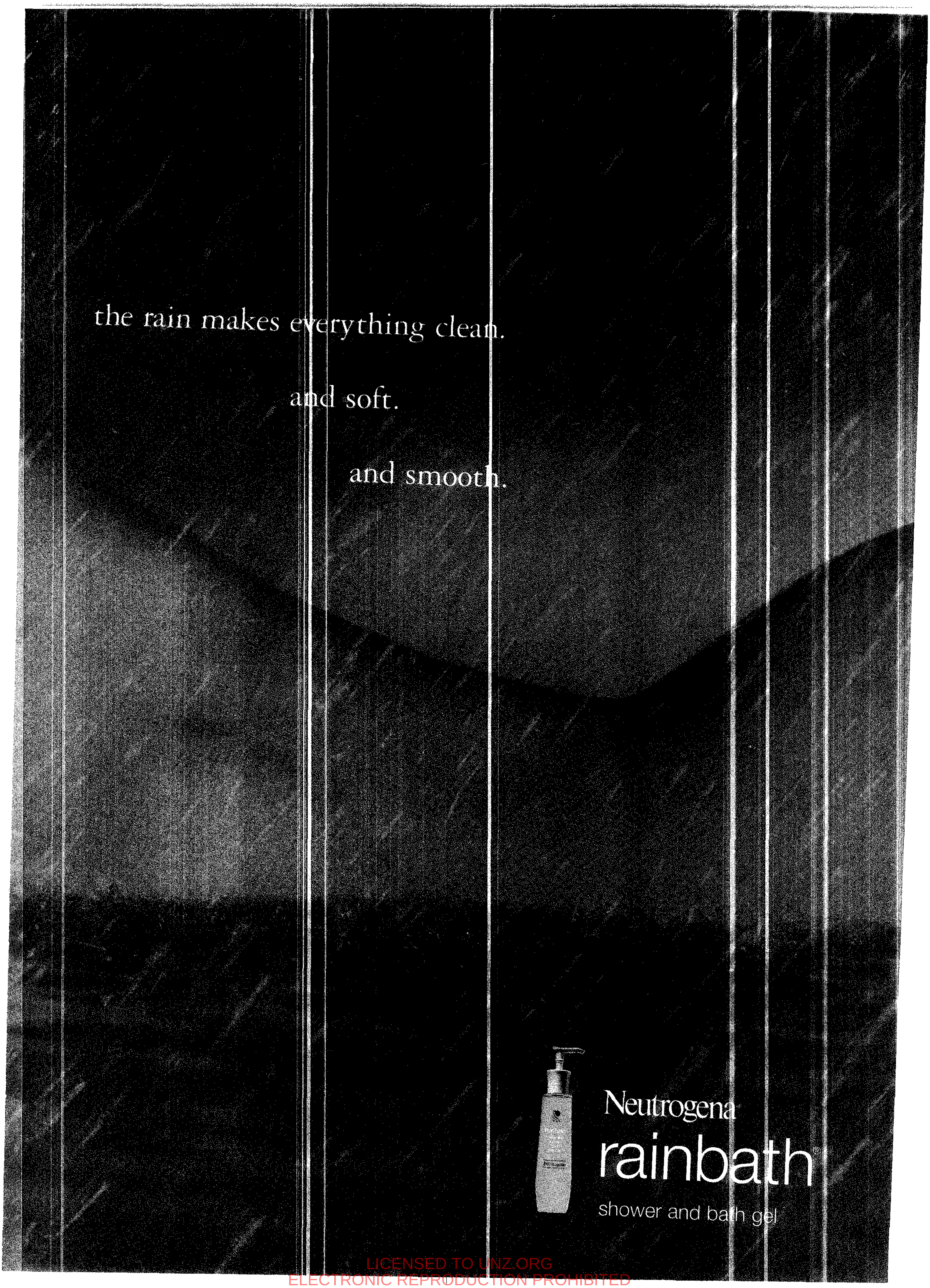
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **PETER MINTUN** is in charge at Bemelmans Bar. A genuine throwback to a gentler time, this elegant performer specializes in curios from the twenties and thirties like "Kitten on the Keys," but he has also been known to play cartoon theme songs if the mood (or the crowd) warrants it. Agreeable and reassuring without being over-gracious, he's sort of a curio himself.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through July 23: **PANAMA FRANCIS & SAVOY SIX.** In the thirties, Francis led the swingingest band that ever hit the Savoy Ballroom. You can still feel that effervescent pulse in his every move. The **CHARLIE BYRD** trio settles in on July 25. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—Thursdays through Sundays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist; on Fridays and Saturdays he performs with a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—July 21-22: The **SAM NEWSOME** quartet. Since leaving Terence Blanchard's band a few years back, the tenor man has done some serious growing. His dark sound and intrepid attack command attention. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through July 23: the **JOHN PIZZARELLI** trio. The **T. S. MONK** sextet takes over on July 25. Over the past five years, Thelonious's son, a drummer, has built himself a compact hard-bop unit distinguished by its historically minded repertoire and uncommonly tight execution. Its secret weapon is trumpeter and arranger Don Sickler, a man who studies the bop era the way Harold Bloom dissects the canon. Dining.



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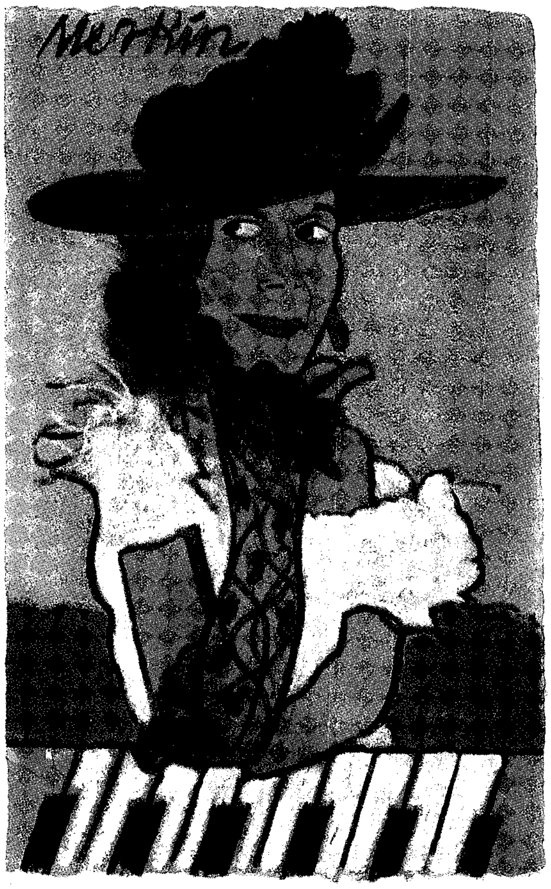
Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. July 19-22: **JOANNE BRACKEEN.** Tapping into the contemporary wellspring created by Tyner, Hancock, and Evans, Brackeen has fashioned an engaging personal sound at the piano. Everything she touches, from American songbook standards and Brazilian melodies to her own modernist pieces, is stamped with jazz authority. With bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** Sundays and Mondays in July: actor-pianist **MICHAEL MORIARTY** and bassist **JAY LEONHART.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 23: The **CLUB FOOT ORCHESTRA**, a ten-piece ensemble from San Francisco, performs live accompaniment to Buster Keaton's "Sherlock Jr." July 24: **CECIL TAYLOR'S PHTHONGOS**, a twenty-piece orchestra. For a long time, no one paid much attention to Taylor. He was a freak who played the way that Bartók, Stravinsky, Hindemith, or Debussy might have if they had been jazz musicians. But masters often need apostles to prepare their way, and that is what the pianists McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett have been doing—knowingly or not—for the past few decades. Once in a while Taylor opens up enough to reveal his roots, and you can hear traces of Ellington, Gershwin, and Monk.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through July 23: **RAY ANDERSON & THE ALLIGATORY BAND.** This large combo gives trombonist Anderson an excuse to put his avant-isms on the back burner and indulge in some serious funk. Whatever the context, his nothing-is-sacred grasp is always impressive, and his froggy vocalizing is a riot. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Vocalist Ranee Lee leads a quintet through July 23. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 23: the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet. With one foot on well-turned bop soil and the other in R. & B. territory, Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. He's got the credentials (he was a first-edition member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, playing alongside Clifford Brown), and his timing—as a bop soloist and as a standup comedian—has never been better.



Joanne Brackeen, at Knickerbocker.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—July 21-22: The **JED LEVY** quartet. Appearing as a guest on a Peter Leitch record a few years back, this saxman held his own next to a master, Gary Bartz. He's got a new voice—sharp, alert, and worth a listen. July 25: The **CHRIS POTTER** quartet. Exuberant and blissfully open-minded, this young saxophonist is making good on the promise he exhibited as the foil for the late Red Rodney.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—July 23: The **MILT HINTON** duo. July 24: **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANAGAN** begin a weeklong run. Sleek and adroit, veteran pianist Bunch and bassist Flanagan aren't in the business of ruffling feathers. What they do provide is silky swing and no-nonsense, old-school improvising.

ROCK, ETC.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 22: **ARTHUR LEE & LOVE.** The Doors once aspired to be as big as Love; thirty years later, fledgling bands still aspire to Love's formula of garage-punk drive, folk-rock jangle, and spacey lyricism. After a long sabbatical from performance (and, some have suggested, from reality), singer Arthur Lee has emerged surprisingly intact. Back in 1966 he was a Hendrix test run, a charismatic talent playing acid-laced pop for the Sunset Strip crowd. In recent New York visits, he's been ably backed by locals Das Damen, reviving classics like "My Flash on You" and reinforcing the illusion that the guy with the bandanna sitting next to you just may be Peter Fonda.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—July 20: **SKELETON KEY**, a raunchy downtown combo whose material sounds a bit like Nirvana meets Tom Waits. With **CAKELIKE.** July 21: **LIDA HUSIK**, a thoughtful rocker who spins out impressionistic lyrics, and delivers them, like Liz Phair, in a sultry alto offset with a coquettish falsetto. With the **GIGOLO AUNTS.** July 25: **SINCOLA**, a rapidly up-and-coming quintet whose headbutting single "Bitch" was one of the catchiest tunes of 1994.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—July 22: **RAILROAD JERK** and **CIBO MATTO.** Railroad Jerk has a refreshing pre-grunge American sound that suggests the Violent Femmes and Camper Van Beethoven with some harmonica and hobo rhymes thrown in. They're smart and funny, and they look like the combos that used to appear in the "Cute Band Alert" section of *Sassy*. Cibo Matto is a kitschy downtown duo that appears to be a low-fi version of Deee-Lite.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—July 19: **BABE THE BLUE OX.** July 22: **SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS**, a group of psychobilly swamp rockers from Chapel Hill whose songs are populated with characters that would have frightened Carson McCullers. Years of touring have finally earned the group its first major-label release, "Dirt Track Date," on Geffen.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—July 19: **LISA GERMANO**, the former violinist for John Mellencamp, is now an ethereal solo artist. July 21: **PHRANC**, the self-professed Jewish lesbian folksinger, leads an evening of acoustic and spoken-word activities. July 22: **ROSIE FLORES** warms up for her Mercury Lounge gig. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—July 19: **BUFFALO TOM.** July 20: **TODD RUNDGREN.** One of the great marginal characters of rock and roll, Rundgren has been everything from wispy balladeer ("Hello, It's Me") to PowerBook salesman. July 21: **ALICE DONUT**, a New York quintet that could be described as the thinking fan's Dead Milkmen. As fellow-pilgrims on the eighties path of "funny punk," both bands indulged a healthy undergraduate appetite for jokes and aggro. But the Donut's ability to compress total weirdness ("Cow's Placenta at Armageddon") and wry accounts of everyday pathos ("Mason Reese," "Tiny Ugly World") into a strangely satisfying whole has elevated the band above mere jackassery. With the great industrial funk band **COP SHOOT COP.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 19: **LAURIE ANDERSON** / The **ARTO LINDSAY** trio. Having found love (with Lou Reed, no less), survived a near-death experience (in the Himalayas), and made her début on Broadway, the Buckminster Fuller of performance art returns to more familiar downtown environs. / Hidden beneath Lindsay's hipster-doofus persona lies the heart of a frustrated guitar hero. His gigs at the Knitting Factory are far less predictable than his occasionally precious noodling with the Ambitious Lovers. July 20: **THROWING MUSES.** Former member Tanya Donelly may get all the attention for her own group, Belly, but the Muses' gripping new record, "University," far surpasses those of Belly and of most other alternative-rock poster children in potency and inventiveness. Led for more than ten tumultuous years by the pixieish singer Kristin Hersh (who will also perform a solo set), the Muses shift between guitar mayhem and swirling, otherworldly realms.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—July 25: A double bill of high-fibre, Nine Inch Nails-style noise, with **FILTER** (whose "Hey Man Nice Shot" is the musical equivalent of Sensurround) and **DIE CHEERLEADER.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000, a fin-de-siècle blowout.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 23: **ROSIE FLORES.** With a voice that, like Gram Parsons', cracks in all the right places, this guitar-toting San Antonio rose has long been the darling of the Austin and L.A. country circuits. Her 1987 self-titled début, which featured the classic "God May Forgive You (But I Won't)," was a keeper, and her latest, "Once More with Feeling," is not too shabby, either.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—Woodstock veteran **RICHIE HAVENS** is the current star-in-residence. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—July 20: Master drummer **BABA OLATUNJI** and his Drums of Passion. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—July 25: **MASSIVE ATTACK.** Formed in 1991, this Bristol trio and their brilliant producer, Nellee Hooper (who's behind the great work Madonna and Björk have done recently) are, undoubtedly, the most influential British soul combo of the nineties. The band's first album, the already classic "Blue Lines"—an intimate twilight collection that would have made Marvin Gaye smile—has become the blueprint for the trip-hop sound. Its follow-up, "Protection," offers more of the same reggae rhythms, moody beats, deep bass grooves, and soulful rapping, but it lacks the spark of the band's earlier work. The newer songs are often sprawling and incomplete; still, there's no mistaking that shimmering urban soundtrack and those eerie echoes for any other band.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**THE YOUNG GODS** entertain on July 22, followed by **PANSY DIVISION** on July 25.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—**MOON BOOT LOVER** is in the house on July 22. Monday night is Konkrete Jungle, a night of dub, jungle, and trip-hop.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." . . . ¶ "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Fifty works by the preëminent nineteenth-century cabinetmaking and decorating firm; in conjunction with "Decorating the American Home, 1850-1900," which includes furnishings, pattern books, and catalogues. Both shows through July 30. . . . ¶ The fifty-three paintings, drawings, and watercolors that make up the Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masterworks are on view. . . . ¶ More than a hundred painted-glass roundels produced in the European Lowlands between 1480 and 1560. Through Aug. 20. . . . **Note:** The museum's roof garden is open, when weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The design exhibitions here are always fun, and "Mutant Materials," a handsomely mounted exploration of the way recent technology has transformed industrial design, is one of the best. In what other museum could you find an orange fake-fur light-switch cover, Nike sneakers, and a baseball glove on display? It's impossible, though, to imagine some of these things in anybody's house. Particularly loathsome is a "seaweed" chair, formed from shreds of fabric in clashing primary colors stiffened with resin and tossed together like a poisonous pasta salad. Many objects, such as a squishy pen that molds to the shape of the user's fingertips, are displayed on a shelf, where the visitor is invited to palpate them. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ "Video Spaces: Eight Installations." Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ "Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." A large show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by seventy women, including Frida Kahlo, Agnes Martin, Louise Bourgeois, Georgia O'Keeffe, Joan Mitchell, and Eva Hesse. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Ten black-and-white photographs by Gilles Peress document the massacres and the refugee camps in Rwanda and Zaire. Through Aug. 1. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large survey of paintings by the German Neo-Expressionist Georg Baselitz. Through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light," a show of paintings on glass, glass constructions, oil paintings, and rarely exhibited photographs. Through Sept. 17. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—A survey of Gary Hill's video works. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations are on view in "Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia." Through Aug. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Edward Hopper and the American Imagination," a selection of sixty-five paintings intended to explore his sensibility rather than illustrate his themes or artistic development. Works are hung in groups accompanied by passages from writers that Hopper admired, including Emerson, Frost, and E. B. White. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ In the new series "Views from Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art," guest curators from European institutions organize shows using works from the Whitney's collection and from their own museums' holdings. The first installment is curated by Rudi Fuchs, the director of the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Oct. 1. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

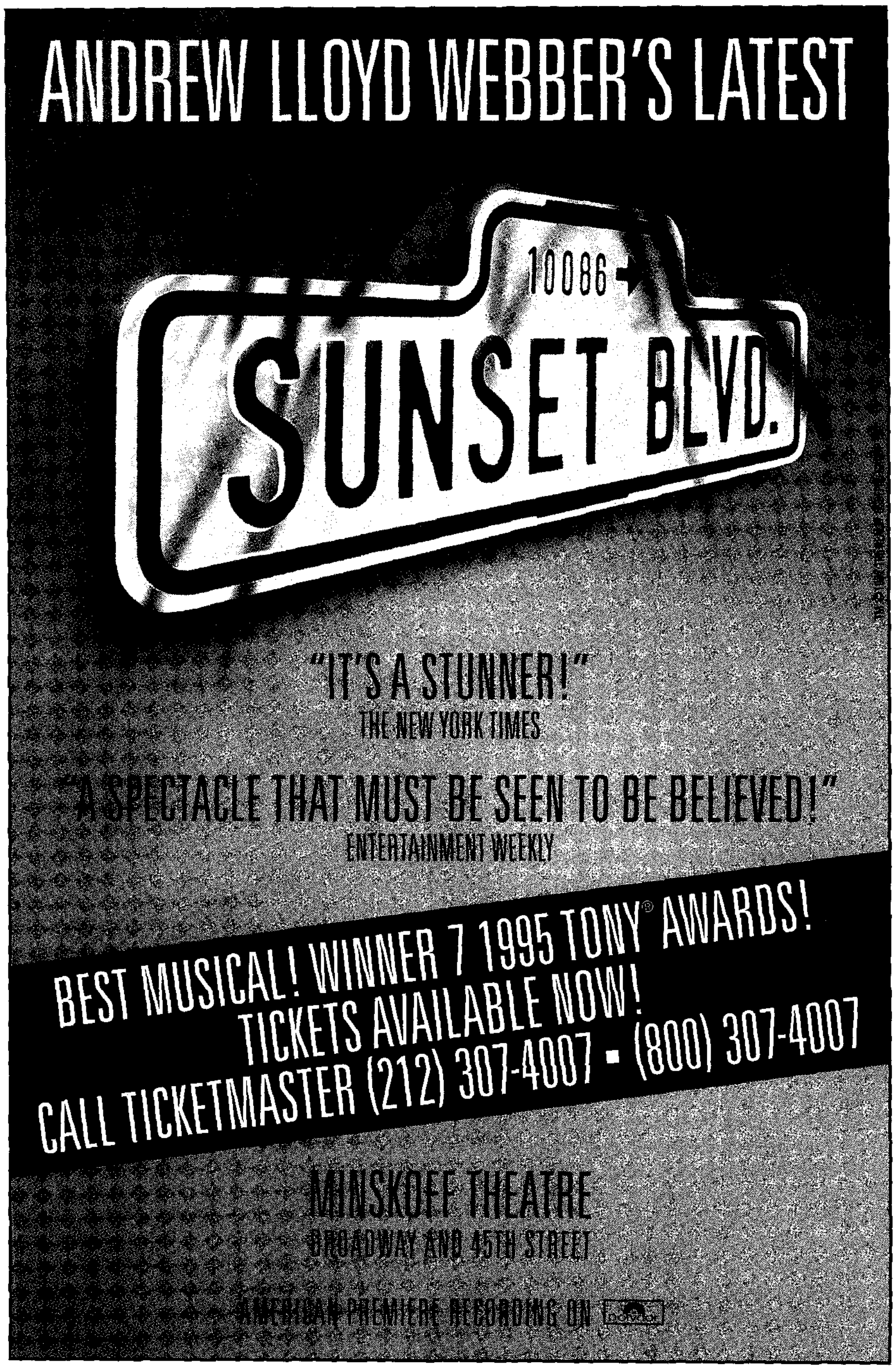
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Guess who's back? Some one hundred saurischian and ornithischian dinosaurs. That means a cleaned and repositioned Tyrannosaurus rex, an apatosaurus with a new skull and neck bones, and many other specimens, eighty-five per cent of which are real fossils (as opposed to casts). (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb," a series of sixty gridded paintings with Native American, Freudian, Joycean, and other imagery, in free-associative compositions. Through Aug. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings from the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Seventy-five works from the first half of the nineteenth century, including sketches and studies by Nikolai Abildgaard, Jens Juel, Christen Kobke, and Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic," late-twenties and thirties works by Lucia Moholy, Lotte Jacobi, Hannah Höch, Florence Henri, and others. Through July 30. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Play Ball: From Stickball to Baseball." Getcha trophies, bleacher seats, World Series balls, bats, and yearbooks heah. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Twenty neighborhood, subway, restaurant, and skyline scenes are on view in "New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings." . . . ¶ "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer," a tribute to the museum's first curator of prints and photographs. . . . ¶ "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Documents of the city's poor by the nation's first photojournalist, alongside work on similar themes by Martine Barrat, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, Jeffrey Henson Scales, and Fred R. Conrad. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)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GO (WAY) WEST

This past season a handful of dealers searching for better spaces at cheaper rates joined a couple of offbeat museums on a single block of West 22nd Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, in a windy district of warehouses and taxi garages. The slow season is a good time to wander west and size up the city's newest gallery row; summer hours are Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 7.

Matthew Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-1650)—The thirty-three-year-old Marks hadn't planned to blaze a new gallery trail; he was just shopping for a second, larger space where he could mount exhibits of blue-chip artists like Brice Marden, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra. Actually, you could hang just about anything in this glass-fronted expanse—at five thousand square feet, one of the largest private galleries in Manhattan—and it would look good. The current show is an eclectic bunch of sculptures and paintings, including a John Chamberlain "barge" (big chunks of urethane foam wrapped with nylon cord and draped with a parachute), a liquid, almost drooling abstraction by Richmond Burton, and a smashing Warhol self-portrait in purple. Through July 28.

Pat Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366)—Hearn has been a bellwether of the art scene for more than a decade. (Early on she was the beehive woman of Avenue D.) In the mid-eighties, her exhibitions took a much more conceptual turn, and in her present show, text-heavy institutional critique reigns with cold confidence—witness the labyrinthine fragments from Simon Leung's "Vietnam Trilogy." Visitors disinclined to extensive reading in an art gallery should be forewarned. Through July 28.

Paul Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753)—Morris, a young gallerist who struck out on his own two years ago, carries a torch for abstraction but often throws in oddball representational artists like George Stoll and Scott Lifschutz. His current show is a heterogeneous mix featuring retro earthworks by Meg Webster, drawings of Madonna and of naked boys by Marc Brandenburg, and drizzly abstract watercolors by Helen Marden. Through July 28.

Lannon Gallery, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115)—This sprawling venue leans toward American, English, and Scottish abstract painters. At the moment Hunt Slonem's quick, cross-hatched canvases, inspired by his aviary on the Bowery, are on view. Through July 22. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566)—A massive yet somehow homely place, Dia specializes in season-long shows by big-name artists like Robert Ryman, Jenny Holzer, Joseph Beuys, Robert Gober, Marden, and Warhol. It's closed for the summer but will reopen in September with a continuation of "Atlas," Gerhard Richter's gargantuan, superbly enigmatic collection of photographs, and fluorescent-light sculptures by Dan Flavin.

Arnulf Rainer Museum, 545 W. 22nd St. (647-0400)—This imposing and windowless white edifice with huge cadmium-red double doors doesn't exactly invite you in. Rainer (born in 1929), well-known in his native Austria, was part of the Vienna Aktionismus, a group of artists devoted to extreme representations of the body and of pain. A long rectangular vitrine houses painted death masks of, among others, Bach, Beethoven, and Liszt. But the focus in this collection is on his *Übermalungen*, or overpaintings, a hundred and ten of which are on display. Seventy of these are cruciform, and most are rendered in a sloppy Abstract Expressionist style with acrid, dyspeptic colors. The occasional objet trouvé—for example, a crucified monkey hand puppet—only heightens the creepiness. (Open Thursdays through Sundays.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II." (Berg Collection. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ "What Price Freedom" features twenty objects, from a Jefferson draft of the Declaration of Independence to a student handbill distributed in Tiananmen Square. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) . . . ¶ Part one of "The Collecting Adventure, 1895-1995" examines the way the library has documented and preserved avant-garde and pop culture. Through Sept. 1. (Salomon Room.) . . . ¶ The librarians have chosen a hundred and fifty books, ranging from rare editions to dog-eared paperbacks, as the "Books of the Century." (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Group Shows—At **de nagy,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists who work from nature in varying degrees of representation, including John Bowman, Susanna Heller, *Duncan Hannah, Gretna Campbell, and Fairfield* Porter. Through July 28. . . . **littlejohn,** 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Carl Andre, René Pierre Allain, Sol LeWitt, Mary Obering, John Zinsser, Nancy Haynes, and others, in an exhibition organized by Julian Pretto just before his death, in May. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **mc coy,** 41 E. 57th St.: A felicitous grouping of works by the painters Ellen Phelan (semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes) and Dorothea Rockburne (bright acrylic abstractions) and the photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto (minimalist seascapes). Through July 21. . . . **washburn,** 20 W. 57th St.: Land- and seascape paintings and drawings by Myron Stout, Alfred Leslie, Milton Resnick, Bill Jensen, James Brooks, and Pegan Brooke. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Short List—**ray johnson,** Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. Through Aug. 18. . . . **mark metcalf,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. Through July 21. . . . **hans richter** and **james daugherty,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Through July 28. . . . **david row,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 28. . . . **dan witz,** St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Open daily, 9 to 7; through Sept. 5.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

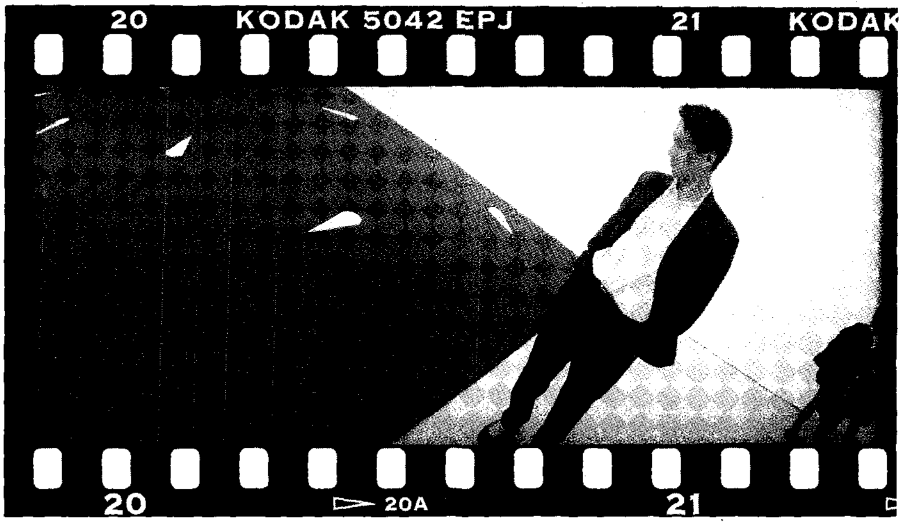
Philip Guston (1913-80)—"Philip Guston's Poem-Pictures," a show that focusses on one aspect of the artist's late style: his collaborations with poets, including Bill Berkson, Stanley Kunitz, and Clark Coolidge. Some of the loveliest pieces feature poems by the artist's wife, Musa McKim. In one, a panorama of Guston motifs—a book, a lamp, a hand holding a cigarette—accompanies a laconic little poem: "I thought I would never write anything down again. / Then I put on my cold wristwatch." Through July 28. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Yukinori Yanagi—Two visual stunners. "Crysanthemum Carpet" (the reference is to Japan's imperial crest) features a sumptuous red carpet strewn with sixteen brass petals and embroidered with translations, in thirteen Asian languages, of the phrase "s/he loves me, s/he loves me not"; above it is a photo-silkscreen of MacArthur and Hirohito. In "Asia-Pacific Ant Farm," the artist has assembled a hanging grid of forty-two Plexiglass boxes full of colored sand, each representing the flag of a different nation. Live ants travel from flag to flag through tiny plastic tubes, eroding the compositions a grain at a time. Through July 29. (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

"Smells Like Vinyl"—Watercolors, drawings, and somewhat more conceptual offerings from a hundred and fifty artists. The subject: their *favorite album covers or liner notes.* Through Aug. 19. (Merians, 76 Greene St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **american fine arts,** 22 Wooster St.: A large roundup of works by artists who were shown this season, including Mariko Mori, John Waters, Elizabeth Murray, and Dan Graham. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays. Opens at noon.) . . . **baghoomian,** 163 Mercer St.: Offerings from Shenge Ka Pharoah, Ouattara, James Lee Byars, and others. Through July 28. . . . **blue mountain,** 121 Wooster St.: An invitational show of small paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Lucy Barber, Uri Galkin, and Carol Heft. Through July 26. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: "Cornered," twelve sculptures and installations that address that idea, by Janine Antoni, Robert Gober, Joseph Beuys, Karin Sander, and others. Through July 28.

Short List—**alexander calder,** A/D, 560 Broadway. Through July 28. . . . **r. crumb,** Cutler, 379 West Broadway. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays; through July 29. . . . **yuri dyshlenko,** Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Mondays, through July 28. . . . **peter halley** and **ettore sottsass,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Closed Mondays; through July 28. . . . **barry le va,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; through July 28. . . . **glenn ligon,** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Through Aug. 25. . . . **sue rees and jonathan bepler,** Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. Through July 28.



Yukinori Yanagi, surveying his show at Blum.

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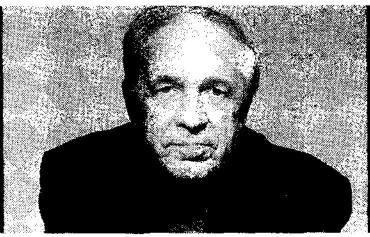
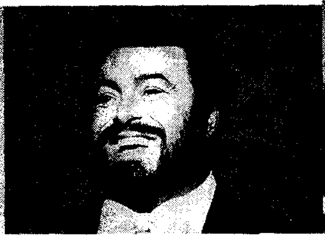

Pierre Boulez and the Cleveland Orchestra in Debussy's *La Mer; Nocturnes; Jeux: Rhapsodie For Clarinet.* (DG) **120•782**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Lehar: *The Merry Widow.* Soloists: Studer, Terfel; Gardiner cond. (DG) **119•008/399•006**

Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique.* Solti cond. (London) **472•878**

Mendelssohn: *Violin Concerto;* **Prokofiev:** *Violin Concerto #2.* Perlman; Barenboim cond. (Erato) **469•874**

Cecilia Bartoli—The Impatient Lover (London) **469•148**

Itzhak Perlman Greatest Hits (DG) **463•026**

Mozart: *3 Sonatas For Violin & Piano.* Isaac Stern, Yefim Bronfman (Sony Class.) **486•035**

Dvorak In Prague—A Celebration with Ma, Perlman, von Stade; Ozawa cond. (Sony Class.) **481•176**

Grofe: *Grand Canyon Suite;* **Herbert:** *Hero & Leander.* Maazel cond. (Sony Class.) **478•990**

Russian Church Music. Slavyanka Men's Chorus. (Harmonia Mundi) **471•904**

Ives: *Symphony No. 3: Unanswered Question;* etc. Orpheus Chamber Orch. (DG) **488•395**

Bruckner: *Symphony No.7.* Abbado, Vienna Phil. (DG) **488•338**

Ibert: *Escales, Flute Concerto;* more. Dutoit cond. (London) **488•320**

Beethoven/Schumann: *Piano Quartets.* I. Stern, Y. Ma; E. Ax; J. Stern. (Sony Class.) **486•662**

Ravel: *Bolero; Ma Mere L'oye;* more. Boulez, cond. (DG) **486•563**

Borodin: *Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2,* etc. Ashkenazy (London) **486•555**

Shostakovich: *Sym. No.13 "Babi Yar".* N.Y. Phil. & Chorus: Masur cond. (Teldec) **485•581**

Dvorak: *Piano Quartet & Quintet.* M. Pressler, piano; Emerson String Quartet (DG) **485•557**

Faure & Durufle: *Requiems.* Blegen, Morris; Shaw cond. (Telarc) **483•370**

"Thirty-two Short Films About Glenn Gould"—orig. sndk. (Sony Class.) **481•945**

Bach: *Partitas For Violin.* Viktoria Mullova (Philips) **478•933**

Berlioz: *Messe Solennelle.* Monteverdi Choir; John E. Gardiner cond. (Philips) **478•917**

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade;* **Stravinsky:** *Scherzo Fantastique.* Chailly cond. (London) **489•112**

Secrets Of The Old—complete songs of Samuel Barber. Hampson, Studer, Browning; Emerson String Quar. (DG) **488•411/398•412**

Yo-Yo Ma—The New York Album. Music by Albert, Bartok, Bloch (Sony Class.) **102•921**

Placido Domingo—Opera Classics (EMI Classics) **477•737**

Luciano Pavarotti—My Heart's Delight (London) **477•729**

Christopher Parkening Plays Vivaldi (EMI Classics) **477•075**

Chant—Benedictine Monks Of Santo Domingo de Silos (Angel) **477•067**

Bartok: *Concerto For Orchestra; 4 Orchestral Pieces.* Boulez cond. (DG) **476•978**

Schubert: *Sym. No. 9, "The Great".* Bernstein cond. (DG) **476•903**

Schumann: *Carnaval; Kreisleriana.* M. Uchida, piano (Philips) **122•226**

Brahms: *Symphony No.4.* Carlos Kleiber cond. (DG) **121•293**

Dennis Brain—Mozart: Horn Concertos (EMI Classics) **121•285**

Jessye Norman Sings Alban Berg (Sony Classical) **121•269**

Shostakovich: *Symph. No.10;* **Mussorgsky:** *Songs and Dances Of Death.* Jansons cond. (EMI Classics) **121•202**

Hovhanness: *Rubaiyat* (narrated by Michael York). Gerard Schwarz cond. (Delos) **120•931**

Floyd: *Susannah.* Studer, Ramey, Hadley; Nagano cond. (Virgin Classics) **120•915/390•914**

Stravinsky: *Petrouchka, Pulcinella.* Chailly cond. (London) **120•774**

Rameau: *The Grand Motets.* Christie cond. (Erato) **120•220**

Tchaikovsky: *March Slav; Capriccio Italien;* **Mussorgsky:** *Coronation Scene.* Gergiev cond. (Philips) **120•154**

Brahms: *Piano Conc. #2;* more. Kovacevich, piano; Sawallisch cond. (EMI Classics) **120•121**

Hindemith: *Mathis Der Maler; Symphonic Metemorphoses.* Blomstedt cond. (London) **120•089**

Beethoven: *Triple Concerto.* Ma, Mutter, Zeltser; Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG) **462•945**

Pachelbel: *Kanon;* Tchaikovsky: *Serenade For Strings.* L. Slatkin cond. (Telarc) **462•655**

Holst: *The Planets.* Previn, Royal Philharm. (Telarc) **462•564**

Wagner: *The "Ring" Without Words.* Maazel, cond. (Telarc) **462•549**

Handel: *Water Music.* Mackerras. St. Luke's Orch. (Telarc) **462•523**

Rachmaninov: *Vespers.* Shaw Festival Singers (Telarc) **462•499**

Beethoven: *Piano Conc. # 5 "Emperor".* R. Serkin, Ozawa cond. (Telarc) **462•416**

Beethoven/Mozart: *Piano Quintets.* Barenboim & members Chicago, Berlin Sym. (Erato) **103•481**

Orff: *Carmina Burana.* Mehta, London Phil. & Choir (Teldec) **469•593**

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 4,5,6.* Pearlman, Boston Baroque (Telarc) **467•365**

Haydn: *Sym. Nos. 101 (Clock) & 104 (London).* Charles Mackerras cond. (Telarc) **117•770**

Schumann: *Sym. No. 3 "Rhenish" and No. 4.* Nikolaus Harnoncourt cond. (Teldec) **114•488**

Dawn Upshaw—Canteloube: *Songs Of The Auvergne* (1923-30) (Erato) **114•470**

Debussy: *Preludes For Piano (cpl.)* K Zimerman (DG) **114•462/394•460**

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1,2,3.* Pearlman. Boston Baroque (Telarc) **114•025**

Puccini: *La Boheme.* Freni, Pavarotti, others; Karajan cond. (London) **113•134/393•132**

Saint-Saens: *Sym. No. 3 "Organ"; Violin Con. No. 3.* Jansons cond. (EMI Classics) **113•050**

Wynton Marsalis—The London Concert. Haydn, Hummel, Fasch. (Sony Class.) **113•035**

Yevgeny Kissin—Prokofiev: *Piano Conc. 1 & 3.* (DG) **113•001**

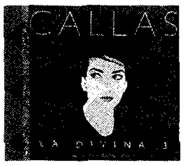
Barber & Korngold: *Violin Concertos.* Gil Shaham (DG) **111•542**

Bryn Terfel—favorite Schubert songs. (DG) **111•500**

Prokofiev: *Romeo And Juliet "Highlights".* Myung-Whun Chung cond. (DG) **108•266**

Beethoven: *Sym. # 3 "Eroica";* **Schubert:** *Sym. #8 "Unfinished".* Levine, The MET Orch. (DG) **101•113**

Messiaen: *Illuminations Of The Beyond.* (Written for 150th Anniversary of NY Phil.) Myung-Whun Chung (DG) **100•834**


Maria Callas—La Divina 3 (EMI Classics) **118•125**

Schubert: *Die Winterreise.* Fischer-Dieskau; Brendel at the piano (Philips) **476•846**

Schubert: *"Trout" Quintet; Quartett D.96.* James Levine, piano; members of Berlin & Vienna Philharmonics (DG) **473•355**

40TH ANNIVERSARY

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NEW AGE

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Tangerine Dream—Turn Of The Tides (Miramar) **489•591**

Charo—Guitar Passion (Universal Wave) **486•076**

Windham Hill Sampler '94—Various Artists (Windham Hill) **483•487**

Liz Story—My Foolish Heart (Windham Hill) **483•305**

A Winter's Solstice IV—Various Artists (Windham Hill) **482•315**

Paul Winter—Prayer For The Wild Things (Living Music) **481•903**

Nature Sounds Series. Music Of Nature (Special Music Co.) **478•057**

Andreas Vollenweider—Eolian Minstrel (SBK) **471•300**

Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra—The Hours Between Night & Day (Epic) **464•149**

Celtic Odyssey (Narada) **460•964**

—Live At The Acropolis (Private Music) **475•178**

Yanni—In My Time (Private Music) **458•018**

The Private Music Of Tangerine Dream (Private Music) **449•967**

Kitaro—Dream (Geffen) **444•299**

Bonfiglio—Live At The Grand Canyon (High Harmony) **119•974**

R. Carlos Nakai—Desert Dance (Celestial Harmonies) **113•761**

Passion–Music For Guitar—Various Artists (Narada) **111•146**

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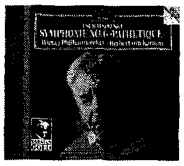
Sylvia McNair and the music *of Henry Purcell: The Echoing Air; Sweeter Than Roses;* etc. (Philips) **120•808**

Ivo Pogorelich plays Mozart's *Piano Sonatas No. 5 (K.283) & No. 11 (K.311); Fantasie in d (K.397)* (DG) **120•790**

Sir Georg Solti & the Vienna Philharmonic in Shostakovich's *Fifth Symphony;* Mendelssohn's *Fourth Symphony.* (London) **118•133**



Tchaikovsky: *Sym. No.6 "Pathetique".* von Karajan, Vienna Phil. (DG) **469•510**

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Bach/Schumann/Chopin. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **435•503**

Chanticleer—Mexican Baroque (Teldec) **487•017**

Chopin: *Preludes, Op. 28; Nocturnes.* Jorge Bolet (London) **476•929**

Pachelbel: Music For Organ. Werner Jacob (Virgin Class.) **471•177**

Mozart: *Oboe Conc.; Bassoon Concerto;* more. Koopman cond. (Erato) **469•635**

Grieg: *Peer Gynt Suites;* **Sibelius:** *Finlandia;* more. Karajan cond. (DG) **467•126**

Franck: *Sym. in d;* **D'Indy:** *Sym. On A French Mountain Air.* Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (London) **466•136**

Tchaikovsky: *The Seasons, Op. 37b;* etc. Mikhail Pletnev, piano (Virgin Class.) **118•190**

Pepe Romero—Noches De Espana: Romantic guitar classics (Philips) **118•075**

Smetana: *Ma Vlast (My Fatherland).* Mehta cond. (Sony Class.) **117•754**

Shostakovich & Schumann: *Violin Concertos.* Gideon Kremer, violin (DG) **108•258**

R. Strauss: *Sinfonia Domestica; Till Eulenspiegel;* more. Sawallisch, cond. (EMI Classics) **108•217**

Gorecki: *Miserere, Op. 40;* other choral works. Nelson cond. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **108•126**

John Browning Plays Domenico Scarlatti. (Musicmasters) **108•100**

The French Connection: Ravel, Debussy, Faure, Ibert. Marriner cond. (ASV) **106•609**

Cheryl Studer—Strauss: *Four Last Songs;* Wagner; *Wesendonck Lieder;* more (DG) **103•002**

Haydn: *Piano Sonatas 32,47,53 & 59.* E. Ax (Sony Class.) **102•970**

Sibelius: *Violin Conc.;* **Bruch:** *Scottish Fantasy.* Midori and Mehta (Sony Class.) **102•947**

Anonymous 4—Love's Illusion (Harmonia Mundi) **102•152**

Ruth Ann Swenson—Positively Golden (EMI Classics) **102•111**

Beethoven: *Sym. Nos. 2 & 8.* Sawallisch, Royal Concertgebouw Orch. (EMI Classics) **101•956**

Debussy/Saint-Saens: The complete chamber music for woodwinds. (Cala) **113•522/393•520**

Wilhelm F. Bach: *Six Duets.* Schulz, flute; Schellenberger, oboe (Sony Class.) **113•514**

Rachmaninov: *Piano Con. 2; Rhapsody.* Cecile Licad; Abbado (CBS Mast.) **456•103**

Leonard Bernstein—The Final Concert (DG) **455•006**

Glenn Gould Edition—Bach: *Goldberg Variations;* etc. Historic 1955 Debut Album (Sony Class.) **450•676**

Mahler: *Symphony No.4.* B. Hendricks; Salonen, L.A. Philharm. (Sony Class.) **449•116**

Schumann: *Piano Con; Violin Con.* Argerich, Kremer; Harnoncourt cond. (Teldec) **114•512**

Barbara Bonney—*Schubert Lieder* (Teldec) **119•123**

Brahms: *Symphony No. 3; Alto Rhapsody.* Sard Vannes; Haitink cond. (Philips) **118•935**

Mozart: *Sinfonia Concertante; Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.* Dohnanyi cond. (London) **118•893**

Rachel Barton—Homage To Sarasate (Dorian) **118•794**

Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Ozawa (DG) **118•182**

Mozart: *String Quartets Nos. 14 & 15.* Cleveland Quartet (Telarc) **462•572**

Mozart: *Clarinet Concerto & Clarinet Quintet.* David Shifrin; Schwarz cond. (Delos) **443•143**

Gorecki: *Sym. No. 3.* Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Zinman, cond. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **441•923**

Dvorák: *Sym. No. 9; Slavonic Dances.* Masur cond. (Teldec) **435•602**

The 3 Tenors—In Concert: Carreras/Domingo/Pavarotti (London) **423•418**

Paganini: *24 Caprices.* Midori, violin (CBS Masterworks) **389•791**

Tchaikovsky: *Sym. 4;* more. Abbado cond. (CBS Mast.) **378•679**

Handel: *Messiah.* Battle, Ramey; Davis cond. (EMI Classics) **369•116/399•113**

Beethoven: *Sym. No. 9. (Choral).* Norrington, London Class. Players (EMI Classics) **365•619**

Beethoven: *"Moonlight" Sonata;* more. Rudolf Serkin. (CBS Great Perf.) **363•192**

Mozart: *Piano Conc. 26. "Coronation";* more. Murray Perahia (CBS Mast.) **328•740**

Latin American Ballets. Villa-Lobos, Ginastera, etc. Mata cond. (Dorian) **122•259**

Beethoven: *Creatures of Prometheus, Op. 43.* Nikolaus Harnoncourt cond. (Teldec) **122•242**

Gavin Bryars: *The Sinking Of The Titanic* (Point Music) **118•919**

Chopin: *Piano Con. #2; 24 Preludes.* Maria Joao Pires (DG) **118•174**

Russian Overtures—*Prince Igor, Russlan & Ludmilla;* more. Pletnev cond (DG) **118•166**

Beethoven: *Sym. No. 3 "Eroica" & Sym. No. 5.* John Eliot Gardiner cond. (Archiv) **118•158**

Schubert: *Piano Sonatas in B Flat* and *A Major.* Radu Lupu (London) **118•141**

Liszt: *A Faust Symphony for Tenor, Orch. & Chorus.* Rattle cond. (EMI Classics) **118•109**

Mozart: *Posthorn Serenade;* more. Abbado cond. (Sony Classical) **117•820**

Katia And Marielle Labeque—Espana—Albeniz, Falla, Lecuona, Infante (Philips) **118•927**

The Lovers: Prayers Of Kierkegaard. Schenk cond. (Koch) **103•879**

Tchaikovsky: *Sym. No. 1 "Winter Dreams" and No. 2 "Little Russian".* Gerard Schwarz cond. (Delos) **103•531**

Jose Carreras—Zarzuelas (Erato) **102•954**

Vladimir Horowitz—Discovered Treasures (Sony Class.) **450•502**

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"Schindler's List"—Orig. Sndtrk. (MCA) **472•795**

P.D.Q. Bach On The Air—Music For An Awful Lot Of Winds & Percussion (Telarc) **462•721**

***Mormon Tabernacle* Choir**—Greatest Hits—22...Favorites. (Sony Classical) **443•051**

Yo-Yo Ma/Bobby McFerrin—Hush (Sony Masterworks) **432•930**

***Dinner Classics*—Dinner For 2.** Romantic music by Borodin, etc. (CBS Master.) **413•096**

The Ultimate Wedding Album. Here's your complete music guide (London) **122•234**

Ute Lemper—City Of Strangers. Sondheim, etc. (London) **120•162**

John Bayless, Piano—The Puccini Album (Angel) **467•191**

Canadian Brass—Wagner For Brass (Philips) **466•250**

Mozart For Your Mind. Popular excerpts from symphonies, concertos, etc. (Philips) **118•208**

Prokofiev: *Peter And The Wolf;* **Debussy:** *La boite a joujoux.* Nagano cond. (Erato) **114•264**

Arthur Fiedler & The Boston Pops—Salute To Disney (DG) **113•027**

Top 20—Very Best Of Erich Kunzel And The Cincinnati Pops (Telarc) **110•536**

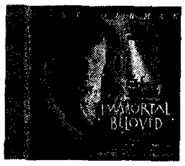
Vision. The Music of Hildegard von Bingen (Angel) **108•183**

My Favorite Showstoppers. Pavarotti's "Opera Made Easy" (London) **102•129**

"Passion"—Original Broadway Cast (Angel) **101•089**

Gershwin Plays Gershwin (Elektra/Nonesuch) **473•348**

Sumi Jo—Carnaval. French Coloratura Arias (London) **114•249**



"Immortal Beloved"—Orig. Sndtrk (Sony Classical) **114•504**

Dawn Upshaw. Songs by Sondheim, Bernstein, Weill; etc. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **484•170**

Classic Stressbusters –72 minutes of soothing music by Chopin, Verdi, etc. (Erato) **483•917**

"Amadeus"—orig. sndtrk. Marriner; Acad. St. Martin (Fantasy) **478•909/398•909**

Sensual Classics II—79 minutes of music by Tchaikovsky, Villa Lobos, etc. (Teldec) **477•760**

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PHOTOGRAPHY

John Brill—As you gaze at any of these small, delicately toned grisailles of ghostly heads and bodies, a figure might suddenly emerge from a black background, or part of a body might fade into a charcoal middle ground. One grainy image, of a head in repose, looks like a death mask at first, but on second glance a trace of shadow in the eyes suggests a bug-eyed lunatic. Through July 28. (Kent, 67 Prince St.)

The Douglas Brothers—Handsome platinum prints of stage and screen stars, young boxers and dancers, and other magazine subjects by the South London team. Through July 29. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Charles Harbutt—Pictures taken in the sixties and seventies, during the photographer's tenure at Magnum, along with more recent work. The sixties photos can be spirited (a trio of freewheeling boys smoking in a car) or bluntly humorous (a bride at her basement reception, overwhelmed by the drab surroundings), while the best seventies shots have complicated, well-balanced compositions. The photographs from the past decade are more lyrical but also more anemic. Through Aug. 11. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Keetman—In 1949, Keetman and his fellow German Otto Steinert established Fotoform, a group of fifteen young photographers who, renouncing the social aspects of the medium, proclaimed a "subjective photography" and retreated into the sanctum of design. Their work was highly visible in German exhibitions and magazines of the fifties and sixties, and the photographs by Keetman on display here make it easy to understand why. (A few works by Steinert and others are also on view.) In the close-cropped details of 1953 VW Beetle fenders and the precisely composed images of a cable car and several building sites, the subjects' "social" qualities are not so much excised as refracted in new, unexpected ways. And Keetman's subtle studies of landscapes and natural phenomena (particularly snow) sharply expand the scope of design photography. Through July 29. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Karen Kuehn—A first solo exhibit by the magazine photographer. Most of the pictures (taken on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques) were made with a pinhole camera, and the desired dreamscape effect is generally successful. The most evocative work, however, was done with a toy camera: a man and three horses emerge, like the lady of the lake, from a rippling, black expanse of water. Through July 28. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

"'Dance Ink': Frame by Frame"—Photographs commissioned for the elegantly choreographed dance quarterly, by Josef Astor, Sylvia Plachy, Andrew Eccles, Duane Michals, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, William Wegman, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Furman Gallery, adjacent to the Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Open daily, 1:30 to 9.)

"H_2O"—Vintage and contemporary photographs of water, including works by Harry Callahan, Minor White, Diane Cook, Andrew Moore, Len Jenshel, and Flip Schulke. Through Aug. 11. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

"On Holiday"—Many delightful views of swimmers, sunbathers, operagoers, picnickers, and baseball players, by Max Dupain, J. H. Lartigue, Danielle Weil, John Loengard, Louise Dahl-Wolfe, and others. Through Sept. 2. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

"Large Bodies"—Large-scale photographs of various parts of the body, by, among others, Cindy Sherman, John Coplans, Chuck Close, Andres Serrano, and Bill Jacobson. Through Sept. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Scattershot"—The four artists here—Barbara Ess, Sigmar Polke, Alan Scarritt, and Al Taylor—have all produced fine photographic work that can be hard to interpret. This show doesn't make it easier, but Taylor's bleak "Ozark Drive-Bys"—blurry, brown-on-brown shots of hinterland shacks—have enough of an anchor to draw you in. Through July 28. (Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Short List—**John Batho**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Aug. 31. . . . **Jiří David**, Tilton, 49 Greene St. Through July 28. . . . **Harold Feinstein**, Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Closed Thursdays, open Saturdays; through Sept. 15. . . . **Jo Ann Verburg**, Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through Aug. 18. . . . **Brett Weston**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays; through July 29.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Jewish Museum, and the Museum of the City of New York.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

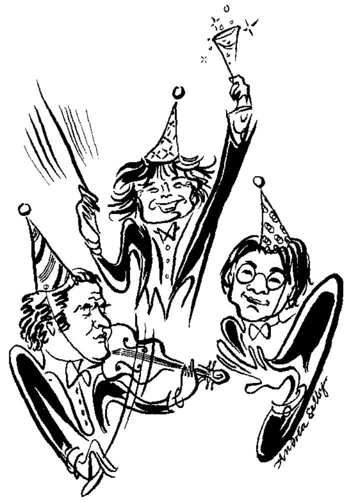
New York Grand Opera—A staged production of Verdi's "I Due Foscari," the composer's sixth opera, a tale of intrigue, exile, and death in fifteenth-century Venice; with soprano Jane Marsh, tenor Enrico di Giuseppe, and baritone Raemond Martin. Vincent La Selva conducts. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 19 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—Brecht and Weill's "Threepenny Opera," conducted by Anton Coppola. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. July 21 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

CONCERTS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall: Kurt Masur conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 6 (K. 43) and A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Helen Huang), as well as Richard Strauss's "An Alpine Symphony." (July 19 at 8.) . . . Mr. Masur leads Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; pianist Peter Roesel is featured in Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasy (as orchestrated by Liszt) and in Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 and Mephisto Waltz. (July 21-22 at 8. 875-5030.) . . . ¶ At Central Park's Great Lawn: Gisèle Ben-Dor conducts Bernstein's "Three Dance Episodes from 'On the Town,'" Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4, de Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat" Suite, and Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" Suite. (July 25 at 8. No tickets necessary. For rain-date and other information, call 875-5709.)

Mostly Mozart—In the opening concerts of the festival's twenty-ninth season, abbreviated this year to a four-week span, Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Orchestra in a suite from Handel's "Water Music," Kreisler's "Violin Concerto in the Style of Vivaldi" (featuring Gil Shaham), and Mozart's Symphony No. 39 and B-Flat Major Piano Concerto (K. 595, with Alicia de Larrocha). (Avery Fisher Hall. July 25-26 at 8. 875-5030. The festival continues through Aug. 19.)



Three Tanglewood birthdays.

Music for Lunch—Free midday concerts. At Stuyvesant Park: Soprano Johanna Wiseman and tenor Michael Galanter sing selections from operas and Broadway musicals. (Second Ave. at E. 15th St. July 19 at 12:30.) . . . ¶ At Bryant Park: On July 19 and July 21, the New York Percussion Quartet; on July 24, Ms. Wiseman and Mr. Galanter. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Afternoons at 12:30.) . . . ¶ At Herald Square: American Opera Projects presents excerpts from lyric stage works. (Broadway at 34th St. July 20 at 12:15 and 1:15.) . . . ¶ At Times Square (beside the intersection of Broadway and Seventh Ave.): The extravagantly marketed violinist-cum-sex-kitten Vanessa-Mae. (July 21 at noon.)

Bargemusic—A program of chamber works featuring violinist Carmit Zori, cellist Bion Tsang, and pianist Edward Auer. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 20 at 7:30 and July 23 at 4.)

MOMA Summergarden—Musicians from the Juilliard School perform American compositions from the nineteen-sixties and -seventies, most with some connection to the groundbreaking advances of the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center; including pieces by Otto Luening, Mario Davidovsky, Elliott Schwartz, Charles Wuorinen, Robert Erickson, and Milton Babbitt. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 21-22 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Violinist Alejandro Mendoza joins the group for works by Vivaldi, Handel, and Giovanni Battista Vitali. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. July 23 at noon.)

"Music from Aston Magna"—Musicians affiliated with the Massachusetts early-music academy offer Italian Baroque music by, among others, Corelli, Locatelli, and Alessandro Scarlatti (his cantata "Su le Sponde del Tebro"). Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. July 23 at 5.)

Alejandro Mendoza—Violinist, with pianist Ilan Rechtman, performing works by Handel, Sarasate, and Paganini. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 23 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—Roger Zahab conducts a program that includes Shostakovich's Cello Concerto (with Dorothy Lawson) and Ives's Symphony No. 3. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. July 25 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—July 20 at 8:30: A song recital with soprano Barbara Bonney and pianist/harpsichordist Warren Jones. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: Marek Janowski conducts the Boston Symphony in Smetana's "The Moldau," Dvořák's Violin Concerto (with Frank Peter Zimmermann), and Janáček's Sinfonietta. . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: Orchestral excerpts from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," as well as Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Garrick Ohlsson) and Brahms's Symphony No. 3. Mr. Janowski conducts the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: The Boston Symphony celebrates the upcoming round-number birthdays of three eminent musicians: conductor Seiji Ozawa, about to turn sixty; violinist Itzhak Perlman, reaching the half-century mark; and, bringing up the rear, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, soon to be forty. The program includes Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture" and Double Concerto. . . . ¶ July 25 at 7: Bartók's six quartets, performed by the Emerson String Quartet. (Lenox, Mass. 1-413 637-1600.)

Caramoor—July 20 at 4:15: Violinist Maria Bachmann and pianist Jon Klibonoff perform Copland's Nocturne and sonatas by Ravel, Corigliano, and Saint-Saëns. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet plays Mozart's Adagio and Fugue in C Minor (K. 546), the Adagio from Barber's Quartet, and Dvořák's Quartet No. 14 and Piano Quintet (with pianist Menahem Pressler). . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: André Previn leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a Shakespeare-oriented program that comprises Tchaikov-

ANDREA SELBY

sky's "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasy-Overture and Walton's "Henry V" (in which Christopher Plummer delivers appropriate passages from the Bard).... ¶ July 23 at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet offers quartets by Mozart (in C Major, K. 465, the "Dissonance"), Debussy, and Schubert (in D Minor, D. 819, the "Death and the Maiden"). (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

Glimmerglass Opera—July 20 at 8 and July 24 at 2: Britten's "Paul Bunyan." ... ¶ July 21 at 8: "Don Giovanni." ... ¶ July 22 at 8 and July 25 at 2: Handel's "Tamerlano." ... ¶ July 23 at 2: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 1-607 547-2255.)

LISTENING BOOTH

tragic—Just because Naxos's discs cost little more than a third of what its major-label competitors charge is no reason to assume that the label cuts corners on quality. Its new two-CD set of Rossini's **"tancredi,"** the opera that consolidated the composer's reputation, holds its own with the best. The Polish mezzo-soprano Ewa Podles' dense countertenorial timbre is an asset in this *travesti* role, but the real thrills come from the brighter coloraturas of tenor Stanford Olsen and soprano Sumi Jo (whose underappreciation on the American opera scene defies explanation). An authoritative edition of a first-rate score, sensitive conducting by Alberto Zedda, carefully rehearsed ensemble singing, and a capable period-instrument orchestra put the final touches on this most welcome—and affordable—addition to the catalogue.

comic—Those who have sworn off tragic bel canto for the summer should hurry to the Gershwin (George and Ira) bin to snap up **"oh, kay!"** (on Nonesuch), a 1926 Broadway hit set in the Hamptons. A marital ode that rhymes "It's never too late to Mendelssohn" with "A gay honeymoon they'll spendelssohn" counts as one of life's choice pleasures, and Dawn Upshaw's supernal rendition of "Someone to Watch Over Me" should bring any house—maybe even your beach house—down.

Maverick Concerts—The Manhattan String Quartet performs quartets by Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 18, No. 6) and Debussy; Norman Krieger assists the foursome in Shostakovich's Piano Quintet. (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. July 23 at 3.)

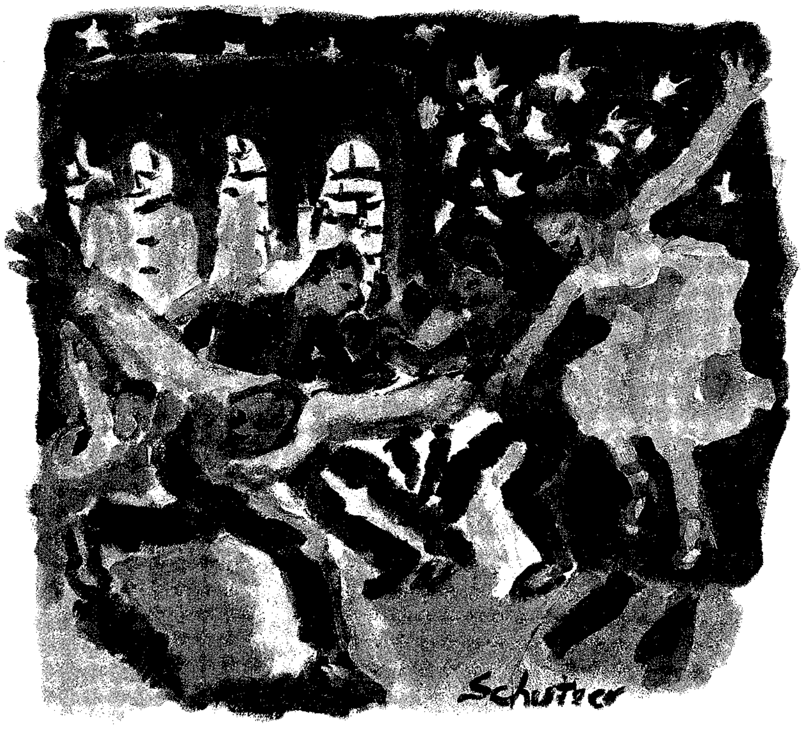
Music Mountain—The Cavani String Quartet presents a program of worthy chamber works that scarcely suffer from overexposure: Boccherini's D-Major Quartet (Op. 10, No. 2), Mendelssohn's Quartet No. 2, and (with Igor Kipnis) Antonio Soler's G-Major Harpsichord Quintet. (Falls Village, Conn. July 23 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The Last Dance—One final whirl for Midsummer Night Swing: the summer schedule of live music and alfresco dancing at Lincoln Center comes to an end this weekend. Lessons on the Fountain Plaza dance floor begin at 6:30 every day except Saturday; the bands kick off at 8:15. July 19: Bob Wilber and the Sounds of Swing, in a Lindy Hopping tribute to Hoagy Carmichael.... ¶ July 20: Marcia Ball sings R. & B. for West Coast swing dancing.... ¶ July 21: Malavoi plays music from Martinique: rumbas, Creole waltzes, beguines, mazurkas, and zouk.... ¶ July 22: Illinois Jacquet works the ultimate swing shift.

Cast Your Bread Upon the Water—This week, Macy's is sponsoring five days of fishing on the north shore of Brooklyn's Prospect Lake. Park rangers will outfit anglers aged fifteen and younger with bamboo rods and biscuit-dough bait and oversee the day's catch (to be measured and returned to the lake). Prizes will be awarded in the categories of carp, sunfish, catfish, and bass, with a special bounty to the fisher who lands R. H. Macy, a tagged carp of remarkable size that will be let loose in the lake on the first day of fishing. (Rustic Shelter, near the Wollman Center, Prospect Park. July 18-22, from 10 A.M. to 2. For more information, call 1-718 287-3400.)

"Writers in Wartime"—The New York Public Library's Berg Collection marks the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War with an exhibition of writings—both published and personal—from the era. The books, whether closed to show off their jackets or opened to significant pages, have the newsreel feel of firsthand history. The private papers (diaries, letters, pencilled postscripts, typewritten drafts of manifestos) tell even more revealing stories—for instance, in a journal entry, on ridged blue paper, Virginia Woolf wrote how her husband Leonard learned of the Munich Agreement while in the W. C. Also on display are a photostat of Auden's certificate of marriage to Erika Mann, daughter of Thomas, a sham union that saved her life by getting her out of Germany; a Christmas Eve letter from John Cheever, hungover without a furlough; and a 1942 letter that Noël Coward wrote while he was filming a war story in Britain, cheerily noting that "the R.A.F. have promised us some nice captured German planes." (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 889-8089. Through Oct. 7.)



At Lincoln Center, last chance for a swing dance.

Every Time You Try to Picnic—Raptor-size insects have descended upon the New York Botanical Garden. An eighteen-foot praying mantis guards the grassy esplanade near the entrance; a spider sits in a twenty-foot web on Azalea Way; a dragon-size dragonfly hovers over the Bronx River; three ants as long as limos and as tall as trucks lumber, so to speak, toward the T. H. Everett rock garden. Dave Rogers is the man responsible: the Long Island furniture maker sculpted the bugs from cedar, locust trees, and bent willow branches. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. 1-718 817-8700. Through Oct. 2.)

Readings—July 20 at 8: Eric Kraft reads from his novel "What a Piece of Work I Am." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ July 20 at 8:30: Art Spiegelman reads from Joseph Moncure March's 1926 poem "The Wild Party" while slides of his own illustrations for last year's hardcover edition are projected on the SummerStage screens. Paul Auster follows with a reading from his latest novel, "Mr. Vertigo." (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ July 25 at 8: Patrick Healy reads from his translations of early Expressionist and Surrealist journals, in an English-language re-creation of a turn-of-the-century German *Lesenabend.* (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—July 20 at 12:30: Storyteller Marcia Lane talks about historical figures and the myths that grow out of exaggerated accounts of events in their lives. (Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. 425-1778. No charge beyond museum admission.) ... ¶ July 22 at 12:30: Herbalist Roberto Velez brings out the peppermint and aloe vera from the Wave Hill gardens, along with other herbs that may be used to soothe sunburned skin. (Wave Hill, W. 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 1-718 549-3200.) ... ¶ July 23 at 1: Phrenologist Henry Clark will palpate skulls to interpret character at the New-York Historical Society's afternoon of mid-nineteenth-century parlor entertainments. (2 W. 77th St. For reservations, call 873-3400.)

Tours—July 19 at 7: Former Landmarks Commissioner Laurie Beckelman offers riverside views on Manhattan architecture, during a chartered Circle Line cruise. With the Pete Beller Swing Quintet. For reservations, call the National Design Museum, at 860-6909.... ¶ July 23 at 1: The New York Transit Museum dusts off its 1928 D-Type Triplex train, for a luncheon trip from the museum to Coney Island and back. For reservations, call 1-718 330-5839.... ¶ July 23 at 1: Manhattan historian Joyce Gold walks the Ladies Mile, the Sixth Avenue shopping district with elaborate second-story façades designed to entice passengers on the El. For more information, call the Museum of the City of New York, at 534-1672, ext. 206.

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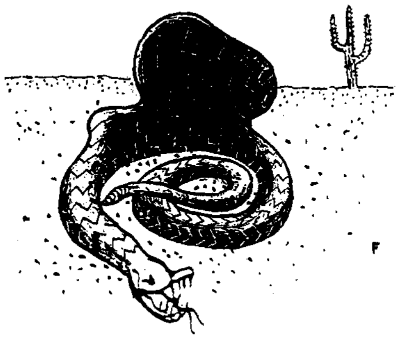

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

An Awfully Big Adventure—Mike Newell's black comedy, set in Liverpool in 1950, stars Hugh Grant, Georgina Cates, and Alan Rickman. Opening July 21. (Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.)

Clueless—A Beverly Hills teen-ager (Alicia Silverstone) plays matchmaker for two teachers (Wallace Shawn and Twink Caplan) and gives a new friend (Brittany Murphy) a makeover, but her own life is a more difficult project. Written and directed by Amy Heckerling. Opening July 19. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home—Jason James Richter reprises his role as the young boy whose best friend is a seven-thousand-pound orca whale. With Michael Madsen and Jayne Atkinson as the boy's foster parents, also reprising their roles. Directed by Dwight Little. Written by Karen Janszen, Corey Blechman, and John Mattson. Opening July 19. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Kids—Larry Clark's look at New York City teenagers. Opening July 21. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud—A dramatization of the actor and author's final two years, in Paris in the late nineteen-forties, starring Sami Frey as Artaud. Directed by Gérard Mordillat, who co-wrote the screenplay with Jérôme Prieur, from Jacques Prevel's diary, "En Compagnie d'Antonin Artaud." In French. Opening July 19. (Film Forum.)

Postcards from America—Steve McLean wrote and directed this three-part drama, based on the autobiographical writings of the late artist David Wojnarowicz. Opening July 21. (Quad Cinema.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 24.)

Apollo 13—Ron Howard's movie is the true story of the manned lunar mission in which almost everything went wrong—so wrong that there was a real possibility that the spacecraft wouldn't make it back to Earth. The movie, like the 1970 mission itself, gets home safely only by the skin of its teeth. Dean Cundey's cinematography is drab, James Horner's score is unbearable, and Howard retards the momentum with frequent cutaways to the astronauts' families, who are, unsurprisingly, mighty worried. But the acting—especially by Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, and Bill Paxton (as the imperilled astronauts) and Ed Harris (as a fiercely determined NASA flight controller in Houston)—is sharp and persuasive. And the screenplay, by William Broyles, Jr., and Al Reinert, makes the scientific details both comprehensible and exciting. The film, despite its raggedness, is stirring. In the end, this failed mission seems like the most impressive achievement of the entire space program: a triumph not of planning but of inspired improvisation. Also with Gary Sinise and Kathleen Quinlan.—T.R. (7/10/95) (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

Bandit Queen—The early years of Phoolan Devi (Seema Biswas), the Indian woman who with her gang massacred nearly thirty upper-caste men in 1978 and today is a political force in her nation. Directed by Shekhar Kapur. Written by Mala Sen, from Devi's prison diaries. In Hindi. (Village East Cinemas and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Batman Forever—Is that a threat? In the third installment of the lucrative series, Val Kilmer replaces Michael Keaton as the title superhero, and Joel Schumacher takes over from Tim Burton as the director. Kilmer, in a bulging, rubbery Batsuit, looks and sounds like an action toy. Schumacher's direction is coarse and slovenly: the picture has the self-conscious jokiness of the "Batman" TV series and the smudged, runny imagery of a cheaply printed comic book. Viewers who enjoyed the first two films should follow the example of Keaton and Burton and sit this one out. There's some dignity in surrendering to a bat; there's none in surrendering to a turkey. Also with Jim Carrey (as the Riddler), Tommy Lee Jones (as Two-Face), Chris O'Donnell (as Robin), Nicole Kidman, and Michael Gough.—T.R. (7/10/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Braveheart—Mel Gibson is the star, director, and co-producer of this hefty new epic, which lasts nearly three hours and covers more than thirty years of medieval Scottish history. He plays William Wallace, the hero with the thrash-metal hair who decides to make life hell for the Englishmen who are crawling all over his country. The political argument that ensues is pretty dull, but the battle scenes are the loudest and most convincing in years: Gibson has learned from Kurosawa in lending a clarifying thrust to what is, essentially, chaos. With Patrick McGoohan, Catherine McCormack, and Sophie Marceau.—A.L. (6/5/95) (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, Lincoln Square, and National Twin.)

The Bridges of Madison County—Screenwriter Richard LaGravenese and director Clint Eastwood have taken Robert James Waller's best-selling novel and turned out something sombre and restrained—almost, in fact, good (though it's too long). Eastwood also stars, as Kincaid, the strolling photographer who shows up at an Iowa farmhouse and falls for the lonely Francesca (Meryl Streep). The two leads' sly comic rhythm is miles removed from the book's flailing solemnity, though Eastwood has bravely given himself the few ridiculous lines that survived.—A.L. (6/19/95) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Tower East, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Square.)

Congo—The director, Frank Marshall, who has produced films for Steven Spielberg, gets his own Michael Crichton book to play with—and the results are disastrous. (To be fair, "Congo" wasn't much of a book, either.) The film strands the actors in a sea of silly dialogue (although Tim Curry, cast as a Romanian philanthropist, seems to be having a little fun), and Marshall, who has directed some nifty films ("Arachnophobia," "Alive"), doesn't know where the comedy ends and the adventure begins.—B.D. (19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, and Embassy.)

The Crude Oasis—A low-budget début by writer-director Alex Graves, about a lonely housewife in Kansas (Jennifer Taylor) who pursues the local gas-station attendant (Aaron Shields), the subject of her nightmares. With Robert Peterson as her adulterous husband. (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

Crumb—Terry Zwigoff's brilliant, scary documentary about the underground-comics artist R. Crumb. While the film is reviewing Crumb's career, from its psychedelic-era heyday to the present, and following him as he goes about his everyday activities, it's also telling a harrowing story about his damaged family. The movie is often funny, but what makes it extraordinary is that it explores, without presuming to explain, the sources of a unique and savage comic sensibility. And it shows us that Crumb's gift—the detachment that allows him to create such hilariously contemptuous images of the world around him (and inside him)—is also a kind of curse, or, at least, a nasty habit.—T.R. (5/1/95) (Film Forum 3.)

Die Hard with a Vengeance—The third adventure with New York cop John McClane (Bruce Willis), the sweaty, blue-collar American counterpart of James Bond; once again, McClane gets his undershirt dirty foiling the schemes of a world-class megalomaniac (here, Jeremy Irons). John McTiernan—who directed the original "Die Hard" (1988) but skipped the first sequel—has returned, and his professionalism gives the series a lift. But if this picture is any indication, the ultimate fate of all action-movie series may be to become perfectly indistinguishable from one another. McTiernan supplies one climax after another, but when the whole intense, meaningless experience is over, you may have trouble putting a name or a face to the movie that just had its way with you. With Samuel L. Jackson.—T.R. (5/29/95) (Manhattan Twin, Baronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

First Knight—King Arthur (Sean Connery) is growing old; his intended, Guinevere (Julia Ormond), is looking younger and lustier every day; and the new recruit to the Round Table, Lancelot (Richard Gere), is doing fancy stuff with swords. As if that weren't enough to worry about, wicked Prince Malagant (Ben Cross) is wearing a long dark overcoat covered with iron studs, an infallible sign of trouble. Jerry Zucker's movie is a travesty of Arthurian legend, but so is every Camelot movie. This one is an odd mixture of Tolkien and Indiana Jones, all craggy castles and danger-dodging. But there's a great nocturnal battle, and enough thoughtless rhetoric ("Nobody move or Arthur dies!") to gratify the connoisseur of kitsch. It's hard not to wonder about Ormond, though, besieged by Connery on one side and Gere on the other. Why can't she pick up someone her own age?—A.L. (7/17/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Grosse Fatigue—A comedy written and directed by and starring Michel Blanc. In French. (68th St. Playhouse and Quad Cinema.)

The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love—The title characters—two high school seniors, a tomboy outcast (Laurel Hollomon) and a popular girl who has yet to come out (Nicole Parker)—are charming, in a modest, indie-movie sort of way. But this is basically a puppy-love story rewritten for girls: admirably unsensational, earnest, and engaging, in the tradition of an after-school special. Written and directed by Maria Maggenti.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Indian in the Cupboard—Frank Oz directs the film version of Lynne Reid Banks's 1981 novel, about a nine-year-old (Hal Scardino) whose toy Indian comes to life. With the Native American rap artist Litefoot, and Rishi Bhat, Lindsay Crouse, Richard Jenkins, and David Keith. Screenplay by Melissa Mathison. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

Judge Dredd—In the third millennium, the world will consist of endless tracts of nothingness dotted with megacities—strongholds crammed with violent, hopeless humanity. In 1995, meanwhile, the director Danny Cannon has made a movie that consists of endless tracts of nothingness dotted with mini-characters—strongmen damned to violent, hopeless inanity. In one of the year's more predictable casting decisions, Sylvester Stallone plays Judge Dredd, the lawmaker with the most fearsome reputation and the most ridiculous motorbike. He is worshipped by another judge (Diane Lane) and loathed by his brother (Armand Assante). Considering that the movie was adapted from comic books, the least we should expect is a juicy battle between good and evil, but the conflict is, in fact, a matter of fine distinctions between shades of Fascism. Whenever you sit back and try to enjoy the pop wizardry of the special effects, you catch sight of Dredd's epaulettes and think of Mussolini.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Opening July 19, "Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home."

Living in Oblivion—Independent writer-director Tom DiCillo's comedy about one headachy day in the making of an independent film. Starring Steve Buscemi (as the movie's director), Dermot Mulroney, Catherine Keener, Peter Dinklage, and James LeGros. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers: The Movie—A children's-television phenomenon on the scale of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles has become a summer movie for kids, with mixed results. The six color-coded intergalactic teens are martial-arts experts, and their fights with the monster armies of the evil Ivan Ooze (who seeks world domination by eliminating parents, much like the filmmakers) are dazzling and funny. What the film lacks is the punchy editing and pacing needed to excite its intended audience. The director, Bryan Spicer, who did such innovative work on the hip "Parker Lewis Can't Lose" television series, may have made a mistake in dispensing with the cheesy effects of the TV show—he has also lost its playfulness.—B.D. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Square, and National Twin.)

Nine Months—Hugh Grant and Julianne Moore star in a comedy written and directed by Chris Columbus. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

Party Girl—As Mary, a trendy downtown New Yorker forced by circumstances to work as a library clerk, Parker Posey is on her way to creating a new female comic persona: wiry, hyperactive, tough, and insensitive, but somehow sympathetic. The hilarious script, co-written by first-time director Daisy von Scherler Mayer and Harry Birckmayer, is about growing up. With Omar Townsend as the Lebanese falafel vender Mary has a crush on, and the director's mother, Sasha von Scherler, as her disapproving godmother.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center.)

Pocahontas—Disney's animated take on the Algonquin princess and Captain John Smith, with voices by Irene Bedard, Judy Kuhn, Mel Gibson, Russell Means, and Linda Hunt. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, Lincoln Square, and Olympia.)

The Postman—Antonio Skármeta's bittersweet 1985 novel, "Burning Patience," upon which this movie is loosely based, told the story of Mario, a lonely postman who delivers mail to Pablo Neruda in Isla Negra, the desolate corner of Chile where the poet spent his final years. Their friendship grows against a tragic backdrop: Chile (like Neruda) is ailing; by the end, it has succumbed to dictatorship. In Michael Radford's lovely but sanitized version, the action has been moved two decades earlier to picturesque Italy, where a still-dashing Neruda has been temporarily exiled. As Neruda, the great Philippe Noiret somehow conquers being dubbed in Spanish-accented Italian; as Mario, the late Italian comedian Massimo Troisi is painfully affecting. Politically, the film is much weaker: Italy in 1953 is a weird setting for martyrdom. In Italian.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Safe—Carol (Julianne Moore), the heroine of Todd Haynes's peculiar, daring new movie, is a wealthy Southern California housewife stricken with a mysterious disease. The best diagnosis anyone can come up with is "environmental illness"—which means, essentially, that she's allergic to the world she lives in. No matter how sterile her surroundings may seem (and they look as scrubbed and shiny as an operating room) they are, for her, teeming with toxins. The movie is an eerily detached study of biological paranoia. At first, Haynes's manner seems fanatically austere: the heroine's deterioration is rendered in clinical, elegantly alienated long shots. But the movie's rhythm is hypnotic, and when, midway, the action shifts to a New Age desert compound that represents Carol's last hope of restoring her health, the filmmaker's distancing techniques begin to pay off in volatile, eccentric satire.

Moore, in a nearly unplayable role, is amazingly vivid and touching; this is a heartbreaking portrait of a woman in full, panicked retreat from life. Also with Xander Berkeley and Peter Friedman.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center.)

Sister My Sister—An English production based on the same lurid nineteen-thirties crime that inspired Jean Genet's "The Maids." (Imagine a high-class literary treatment of a TV movie-of-the-week.) Christine (Joely Richardson), the elder of two French sisters working as servants, is bitter to the point of insanity because sweet, klutzy Lea (Jodhi May), the younger, has always been their mother's pet. As their relationship grows increasingly sexual, they find their tyrannical employer (Julie Walters) more and more suffocating. Tensions build. . . . Written by an American, Wendy Kesselman, based on her play "My Sister in This House"; directed by another American, Nancy Meckler.—S.K. (Cinema Village.)

Smoke—Five years ago, the director Wayne Wang asked the novelist Paul Auster to work up one of his stories as a screenplay. The result—a highly cerebral intertwining of the lives of white and black characters in Brooklyn in 1990, centering on a cigar-store owner (Harvey Keitel) and a lonely writer (William Hurt)—is obviously a labor of love. But Wang's sentimentality and Auster's self-consciousness don't go together: the direction is literal, and the lines sound like short-story dialogue read aloud. Only Forest Whitaker, playing a guilty father, comes off well. A gorgeous sequence that runs behind the final credits—with no dialogue, just a song by Tom Waits—suggests what the film *might* have been. With Harold Perrineau, Jr., Stockard Channing, and Ashley Judd.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Species—In Los Angeles, where no one can hear you scream, a comely young blonde (Natasha Henstridge)—who is, in fact, half human and half extraterrestrial—roams the streets in search of a man to mate with. (Her biological clock runs at warp speed.) Hard on her heels are five alien-hunters (Ben Kingsley, Forest Whitaker, Michael Madsen, Marg Helgenberger, and Alfred Molina), who intend to destroy the Babe from Another Planet before she can have unsafe sex and drop a litter of nasty mutants. Roger Donaldson's film is itself a hybrid: it splices together bits of DNA from vampire stories, the "Alien" series, and the energetic 1987 B picture "The Hidden," and the result is pretty unsightly—it doesn't make sense, it isn't funny, and it isn't scary. In a way, though, that's a blessing. The movie is too dull and too plain to seduce even the most desperate viewer, and there's some comfort in the thought that this pathetic specimen probably won't be spawning any sequels. Screenplay by Dennis Feldman.—T.R. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory—Steven Seagal returns, this time as a passenger on a cross-country train seized by terrorists who plan to blow up the Pentagon. Eric Bogosian is the lead bomber. Directed by Geoff Murphy. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Wild Reeds—In 1962, near the end of the Algerian war, a French-Algerian teen-ager (Frédéric Gorny) arrives at a boys' boarding school in the south of France, where he takes up with two students (Gaël Morel and Stéphane Rideau) and the daughter of their teacher (Elodie Bouchez). Directed by André Téchiné. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE BIG CITY: Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **BURNT BY THE SUN** (reviewed in our issue of 5/8/95): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **CASPER:** 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **CRIMSON TIDE** (5/15/95): Village East Cinemas, Gemini, and Lincoln Square. . . . **DEVI:** Angelika 57. . . . **DON JUAN DE MARCO** (4/10/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE ENGLISHMAN WHO WENT UP A HILL BUT CAME DOWN A MOUNTAIN** (5/15/95): Village East Cinemas and Cinema 3. . . . **FORGET PARIS** (5/22/95): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **FRENCH KISS** (5/29/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE GLASS SHIELD** (6/12/95): Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . **LITTLE ODESSA:** Eastside Playhouse and Quad Cinema. . . . **A LITTLE PRINCESS** (5/29/95): Manhattan Twin. . . . **LOSING ISAIAH:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LOVE AND HUMAN REMAINS:** Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE** (1/16/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MURIEL'S WEDDING:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE MYSTERY OF RAMPO:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **ONCE WERE WARRIORS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PULP FICTION** (10/10/94): Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . **WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING** (5/22/95): Plaza. . . . **WINGS OF COURAGE** (4/24/95): Lincoln Square.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (504-0960).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia 1 and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Luis Buñuel was in his late sixties when he made this icy, bracingly unwholesome film about the secret life of an elegant Parisian bourgeoise. Séverine (Catherine Deneuve), who is frigid with her handsome and considerate husband (Jean Sorel), spends her afternoons as a prostitute in a discreet, upscale brothel. The movie, adapted by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière from a popular novel by Joseph Kessel, is a pristine example of the great filmmaker's serenely outrageous late style. In this picture, desire has a de-luxe blandness that's both mysterious and deeply, unnervingly funny. Also with Michel Piccoli, Geneviève Page, and Pierre Clementi. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

Cleopatra Jones (1973)—The first swashbuckler to star a fighting superwoman. Beautiful black Amazon Tamara Dobson, who doesn't take herself any more seriously than Errol Flynn used to, plays a cross between James Bond and Robin Hood. A six-foot-two-inch C.I.A. narcotics agent, Cleopatra is out to get the dope dealers who are preying on blacks; the leader of the international dope ring, which operates out of Los Angeles, is "Mommy" (Shelley Winters, in blazing wigs). The movie is brightly colored and energetic, and there's a comic-strip grossness (yet good-naturedness) about the continuous mayhem. The whole thing suggests a Pop-art racial and sexual spoof. Directed by Jack Starrett, with lowbrow gusto.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; July 21-24.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970)—In this genial adaptation of Chester Himes's 1965 novel, Calvin Lockhart is a duplicitous black preacher and Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques are police detectives Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, who see through his back-to-Africa con. The director, Ossie Davis, aims for hardboiled slapstick but doesn't always slip on just the right banana peel. Still, the movie's racial humor is lowdown, unembarrassed, and free-swinging, whether the cops are crashing their car into a watermelon truck or a black temptress is tricking a white cop out of his pants. Davis keeps the atmosphere lively and the performers nimble (familiar faces include Redd Foxx and Cleavon Little). Three alluring comediennes—Judy Pace, Emily Yancy, and Mabel Robinson—make the knockabout comedy sexy as well as funny. Davis co-wrote with Arnold Perl.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; July 20.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedicated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. The adaptation is by Rice.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 23.)

Filming Othello (1979)—Orson Welles looks back at his brilliant 1952 film version of "Othello" in this modest documentary—the last film the director completed. It combines several revelations and a lot of charming fat-chewing. The strongest bit comes when Welles explains how the production's notorious bad luck catalyzed a remarkable theatrical coup: he staged Roderigo's death scene in a bathhouse because the costumes never arrived at his Moroccan location. But even when Welles and Michael MacLiammoir (who played Iago) and Hilton Edwards (Brabantio) are simply sounding off around a phony-looking luncheon table (Welles obviously reshot his own part of the conversation), this movie has personality. (MacLiammoir gives a detailed account of the filming in his 1952 memoir, "Put Money in Thy Purse.")—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 22.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, set a new style in gangster movies—the aging outlaw as an anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like ex-convict is a classic. The film romanticizes this last-of-a-breed figure, but it's smart enough to romanticize him in a hard-edged realistic way, and Bogart is convincingly—often excitingly—tense and tired. About half the movie is definitive; the other half is sunk in a maudlin subplot about the outlaw's love for a lame girl (Joan Leslie, maddeningly fresh-faced). With Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, and Arthur Kennedy.—P.K. (Whitney Museum; July 19-22.)

The Royal Family of Broadway (1931)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (co-directing with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully onscreen, but some of her legendary technique is in evidence.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 21 and 23.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1965)—An agreeable though thin comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. A little too lulling and gratifying; it encourages the audience to chuckle in condescension at miserliness and meanness. With that great old screen-stealer Sylvie occupying center stage for a change. Written and directed by René Allio; based on a story by Brecht. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 25.)

Voyage Surprise (1946)—The Prévert brothers—director Pierre and scenarist Jacques—got together on this offhand comedy, and there's nothing comparable to its poetic eccentricity in other French movies of the period; it can be tedious, but it has a loony, antique grace. In competition with a tourist bureau, a mad old man (Sinoël) collects a busload of uninhibited people, and they go on a "mystery" tour—the route and destination unknown. The surprises follow: they become fugitives from the law; they spend a night in a sumptuous brothel; they are mistaken for a theatrical troupe. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 25.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie and Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.—P.K. (Whitney Museum; July 19-22.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

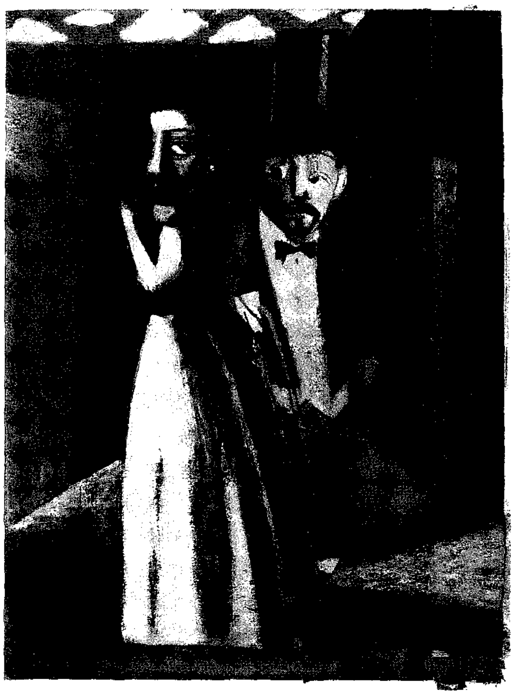
(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—July 19: "Black Eye" (1974, Jack Arnold), with Fred Williamson, and "Black Gunn" (1972, Robert Hartford-Davis), with Jim Brown. . . . ¶ July 20: "Uptown Saturday Night" (1974, Sidney Poitier), with Poitier and Bill Cosby and "Cotton Comes to Harlem" (†). . . . ¶ July 21-24: "Cleopatra Jones" (†) and "Coffy" (1973, Jack Hill), with Pam Grier. . . . ¶ July 25: "Cooley High" (1975, Michael Schultz) and "Cornbread, Earl and Me" (1975, Joe Manduke), with Bernie Casey.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)—July 19-20 at 7: "Marche à l'Ombre" (1984, Michel Blanc; in French). . . . ¶ July 19-20 at 9: "Et la Tendresse?... Bordel!" (1978, Patrick Schulmann; in French). . . . ¶ July 21-23 at 7: "Inspecteur la Bavure" (1980, Claude Zidi; in French). . . . ¶ July 21-23 at 9: "Deux Heures Moins le Quart Avant Jésus Christ" (1982, Jean Yanne; in French). . . . ¶ July 25 at 7: "Ripoux Contre Ripoux" (1990, Zidi; in French). . . . ¶ July 25 at 9: "Zig Zag Story" (1982, Schulmann; in French).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films made from Broadway plays. July 20 at 2:30 and July 24 at 6: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960, Sidney Lumet). . . . ¶ July 20 at 6 and July 22 at 1: "The Miracle Woman" (1931, Frank Capra). . . . ¶ July 20 at 8: "Susan and God" (1940, George Cukor). . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley). . . . ¶ July 21 at 6: "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" (1932, Lowell Sherman). . . . ¶ July 21 at 8 and July 23 at 1: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (†). . . . ¶ July 22 at 2:45: "The Little Foxes" (1941, William Wyler). . . . ¶ July 22 at 5 and July 24 at 1: "Separate Tables" (1958, Delbert Mann). . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†). . . . ¶ July 23 at 5: "Dinner at Eight" (1933, Cukor). . . . ¶ July 24 at 3: "A Hatful of Rain" (1957, Fred Zinnemann). . . . ¶ July 25 at 1: "Street Scene" (1931, King Vidor). . . . ¶ July 25 at 3: "Tonight or Never" (1931, Mervyn LeRoy). . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "As You Desire Me" (1932, George Fitzmaurice).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—French comedies, from the silent era to the present. July 19 at 2, 6, and 10 and July 20 at 4 and 8:30: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973, Gérard Oury). . . . July 19 at 4 and 8 and July 20 at 2: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (1990, Etienne Chatilliez). . . . July 21 at 2 and 6:15 and July 22 at 4 and 8:15: "The Pearls of the Crown" (1937, Sacha Guitry). . . . July 21 at 4:15 and 8:40 and July 22 at 6:15: "The Sheep Has Five Legs" (1954, Henri Verneuil). . . . July 23 at 4 and 8 and July 24 at 3:50 and 7:50: "Les Bronzés" (1978, Patrice Leconte). . . . July 23 at 6:15 and 10:10 and July 24 at 2, 6, and 10: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953, Jacques Tati), with Tati. . . . July 25 at 2: "The Shameless Old Lady" (†). . . . July 25 at 4: "Voyage Surprise" (†). . . . ¶ Weekend showings for children. July 22-23 at 2: "The Little Prince" (1974, Stanley Donen).



Catherine Keener and Peter Dinklage in "Living in Oblivion."

ANDREA VENTURA

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Films by Orson Welles. July 22 at 2: "Othello" (1952). . . . July 22 at 4: "Return to Glennascaul" (1992). . . . July 22 at 5: "Filming Othello" (†). . . . July 23 at 2: "The Third Man" (1949). . . . July 23 at 4: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955). . . . ¶ Laurel and Hardy short films. July 19-21 at 10:30 and 1: "Blotto" (1930) and "Helpmates" (1931). . . . July 25 at 10:30 and 1: "Hog Wild" (1930), "Their First Mistake" (1932), and "Brats" (1930).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Saturday- and Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 22 at 7, the feature will be "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974, Chantal Akerman; in French); on July 23 at 7, "Something for Everyone" (1970, Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 25 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Life and Nothing But" (1989, Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 21-22 at 7: "The Diary of Anne Frank" (1959, George Stevens), with Millie Perkins.

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes and coming attractions. The feature on July 24 will be "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Rain date is the following night.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—July 19 and 21-22 at 1:30 and July 20 at 6:15: "You Only Live Once" (†). . . . ¶ July 19 and 21-22 at 4 and July 20 at 2:30: "High Sierra" (†). . . . ¶ July 23 at 1:30: "Little Caesar" (1930, Mervyn LeRoy), with Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ July 23 at 4: "Dodsworth" (1936, William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out-of-doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the main feature starting at about 8:30. On July 23, the feature will be "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (1990, Peter Greenaway), with Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, Alan Howard, and Richard Bohringer.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—July 19 at 7: "Signed Lino Brocka" (1987, Christian Blackwood) and "Tatio, Dalawa, Isa" (1974, Brocka). . . . ¶ July 20 at 7: "Signed Lino Brocka" and "Fight for Us" (1989, Brocka). . . . ¶ July 21-22 at 8 and July 23 at 5: Three videos from the seventies by Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ July 21-22 at 10: Short avant-garde films from Austria. . . . ¶ July 22 at 5 and July 23 at 7: Two different programs of four early short films by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: Four short films (1907-12) by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: Short films about Frank Lloyd Wright, made in the seventies by Jim Davis. . . . ¶ July 23 at 9: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1972, Jonas Mekas).

The 18th Asian American International Film Festival—Two weekends (July 21-23 and July 28-30) of new films from Hong Kong, Korea, Taiwan, Vietnam, China, India, Iran, Cambodia, the Philippines, Canada, Australia, and the United States. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. For information, call 925-8685.)

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Television shows by the team of William Hanna and Joseph Barbera. Through July 23: "Scooby Doo, Where Are You!" and "Hong Kong Phooey."

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

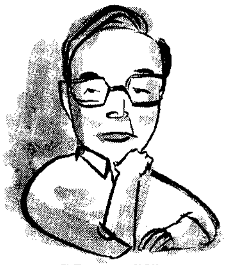
HARRY WU'S JOURNEY

It is rare for an individual citizen to become the fulcrum upon which great affairs of state turn. Even though the human-rights activist Harry Wu is languishing in custody somewhere in China, far from the reach of the global media, during the past few weeks he has become just such a cause célèbre. In the spring of 1991, Wu made a decision that would have been unthinkable for most people. Even though he had spent nineteen years as a political prisoner in the People's Republic of China and was still a Chinese citizen, he decided to leave the sanctuary of the United States, where he had become a lawful permanent resident, and return to his homeland. With a video camera hidden in a shoulder bag, he set out to document for "60 Minutes" the reform-through-labor camps, in which he had once been incarcerated, and the products that their inmates are now being forced to manufacture for illegal export. In 1994, he returned to China again, this time with the BBC, for a mission no less fraught with danger: to investigate the sale for transplant of human organs from freshly executed prisoners.

Before Wu made that first foray back to China in 1991, he wrote a statement explaining why he was willing to risk such obvious danger, and left instructions that it should be disseminated only if he was arrested. On June 19th, the statement, by then forgotten, suddenly acquired a new and poignant relevance. When Harry Wu tried to enter China on yet another of his investigations, customs officials manning the remote Horgas border crossing recognized and detained him. On July 8th, he was formally accused of "entering China under false names, illegally obtaining State secrets and conducting criminal activities." Some official Chinese news releases mentioned "espionage," which carries the death penalty.

Having survived what he calls the Chinese Gulag, Wu has dedicated himself to bearing witness to its iniquities. His 1991 statement, published here for the first time, gives a suggestion of his tenacious commitment to exposing the dark side of Mao's Revolution, which to this day remains submerged beneath the surface of Deng Xiaoping's "economic miracle."

—ORVILLE SCHELL


Harry Wu

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

TWELVE years ago, I left my last labor camp, the state-run Wang Zhuang Coal Mine, located in the mountains of Huo County, Shanxi Province. When the small truck on which I'd thrown my belongings was about to depart, I gazed out over the dark valley and gave a long sigh. Nineteen bitter years as a prisoner in the labor camps had finally come to an end.

As the truck began to move, I heard a distant rumble; how familiar that sound was to me. It was the sound of a coal cart emerging from the mine elevator and crashing into a hopper, where it discharged its contents. My eyes rested for a moment halfway up the hillside, where a long line of stooped and blackened figures were straining against their coal carts, inching slowly forward, as I had done just the day before. Incessant echoes filled the narrow valley. By a great stroke of good fortune, I had now managed to get out of the reform-through-labor system, a vast prison machine that crushes all vestiges of humanity—not only flesh and blood but spirit and ideals as well.

Since my departure, the wheels of this grim apparatus have by no means ceased to turn. In the Soviet Union, the Gulag system put in place by Stalin gradually fell apart after his death. But in China the labor camps of the Mao Zedong era continue to flourish even under Deng Xiaoping.

When I left the camps, my status was that of a "counter-revolutionary rightist" who had been "reinstated" by the authorities. I was accordingly assigned to return to my former university teaching post. But when I got back there I discovered that the former Anti-Rightist Campaign heroes, many of whom betrayed their parents "for the sake of the Party and Chairman Mao"—as the slogan went at the time—were now in leading positions as officials with power and privilege. They cordially welcomed me back to join them in the struggle for Deng Xiaoping's Four Modernizations. However, at the same time, they showed not a hint of remorse about what they had done previously, which was their way of informing me that from now on I would be expected to keep my tail between my legs. Indeed, it became quite clear to me that I was now only in a slightly larger cage than before.

In 1985, I finally succeeded in breaking my way out of that cage by coming to America. After all I had been through, what I wanted most was to somehow forget the nightmares of my past, and erase the brand that had been stamped on my heart. My wish was to lead a kindly, peaceful, and happy life, and before long I had my own little house, the respect of the people around me, and a wonderful marriage, which formerly I would never have dreamed possible. I was, in fact, living like a normal human being. But some things refuse to be dissipated by a wave of the hand. The experiences of nineteen years in the camps kept streaming back into my mind. How could I forget them? How could I turn my back on what I had witnessed?

And so, in 1987, I stopped working in my profession, geology, and took up a research project at Stanford University's Hoover Institution. Then, on June 4, 1989, tanks rolling into Tiananmen Square smashed the illusions held by many people around the world about the Chinese Communist Party's program of "openness and reform." Deng Xiaoping's true and terrible face was vividly depicted in the fresh blood of the people of Beijing. But what we must realize is that those who were murdered around Tiananmen Square were only a tiny fraction of the people who have been arrested and thrown into labor camps over the past forty-odd years. China's *laogai*, or reform through labor, is the concept that underlies the largest concentration-camp system in human history, and it is the cornerstone of the Chinese Communist dictatorship.

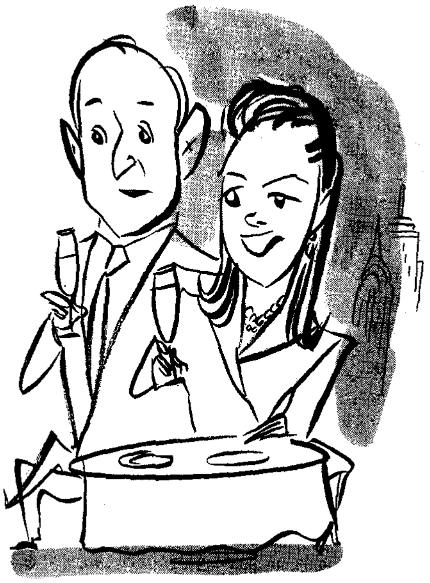
Although writing two books has in some measure fulfilled my wish to introduce the world to the workings of this labor-camp system, I feel that my efforts are still far from adequate. Returning to the mainland holds great dangers for me, not the least of which is the possibility of once more losing the freedom and happiness that were so hard to come by in the first place and of causing my beloved wife to endure a lifetime of sadness and pain.

But, still, the sound from the mine in my ears seems to ask, "Who will go?" And the answer that comes back is "If I don't go, then who will?"

—HARRY WU

A WALL STREET SUCCESSION

JIM LEBENTHAL comes from a long line of American entrepreneurs who risk making horse's asses of themselves. Of recent vintage, there is Fred the Furrier, Frank Perdue, Sy Syms, and Tom Carvel. Jim Lebenthal is the lone hawker on Wall Street. For more than twenty years, he has been advertising tax-free municipal bonds in television ads that have all the retro panache of late-night crowings for hairpieces ("Hard to believe? I am wearing a toupee!") and aboveground pools. Wake up early enough and there's Jim, with his hair standing on end at an electric-generating station, telling you in his paint-peeling voice about the wisdom of investing in the city's infrastructure. "My wife thinks I'm an egoist and out of control, and I indulge beyond imagining in my pursuit of the bitch goddess of fame," he was saying at his Wall Street office the other day. "Me, I think I'm out to build affection for municipal bonds."



Jim Lebenthal and his daughter Alex Lebenthal

If Lebenthal is a little unorthodox in his methods—Wall Street does not usually go in for personality-based advertising—it is perhaps for good reason. Rare is the tycoon who had to go to the next office and get his ninety-year-old mother's approval. Until she died in 1994, at the age of ninety-five, Sayra Lebenthal was *hoking* her son's *chainik* and ruling the firm that she and her husband, Louis, started in 1925. (He died in 1951.)

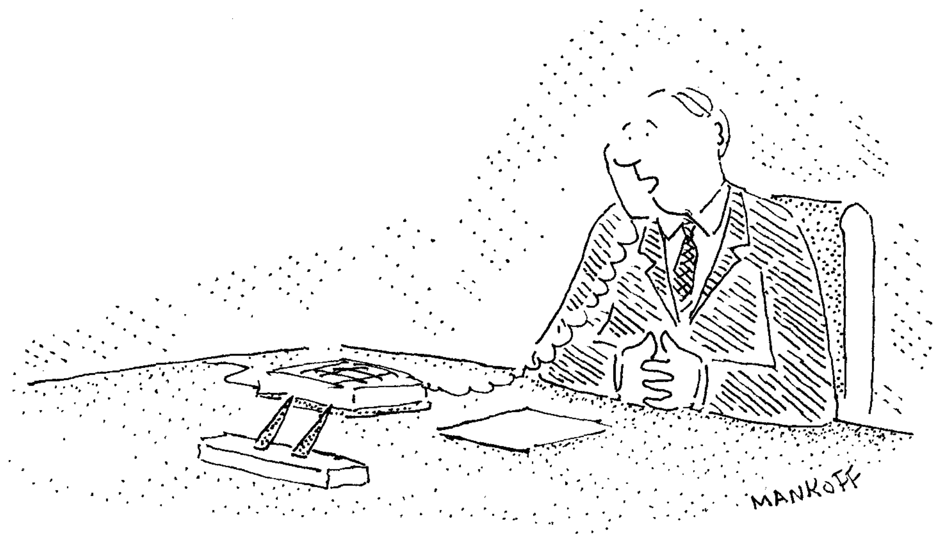
Although Lebenthal & Company is a pipsqueak in the land of the Merrills and the Kidders, it is publicity-savvy and is possessed of the most complicated Freudian dimensions since the Flying Wallendas. On Independence Day, Lebenthal's daughter Alexandra became president of the firm, leaving her father to serve as C.E.O., chairman, and chief flakmeister. Traditionally, Wall Street firms announce such changes with a tombstone ad, the ultimate symbol of old-line mordant Protestant restraint; the Lebenthals did it in the *Times* on June 28th with a full-page ad featuring a Mary Ellen Mark photograph of Alexandra (she looks a little like the latest incarnation of Lois Lane) and a first-person testimonial on "Me and Bonds," "Bonds and the Next Millennium," "My Father and Bonds," "You and Bonds," "Women and Bonds," "Youth and Bonds," and "Bonds and Beyond." (The Lebenthals are heavily into bondage.)

Alexandra is thirty-one, and is friendly with other youngish women, like Marcy Syms, who have inherited the mantle from their fathers. "You see it happening more in marketing but not on Wall Street," she says. "Wall Street is not a father-daughter kind of place. Generally speaking."

AT lunch at the City Midday Club, a fiftieth-floor aerie with wraparound views of the harbor and the city, father and daughter make a striking pair. Jim Lebenthal is slim and wears a cream-and-green seersucker suit. He talks a very great deal. His daughter is more conservative in both dress and manner. She gets a word in when she can. They both went to Princeton, and they both have the easy carriage of very lucky people. And they agree that one of the reasons the transition was relatively painless was that they both learned the business from the same formidable woman, the late Sayra.

After nearly two years at Kidder Peabody, Alexandra came to the firm to run through an inheritor's apprenticeship. One of her first jobs was to hole up in an office with her irrepressible grandmother and gradually take over her accounts. Nana, as Alexandra called her, was ninety-one, and although she still came in to the office every day, she was beginning to acquire the paranoia of what gerontologists call "the old old." In fact, Nana was beginning to wear Alexandra and Jim down, and together they visited a psychiatrist. As they were on their way out the door, the doctor pointed to Jim and said to Alexandra, "Now, *he* must be a lot to handle."

Alexandra has an older sister, who works at *Allure*, and a younger brother, who rides nuclear subs for the Navy. They were never rivals for her job. "I guess her only rival would have been me, had I decided to stay in the president's chair until my tongue was lolling out the side of my head," Jim Lebenthal said. "But in the end I decided, What the hell? Let's move on."



"Oh, by the way, do you have any money? Will you send me any money? Do you know anyone who has any money? Will they send me any money?"

MIAMI SPICE

FIGURING out the fame machine is mostly a smoky business, like casting runes or trying to handicap a horse race. Occasionally, though, it's like watching the workings of a clock in a crystal case, and so it was with the coming of Albita to Astor's, a basement *boite* on Lafayette Street, a few evenings ago. Albita is Albita Rodriguez, a singer recently arrived from Cuba, who has short, sleek hair, a no-nonsense manner, a profile fit for a coin, and a cut-to-the-chase voice low on traditional Latino romance but as powerful as the machete that one member of her eight-strong band briefly played as an instrument. The thirty-three-year-old singer has become a wow in Miami, where she lives, particularly with such cognoscenti as Madonna. Among the buzzing throng at Astor's were newshounds, interested persons from Epic (for whom Albita has just recorded her first off-island CD), an ululating bevy of Albita fans, who know every swoop and swerve of her music, and Ingrid Casares, Madonna's alter id, who is slender and liquid-eyed, and who was wearing a suit the color of sea foam. Toward the end of her set, Albita clutched her torso in a brusque rather than a swoony fashion as she belted out a lyric. Asked later what the lines meant, she deflected the question to a woman nearby, who translated, "If you want fish, I will give it to you." If there's one thing Madonna understands, it's gesture.

Albita Rodriguez

• •

TOO CLOSE TO HOME

A HEARTBEAT. That's how long Martha A. Bethel, a city judge from Hamilton, Montana, said it took her to decide that someone linked to militias in the West was responsible for the bombing of the Federal Building in Oklahoma City: "I knew. A day before, we had had a bomb threat at the county courthouse." Bethel was in Washington, D.C., last week to testify concerning her personal encounters with local militias. Speaker Newt Gingrich had refused to allow official hearings on the issue, even though sixty-one Democrats had requested them, but the boisterous Representative Charles Schumer, of Brooklyn, staged an unofficial forum anyway. A host of town officials, environmentalists, and land-management employees flew in, largely at their own expense, to be witnesses. Bethel testified about how a reign of terror had begun for her when a militia member who had appeared before her to protest three traffic tickets accused her of treason and told her she would be tried in a "common-law" court. Soon she received death and kidnapping threats, and more than once she has had to send her three children away for days.

During the recess, another witness, Ellen Gray, an officer at the Pilchuck Audubon Society, in Everett, Washington, recalled her immediate response to the blast: "I wasn't surprised." Last November, after Gray attended a Snohomish County Council hearing to speak in favor of establishing protection requirements for wildlife and wetlands, a group calling itself the Snohomish County Property Rights Alliance targeted environmentalists in newsletters as "eco-nazis" and accused Gray of "taxpayer rape." After she testified at one council meeting, a man in the audience pulled out a noose and said, "This is a message for you." Another leaned toward her and said, "If we can't beat you at the ballot box, we'll beat you with a bullet."

Karen Mathews, the clerk-recorder for Stanislaus County, California, wasn't shocked by the bombing, either. This may be understandable in the light of her experience with a radical-right anti-tax group, which demanded in November, 1993, that she remove an I.R.S. lien against the property of one of its members. She informed the men that she had no authority over the I.R.S. "You're going to be really sorry," she was told. She began receiving menacing telephone calls, and shots were fired into her office. One night, after she drove her car into her garage, two men beat her, slashed her, and put a gun to her head, pulling the trigger several times. "We all know what's going on," she said. "It's too close to home."

CHEZ MADAM

Elizabeth Adams, who died last week, at the reported age of sixty, is most quickly accessed in Los Angeles memory banks as the woman who gave Heidi Fleiss her start. That association would displease her greatly, however, for Madam Alex, as she was professionally known, regarded herself as many strata above Heidi Fleiss. It wasn't just that her "creatures," as she called the women in her ever-changing stable of prostitutes, tended to dress conservatively and wear tasteful jewelry from the Metropolitan Museum of Art gift shop: Alex herself had some style.

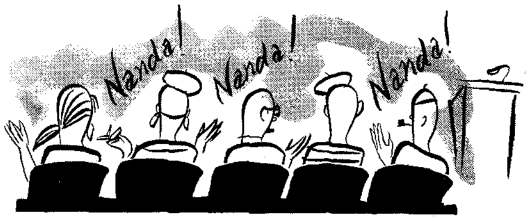
Although she moved often, the interior color scheme of her houses was a constant cream and Wedgwood blue. Fogged-in landscapes by Russell Chatham, the Western painter, gave her living room an almost ethereal calm—until Alex, who rarely left her bed, screamed for the housekeeper, and the serenity was shattered.

The only discordant note in the entire house, it seemed, was the occupant herself. Alex was fleshy and moon-faced, with thinning hair. She favored custom-made muumuus, under which she wore nothing. She spent her days on the phone, stroking an outrageously pampered cat and matching clients with creatures—and entertaining friends, for Alex was a saloniste of some note.

Her visitors were rarely clients. Many of them were women. No one had a last name, but it didn't matter: the attraction was Alex, gentling an unseen client into sharing his fantasy and then, with a jab of the call-waiting button, slagging one of her rivals in tones that would bring Howard Stern to his knees. Whether or not anyone was in the mood, she had dinner sent over from Joss, the excellent Chinese restaurant, and served it on venerable china. Whenever she was asked what men really wanted from women, she replied, "It's not how beautiful you are, it's how you relate—it's mostly *dialogue*."

GRAZIE, FERNANDA

It looked like a Bob Dylan crowd at the Teatro Accademia in Conegliano, a small Italian town north of Venice, one Saturday evening last month. From as far away as Sicily, they had made their way here in their Birkenstocks and Doc Martens, copies of "On the Road" and "Il Grande Gatsby" in their backpacks, to pay tribute to a round-faced, seventy-eight-year-old intellectual named Fernanda Pivano. In her roles as translator and cultural correspondent for the *Corriere della Sera*, Pivano has been largely responsible for shaping the postwar Italian conception of American literature. When she took the stage at the *teatro*, tottering in from the wings and peering out into the darkness from beneath gray bangs, the audience rose and shouted "Nanda! Nanda! Nanda!" Among the eminent fans onstage to lionize her was her friend the writer Allen Ginsberg, in a beige jacket with, on one lapel, a rosette of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.


Nanda!
Nanda!
Nanda!

Pivano grew up in a grand house in Genoa; she caught her love of American literature from Cesare Pavese, the poet, who taught her English in high school in the thirties, during Italy's Fascist period. He slipped her contraband copies of Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology" and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

"Pavese was a little infatuated with me," she happily said the next morning, characteristically soignée in a taupe silk pants suit, sipping a cup of tea. A pitiless critic of old age and of her own appearance, Pivano likes to remind listeners of a time when she was widely admired for her beauty. In old photographs she looks like a hybrid of Claudette Colbert and Jean Seberg, but she was always something of a Victorian among the modern bad boys of letters—a teetotaller among the heavy drinkers and druggies of American Lit. So today, besides being a friend and translator of Ginsberg and the American Beats, Pivano is perhaps best known for not sleeping with Ernest Hemingway. In fact, her editor at Mondadori, the publishers of a recent memoir, "Amici Scrittori" ("Writer Friends"), wanted to call it "Why I Didn't Sleep with Hemingway."

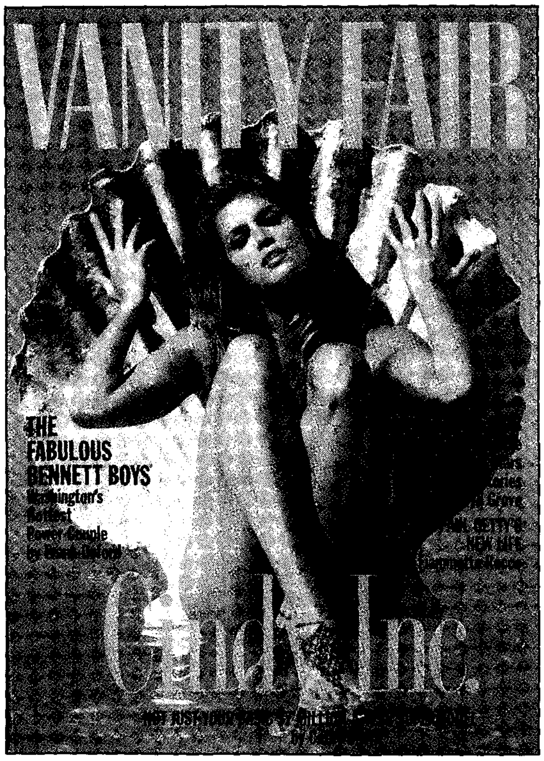
The story goes that when Pivano's translation of "Spoon River Anthology" came out, in 1943, the galleys were seized by the authorities. Some time later, Pivano was interrogated and jailed when the Nazis raided the publishing house and discovered that she had contracted to translate "A Farewell to Arms." In due course, Hemingway heard about the young Italian woman incarcerated on his behalf. "He was *fantastico*," she said, her almond-shaped eyes glowing beneath Groucho-esque eyebrows. "Hemingway knew everything. After the war, he sent me a postcard and said, 'Why don't you come to visit me in Cortina?' I thought it was a joke and threw it away. Finally, he wrote again, and I went to see him. The hotel in Cortina was closed, but they kept a room open for him. He ran across the big empty dining room and embraced me. Everybody thought I slept with him, but I didn't." She paused, then added, "I was so stupid."

After the war, Pivano translated "The Great Gatsby," "Death in the Afternoon," and "Intruder in the Dust." "Faulkner was such a bore," she said fondly. "He came to Milano and made such passes at me." At that time, she was married to the architect Ettore Sottsass, Jr., a co-founder of the Memphis movement. He deserted her in 1978, and she still speaks of the event as if it had happened yesterday. She cheers up, though, when she's asked about the American writers, the other men in her life.

"If not for Fernanda, we wouldn't know about Fitzgerald or Kerouac or Bob Dylan," Marcellino Giubilato, a high-school teacher and founding member of the Conegliano-based American Folk Song Society, which organized the tribute, had said the night before. Giubilato had composed a song called "America, America" in Pivano's honor. The night of the tribute, it was sung to her onstage in front of some fifteen hundred raucous fans. Ginsberg chanted several poems to the accompaniment of a Celtic harp, and later Giubilato and a dashingly grungy young man crooned Dylan's "Dope Fiend Blues," in English, while the prim godmother of the Italian bohemians beamed. ♦

This week's contributors: David Remnick, Anthony Haden-Guest, Sidney Blumenthal, Jesse Kornbluth, Jay McInerney.

EXTRAORDINARY!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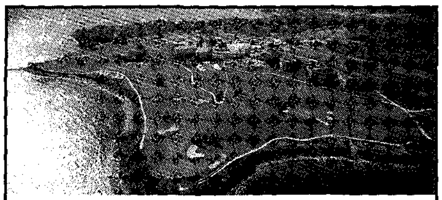

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ANNALS OF THE SOUTH BRONX

BANANA KELLY'S TOUGHEST FIGHT

An environment wonk and a Latina activist joined forces, with an industrial vision that impressed even the Swedes. So why is it foundering in its own back yard?

BY LIS HARRIS

The antagonism between business—especially big industrial business—and environmentalists appears to be a war that will never end, since the goals of development and the goals of conservation seem so cosmically irreconcilable. But in 1991 Allen Hershkowitz, a senior scientist with the Natural Resources Defense Council (N.R.D.C.), which is one of the country's preëminent environmental-advocacy groups, was beginning to feel that the time had come for environmentalists to change the rules of the game. For more than fifteen years, Hershkowitz, who grew up in Brooklyn and is the child of concentration-camp survivors, had done battle with polluting industries, and had fought for and against more legislation than he cared to remember. A shaggy-haired and slightly worried-looking man, then in his mid-thirties, Hershkowitz was married to another environmentalist (with whom he had three children), had a Ph.D. in political economics from the City University of New York, and was one of the country's leading experts on recycling—on waste management, municipal waste, medical waste, and sludge. Like most environmental-advocacy groups, N.R.D.C. was dismayed by the country's overreliance on incinerators and landfills, and it had also become increasingly aware that many of them seemed to end up in communities inhabited by people of color. These issues were on Hershkowitz's mind one afternoon as he headed back to his New York office after a meeting in Boston at which there had been a lot of talk, but only talk, about "environmental justice."

It was then, according to Eric Goldstein, an N.R.D.C. lawyer who had been one of the leaders of the eighties campaign to reduce levels of toxic lead in gasoline, that Hershkowitz decided to become an industrial developer. "He came into my office and said, 'We're going to build a paper mill in this city.' I said, 'What? We don't build mills. And where would you put it anyway?' But by the end of the conversation I was convinced that it was a brilliant idea."

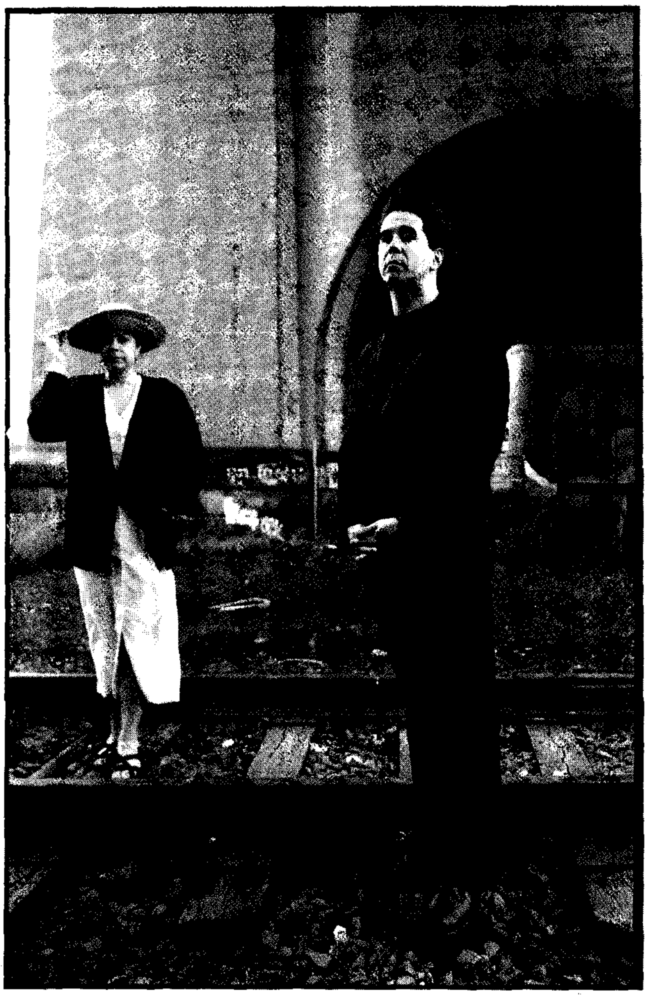
What Hershkowitz was proposing was to put up an environmentally sound, technologically advanced de-inking and pulp-manufacturing plant that, if launched, would be one of the largest private manufacturing enterprises to come to New York City in years, and would draw on what is sometimes referred to as "the urban forest"—some ten thousand tons of paper generated daily by the city's offices and residences—as a source for high-grade pulp. His idea was that N.R.D.C. would oversee all the aspects of the project that businessmen insist are too much of a hassle in New York: obtaining permits, finding a site, raising money, and seeking community support. He wanted N.R.D.C. to work with a community group as a full-equity partner, in order to set a new worldwide standard for how paper mills should be built and to demonstrate that environmentally sound technologies could create long-term jobs.

Hershkowitz was saying to anyone who would listen—and he said it to me when I first met him, at N.R.D.C.'s office on West Twentieth Street—that "if the sustainable economy doesn't exist, and it doesn't, it will have to be built," and that "in the twenty-first century, business, environmental, and community interests will have to stop fighting with each other and start working together." I wanted to report on the history and development of the mill, and over the months that I spent shadowing Hershkowitz he always returned to this theme, whether quoting the Dalai Lama, Emerson, or Machiavelli. That day he handed me the first in a series of fat piles of background material about recycling, pulp, and environmental law which he thought I would find interesting (and I did, though after several meetings with him I had to have a special desk built on sawhorses to accommodate them), and said, “Traditionally, the environmental movement has expected to mediate our relationship with business through law. This has to change. Over the last two decades, we’ve had to make a lot of unfortunate compromises so that things could move forward. The fact is, nature doesn’t compromise. Environmentalists don’t think of themselves, God knows, as industry builders, and the world doesn’t expect us to act that way, but I’m convinced that’s what we have to do.”

In the months after Hershkowitz had his conversation with Goldstein, he studied the technology of the paper industry as if he were working on a second Ph.D., and began transforming himself into a globe-trotting developer. He visited the city’s sanitation commissioner, who expressed enthusiasm for his idea; he hired an assistant, Tim Martin, who had worked for Greenpeace; and he assembled a research-and-development team whose members—from environmental experts to investment bankers—have been characterized by Goldstein as “the undisputed all-stars of their fields.”

Still, Hershkowitz’s exploratory talks with potential paper-company investors were not encouraging. From the outset, he made it clear that N.R.D.C. would not accept any profits made by the mill, but most of the companies had encountered N.R.D.C. only as a hostile adversary: over the last few decades, it had sued three paper companies on water-pollution issues, and right then it had a petition pending (it is still pending) before the Environmental Protection Agency to ban discharges of dioxin, a toxic by-product of the chlorine bleaching of paper—a ban which, if put into effect, would probably force some paper mills to close. Hershkowitz found that paper-company developers weren’t especially interested in working in New York, and when he mentioned that the inclusion of a community group as a partner was an essential component of the plan, the cool reception that greeted his presentation plummeted to subzero.

Another problem was his team’s concern about getting involved in a project that would depend on the commercial waste-hauling industry, which everyone feared was controlled by organized crime. A recent indictment of twenty-three carting companies by the Manhattan District Attorney’s office—the result of a five-year investigation—underscored this concern. “The entire industry *is* involved in an economic conspiracy that keeps out competition,” says Richard Schrader, into whose bailiwick the carters fell when he was New York’s consumer-affairs commissioner, in 1993 and 1994. “As it stands now, no carter will compete with another, since everyone gets his protected share. As further indictments from law enforcement occur, however, the clean players should be able to buy parts of the convicted companies and begin to open a freer market.” Hershkowitz was determined from the outset not to let the nature of the hauling industry undermine the project. “As the D.A.’s office has indicated, there are local carters with clean records,” he says, “and they are who we’re going to deal with.”

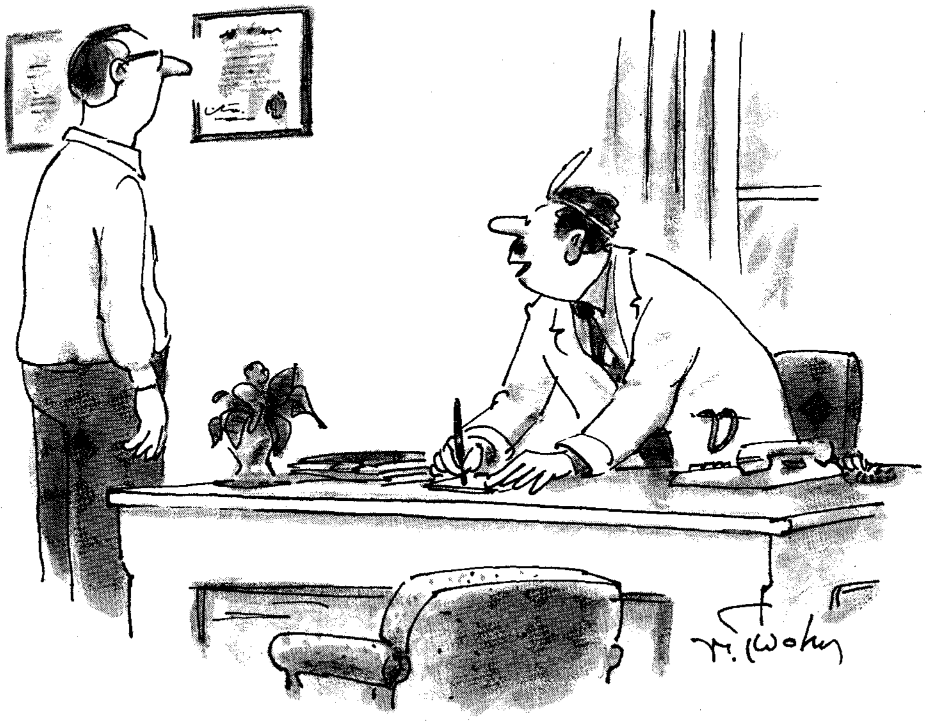


Yolanda Rivera and Allen Hershkowitz at the Harlem River yard. “The only toxic chemical this project suffers from,” he says, “is testosterone.”

HARVEY WANG

Two crucial events put the mill project into high gear. One was the investment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in development money by an enthusiastic Stockholm-based paper company called MoDo. In the early nineties, MoDo and a Boston-based company called S. D. Warren, a Scott Paper Company subsidiary and a producer of high-quality paper (such as the kind used for magazine covers, including this magazine’s, which it supplies), decided to lend their technical expertise to the project. MoDo was years ahead of U.S. paper companies in terms of environmentally clean de-inking technology, and after a number of discussions with both companies, it looked likely that Hershkowitz’s mill would supply S. D. Warren with the majority of its pulp and MoDo would take the rest, and that S. D. Warren would be involved in supervising the operation. S. D. Warren also contributed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in seed money.

But the player who gave the project its biggest vitamin jolt was Yolanda Rivera, the eloquent, indomitable forty-year-old head of a South Bronx community-development group called Banana Kelly. Hershkowitz met Rivera through an N.R.D.C. law interne named Ricardo Soto-Lopez, who had at one time worked with Banana Kelly. “Rick kept coming by and saying, ‘You’ve got to meet Yolanda Rivera. She’s an incredible lady, and she’s looking for manufacturing for the Bronx,’ ” Hershkowitz told me. So he phoned Rivera, and in late October of 1992 she paid a visit to N.R.D.C.’s office. Though Soto-Lopez had been singing Hershkowitz’s praises to Rivera, too, she was more than a little



"Med school was a blast."

skeptical: she didn't have much enthusiasm for environmentalists, who seemed never to have been around to prevent illegal dumps from coming to her borough. Hershkowitz's passion immediately impressed her, however. "When I heard Allen talking, I thought, This is a right-brain visionary," she told me. "This is someone who looks like he can make this thing happen."

When I visited Banana Kelly's storefront headquarters, at 161st Street and Prospect Avenue, Rivera, who has shoulder-length black hair and an easy laugh, told me that she was thirteen when the building where her family lived, in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx, was abandoned by the landlord. The tenants were frightened but were unwilling to leave, and decided to try to keep it going themselves. Because Yolanda was good at math, she was enlisted to keep the building's books, and when the tenants, who were mostly Spanish-speaking, had to appear in court or consult a lawyer, she went along as the translator. The organization she chairs—officially, the Banana Kelly Community Improvement Association—started out in 1977, when a group of residents saved a crescent-shaped section of Kelly Street, not far from her building, from demolition. Instead of moving out when they were told to, they applied for a rehab loan for three buildings on their block, and, while they waited for loan approval (it took a year and a half), cleared the rubble from the alleyways, planted a garden, and came up with a slogan—"Don't Move, Improve"—which still serves as the organization's motto. "The inspectors would come around and tell everyone that their building had been targeted for demolition," Rivera recalled. "Most of the families didn't have any place to go. Many of them were single women with children, and they felt safer staying near people they knew. So we secured the front door and patrolled the building ourselves. Somehow we survived, though the horrors we saw in those next years changed all of us—forever. The middle-class people moved to Co-op City and Soundview. Others left the state or moved to the suburbs. Then the demolition began, and we knew who was left behind, because we could see one another more clearly as the buildings began to go down." She went on, "Father Gigante, who was the priest of my school, St. Athanasius, did a lot of organizing, but the great neighborhood heroine was a charismatic woman named Maria Estela. She inspired women like my mother, who was in most ways a typical Latino woman—taking care of her kids, going to church—to become leaders, to attend meetings and organize tenants. She was working with many buildings and tenant groups in 1972, when she was murdered. She was shot at point-blank range." In the neighborhood, there was speculation that the landlords or other political forces got together and had Estela killed, and Rivera still believes that. "Officially, it was reported that someone she had contracted to do some work for her, who hadn't been paid, killed her," Rivera said. "The man was never caught."

She paused briefly to take a call, then continued, "All through the seventies, the buildings were burning. Two or three times a week, at night, you would be awakened by the fire engines. Then you'd go to the rooftop and see where the fire was. But even when the building was saved and you went behind the apartment doors, that was the horror—when you saw the conditions people were living in. In our building, someone stole the boiler one winter. It was obviously someone who had the key, and it was obviously something planned to get us out of the building. We went without heat that entire winter. My mother boiled pots of water all the time, but it didn't matter how many layers of clothing you wore, you always felt like you were naked and the cold was running through you. In school, the first two hours in class were really to thaw out—for many of us. But the nuns were relentless. They wouldn't let us use our situation as an excuse for not performing."

In 1976, Rivera graduated from Lehman College, where she majored in health education, and that same year she married. She and her husband had two children, and they moved to Old Saybrook, Connecticut, where Rivera worked on housing matters for the Connecticut Superior Court. The marriage broke up in 1990. Since then, Rivera has divided her time between the Bronx, where, during the week, she lives in a small apartment on Intervale Avenue, furnished only with a futon, a table, and some chairs, and Connecticut, where a housekeeper takes care of her children until the weekend. Even when she lived in Connecticut full time, however, Rivera worked for Banana Kelly, and she became its chairperson in 1985. By then, it had expanded far beyond the confines of Kelly Street. "We began to think about how people walking down our streets were going to feel in the years to come," Rivera told me. "We knew that we had yet to crack the one problem that kept the people we worked with from leading full lives—the lack of jobs."

Today, Banana Kelly manages fifty-two buildings, has helped thousands of residents buy and rehabilitate apartments, has real-estate holdings whose worth is estimated at more than fifty million dollars, and has transformed a substantial patch of the South Bronx from a rubble-strewn no man's land into a neighborhood dotted with attractive row houses and well-kept buildings where low- and middle-income families actually want to live. It also helped build a pediatric health clinic, runs an adult vocational-training program, and has worked to revive a local commercial strip by providing low-interest loans for businesses. Though it depends on city, state, federal, and private-foundation funds to function, Banana Kelly, like many similar groups around the country, has rejected the kind of bloated government contracts and huge housing projects that poured into the borough in the seventies and enriched legions of outside builders, planners, and lawyers, and some local politicians, but rarely did much for the prosperity of local residents.

Despite all this, anyone walking along 161st Street toward Prospect Avenue, or along Longwood Avenue—streets that abut Banana Kelly's main office—cannot fail to grasp the fact that the South Bronx still has far to go. The renovated buildings and patches of grass are there, but so are the festering piles of garbage and boarded-up buildings. According to the 1990 census, the South Bronx is still the poorest part of New York City, and the unemployment rate for men there is almost twenty per cent.

In Rivera's first meeting with Hershkowitz, she said to him, "Look, we've got no jobs. All we know is we've got a lot of vacant land and we want manufacturing, but we don't trust most manufacturers. Will you help us?" Hershkowitz was delighted that the leader of a well-respected group was expressing interest in the mill, and in late December of 1992 she invited him to meet with her board of directors. He drove up to Banana Kelly's headquarters after work.

"I was in a suit and carrying a briefcase, and it was after normal business hours, so their gates were down," Hershkowitz says. "I thought I was at the wrong place. So I pulled up to a car to ask where Banana Kelly was, and, so help me God, the guy in the driver's seat is shooting up. Now, I'm not a naïve guy, and, growing up in East Flatbush, you're not exactly sheltered, but that was the first time in my life I ever saw a guy shooting up. He was certainly the wrong guy to ask for directions, so I parked my car and I walked up to a door I thought was the right one, but there was no bell. I knocked, but nobody answered. I just stood there for maybe an hour, in my suit and tie, with my briefcase, and, quite frankly, I'm the only white guy around. Finally, Yolanda comes out and sees the scene, and she's being very solicitous, but she's also laughing—because, of course, the board has been sitting there all that time waiting for me."

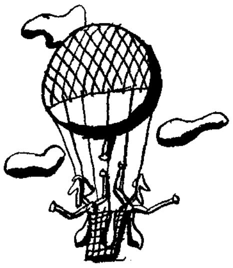
Most of the board members liked what they heard at the meeting—that the project would go far beyond the usual requirements for environmental soundness, and that social services would be written into the deal—but some of them wondered about Hershkowitz, despite the briefcase and tie. "Allen is not a board of directors' idea of a developer," Rivera says. "These are conservative people. They're used to business types who look fairly buttoned up. They didn't know what to make of Allen's longish hair or his enthusiasm. They thought he looked a little flaky. I said, 'Visionaries always appear to be a little flaky.' "

In the end, however, all the members felt that the mill sounded like a risk worth taking, and when Hershkowitz received a letter from Banana Kelly formally inviting N.R.D.C. to be its technical consultant on the development of a de-inking plant in the South Bronx he became incredibly excited. According to Goldstein, he ran around the office saying, "We got invited! We got invited!" Six weeks later, Rivera, who had never been out of the country, accompanied Hershkowitz and nearly a dozen New York City officials, environmentalists, and community leaders to Sweden to meet with the people at MoDo.

The participants encountered in MoDo's managers a degree of technical, social, and environmental sophistication that astounded them. "In Scandinavia, the harmful effects of chlorinated bleaches from paper mills are a big issue, and have been for a much longer time than here, where there is enormous resistance to change," Hershkowitz told me. In fact, an article in *Fortune* last April pointed out that the American paper industry is known to be stubbornly tradition-bound. "At my initial meetings with Banana Kelly and an American paper company, Yolanda was the only woman there," Hershkowitz went on. "Per Batelson, from MoDo, an incredibly far-sighted man, was there, too, and what we saw when we looked around were twenty white men wearing white shirts, all talking about themselves and interrupting one another. The Swedes were excited about the idea of partnering up with an environmental group and sanguine about working with a community group, because that's the way they do business there anyway. But the American guys were intensely hostile to the idea of doing anything in the South Bronx."

Over the next year, after a lot of hard searching, the project acquired a site: seventeen acres of the long-abandoned Harlem River railroad yard, at the southern tip of the Bronx, near the Triborough Bridge. It also acquired an official name—the Bronx Community Paper Company—and, after a twenty-minute conversation with Hershkowitz, Maya Lin, the much admired designer of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, agreed to design the mill. On October 20, 1993, the project got a boost when President Clinton signed an executive order requiring federal agencies to increase their use of recycled paper, and in public statements Vice-President Gore singled out the South Bronx plan for praise. Of the two hundred and sixty million dollars it would cost to build and equip the mill, over six million was earmarked for projects Banana Kelly had long hoped to finance: a joint learning and family-health-care center, a dormitory for homeless students from Bronx Regional High School, an off-site day-care center, a college-endowment fund for local students, a literacy program, a bookstore, and a revolving-loan fund for small businesses and housing. In addition to the jobs these projects would generate, the mill itself was expected to provide nearly nine hundred full-time jobs for people in the community, and six hundred construction jobs while it was being built.

Rivera and Hershkowitz, talking with each other almost daily, became a symbiotic team. Sometimes they made presentations to community groups where there was a lot of shouting, and Hershkowitz would come out saying, "Oh, God, that was awful," whereupon Rivera would look at him as if he were crazy, and say, "No, that was a good meeting." At other encounters, with buttoned-up officials, Rivera came away saying, "That was a disaster," and Hershkowitz assured her that the meeting had been a great success. ("I'm in awe of her," Hershkowitz says. "She never loses her dignity or loses sight of her larger goals." Rivera laughs, and says, "We met, we saw we had the same vision, we got married.")



By 1994, there were fifty-six people on the development team, N.R.D.C. had committed more than a million dollars of its own money to the project, and Hershkowitz and Rivera were working with sixteen state and city agencies and twenty-six private firms. Since many of the players had never met on the same field, problems inevitably arose. At first, Banana Kelly found it difficult to keep up with the fast-paced demands of the project, but things improved when N.R.D.C. helped it update its computer system. A more serious problem was the tense relationship that developed between the project's engineering company, Rust Engineering & Construction, and Maya Lin. Like Hershkowitz and Rivera, Lin was often characterized as a "visionary" by other people in the project. She told me that she'd been interested in environmental issues since she was a girl growing up in Ohio, and that, along with pleasant walkways and vistas, she wanted to incorporate water into her design to reflect one of the most technically innovative aspects of the project—its use of so-called gray water (cleaned up but not potable) to provide the clean water for the plant's de-inking and power needs. But the engineers, who were used to putting their machinery in the architectural equivalent of a brown paper wrapper, balked at having to deal with what they regarded as the time-and-money-wasting aesthetic considerations Lin brought to the table. Her gender and race had indisputably been factors in the heated public controversy that preceded official acceptance of her design for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, and here, too, she felt that extra-professional issues were playing a role in her relationship with the engineers. Hershkowitz also noticed that one paper-company executive on the team showed great resistance to Lin and felt so strongly about it that at one point he threatened to resign from the project. At a meeting in early May, one of the Rust engineers asked Lin to repeat every comment she made, because, he said, he couldn't hear her—though he seemed to be able to hear all the other people at the meeting, and I, seated next to him, could hear her perfectly well. After the fourth time he asked her to repeat herself, Lin offered no further comments. Not long after this, the mill's board of directors decided they would ask Rust to take that particular engineer off the project and replace him with a woman at the firm who got along with her. Reflecting on Lin's experience and the resistance that some male executives had shown to working with a Latino woman, Hershkowitz remarked, "The only toxic chemical this project suffers from is testosterone."

By 1994, the worldwide demand for de-inked pulp was increasing, and the team members were working toward getting the mill on-line before seven other de-inking mills being built around the country. But several unforeseen events slowed things down. Scott Paper Company sold S. D. Warren to a South African company called Sappi, which felt it had to recover its investment before committing itself to large new projects like the mill, and a new management team at MoDo was more concerned about the company's debt than its predecessors had been. The mill lost both companies as major equity investors. Hershkowitz nonetheless secured a commitment from MoDo that the company still planned to buy pulp from him. Then he received news that a lawsuit brought that August by a number of South Bronx groups and residents had been looked upon favorably by a lower-court judge. The petitioners were challenging the lease that the New York State Department of Transportation (D.O.T.) had awarded to the mill's landlord, a company headed by a successful developer named Francesco Galesi. N.R.D.C. had consulted lawyers from three firms, who felt that the suit would probably be dismissed, but it wasn't, and the judge's ruling—which invalidated the lease on the basis that the state had granted it without properly considering alternative options for the site—not only chilled the financial team's efforts to raise money but put the mill's very future in question.

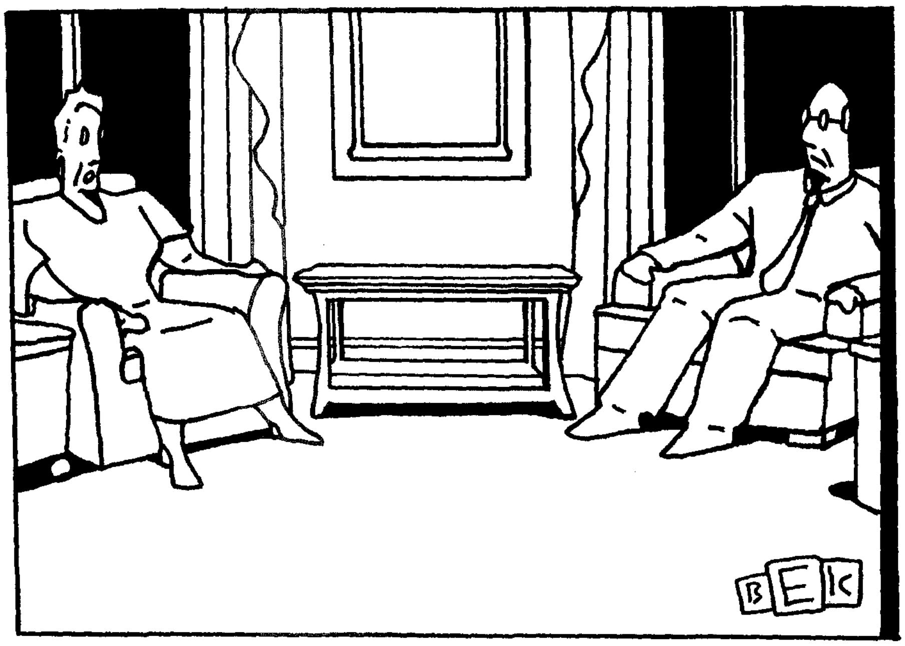
LURKING behind the lawsuit against the Bronx Community Paper Company was the vexed history of the Harlem River yard. In the eighties, the D.O.T. had planned to develop the site as an "intermodal" freight yard—that is, a terminal where piggyback railcars could unload their wares and attach them to truck cabs, to be driven to their destinations—in the hope that better freight access would reduce air pollution and traffic congestion in the region. But finally the D.O.T. decided that the yard would be better off in the hands of a private developer, who might be able to bring some manufacturing businesses to the site in combination with a smaller rail-freight terminal. This is when Galesi—whose assets are reported to be more than two hundred and fifty million dollars and who had successfully run a similar project in upstate New York—entered the picture. His company Harlem River Yard Ventures signed a ninety-nine-year lease with the yard in 1991; the paper company was just one of several tenants who, over the next few years, agreed to lease space from him. But in the meantime, some local residents and community groups were angry that the D.O.T. had gone ahead and privatized the yard without sufficiently consulting them, and the paper mill ultimately got caught in the crossfire in their fight against the larger powers that they felt had pushed them aside: Galesi, the D.O.T., and, finally, the state.

This frustrated group was eventually to be represented by John McHugh, a tall, rangy fifty-four-year-old lawyer and rail advocate known in certain transportation circles as Choo-Choo McHugh.

He believed that the twenty-eight acres Galesi had set aside for rail use were inadequate, and he was convinced that the yard should be all rail or nothing. Hershkowitz and his colleagues first encountered McHugh more than a year ago, at a meeting called to address community concerns about the plans for the yard, and McHugh met with them two more times before the suit was brought. On one of those occasions he said that he felt "inclined" to challenge Galesi's lease, and that he would file a suit under the State Environmental Quality Review Act, a piece of legislation that was put on the books by environmentalists to give communities a greater voice in developments that affected them. (Ironically, the same legislation had been invoked many times by N.R.D.C. in their fights with polluting industries; Hershkowitz was now being hoisted with his own petard, in what he viewed, bitterly, as a perversion of the process.) Richard Schrader, who was working as an adviser on the mill project, asked McHugh if he had a client, and, according to Schrader's notes, McHugh was vague—first he declined to answer, but then admitted he was "looking for someone with standing."

McHugh now says he had already consulted with forces in the South Bronx about filing a suit. He told me in a recent phone conversation that if the yard weren't "saved" from what he depicted as Galesi's sweetheart deal with the state, the city—indeed, the region—was doomed. He spoke with a great deal of conviction, and attributed the loss of manufacturing in the New York area to its poor rail-freight delivery system. He envisioned an economic rebirth that would follow the opening of a new full-access line in the city. On the phone, and, later, in a lengthy interview, McHugh characterized the present plans for the yard as shortsighted projects that would create jobs for the few, whereas a full intermodal rail yard, he maintained, would create jobs for thousands. The paper mill, he said, was something that he and a lot of people approved of, but, brushing aside the mill team's failure to find any other suitable site, he said it could just as well be built somewhere else.

McHugh's views on the old yard's importance as a kind of precious resource strike a resonant chord with anyone who loves trains and worries about pollution from trucks. His concern about the fate of the yard was shared by the Regional Plan Association, which believes that the D.O.T. doesn't really have a coherent rail-freight policy, and by Representative Jerrold Nadler and (then) Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman. But lifelong rail-transportation planners at Conrail, the Cross Harbor Railroad, and the Port Authority, among other organizations, characterized McHugh's ideas as out of touch with the prevailing state of the freight market in the region. Instead of helping New York's economy, his oppo-



"In the last few years, the conversation has dipped below subsistence level."

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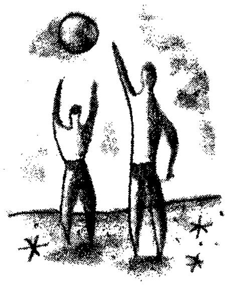
sition to the Harlem River yard plan, they maintained, would have the effect of delaying development altogether, leaving the city once again with an abandoned, debris-strewn yard on its hands. Stephen Berger, an investment banker, a former executive director of the Port Authority of New York, and a former chairman of the United States Railway Association, told me that there was "no economic reason to put a full intermodal terminal at the Harlem River yard, and anyone who says there is is either a romantic or naïve. The market simply doesn't support it." Most of the people I spoke with expressed the hope that the smaller, twenty-eight-acre intermodal yard planned by Galesi would eventually work in conjunction with other intermodal yards in the city, but hastened to add that more train access alone could not solve the region's ills. Daniel Cleary, the Long Island Rail Road's recently retired general manager of freight services, told me that McHugh had been talking this way for years, but that "no intermodal yard could be the elixir for all the transportation problems in New York City." Cleary also said that he considered Anthony Riccio, the vice-president of Galesi's Harlem River operations, "the best advocate for rail freight that we've had in New York in the past twenty years." He added, "To portray him as an enemy of economic development is ridiculous."



Riccio, who was commissioner of ports and trade and director of rail-freight development under Mayor Koch, has known McHugh for more than twenty years, and considers himself a train buff. "But when John argues that we've lost rail and because of that we've lost manufacturing he's just dead wrong," he says. "If rail was the only reason New York had lost business, we would have built rail lines all over the place. There are companies that *have* rail access and still leave, because of labor issues, because cheaper land is available elsewhere—for all kinds of reasons. Rail doesn't drive business; business drives rail. John really believes in what he says, but we're not rogues out to destroy the system. Did rail fail because of some Machiavellian plot or because we're such a fast-paced society and want everything door-to-door? Trains have schedules. By contrast, I call up a trucker, he's there. What we're trying to do at the Harlem River yard is bring rail back in an efficient way. If the demand were there for a full rail yard, do you think this valuable piece of property would have remained fallow for nearly twenty-five years?"

McHugh's clients in the contesting lawsuit were, for the most part, members of a handful of grassroots Bronx organizations, the most vocal of which was the South Bronx Clean Air Coalition, a group that had come into being to oppose the Bronx-Lebanon medical-waste incinerator. Its reasons for opposing the mill and the development were far less clear than McHugh's, but I gathered in speaking to several of them that their main objections, apart from ongoing concern about potential pollution problems in their neighborhood, were to "privatization," and to Galesi himself. They had become convinced that if the mill or any other potential tenant brought in by Galesi went away, "the community" would have more jobs and a greater share of whatever prosperity ensued. Beneath the surface of these convictions, however, lay a cauldron of residual rage and suspicion about any outsider coming into the South Bronx to do anything. According to the few published reports that have appeared on him, Galesi is a low-key, smart businessman who apparently has only one mark on his record: one of his subsidiary companies made campaign contributions to Governor Cuomo and other candidates in the 1989 election year which exceeded the five-thousand-dollar legal limit by more than eleven thousand dollars. Riccio called the excess "an unintentional accounting error"; the State Board of Elections investigated the matter but found "no evidence that this violation was willful."

At a public hearing on December 9, 1994, Carlos Padilla, from the South Bronx Clean Air Coalition, complained bitterly that something was being put over on the people of the Bronx, adding that there had been improper notification about the meeting. "This is bullshit, you know that's what it is," Padilla said. "We weren't properly notified. Everybody from the public that came here got it by luck." Padilla's complaint was echoed by another speaker at the meeting, who characterized the paper mill as "the death penalty for the South Bronx" and wondered why the development issues had not been discussed on TV. Padilla made no mention of the fact that Hershkowitz, who, with Rivera, listened to these accusations in mordant disbelief, had met with the Clean Air Coalition five times, or that one of its members, Nina Laboy, had previously been a member of Banana Kelly and as such had accompanied them on the fact-finding trip to Sweden. Actually, notices about the meeting had appeared in *El Diario-La Prensa* on November 20th, 21st, and 30th; in the *Daily News* on November 21st and 22nd; and in the *Bronx Press Review* on November 24th. Rivera, who spoke at the meeting about what she saw as the real hope the mill held out for the community, had also hired a young woman to distribute flyers about the meeting in the local projects.

Padilla reserved his harshest words for Rivera. He acknowledged that Banana Kelly had done a lot for the community but suggested that perhaps its very success had made "some individuals feel a little bit beyond accounting to this community," and added, "We sometimes get on a level and sometimes we forget who we are." Another member of the Clean Air Coalition, Americo Casiano, echoed a suggestion McHugh had made to me—that Galesi had somehow brought in the paper mill as window dressing. Casiano said, "What we oppose of this paper mill also is the manner in which it has been allowed to come into the Harlem River yard to sort of justify a dirty political filthy-rich billionaire's plan to make money on the backs of people of color." But the ugliest insult was directed at an African-American woman who is the director of N.R.D.C.'s environmental-justice project, a longtime defender of community rights, and the co-founder of the West Harlem Environmental Action coalition. The woman was not present and was not named, but Casiano, in the evening's most Orwellian moment, made an obvious allusion to her, stating that she was a perpetrator of what he characterized as N.R.D.C.'s environmental racism. "Pick a house nigger to go to the field niggers and tell them how you're loved," he said. "That's how Malcolm

VOYAGE

Off sand at the edge of bush the ribs
of a fisherman's intentions spring
toward the sea; the old sea shape

stained by rains, gnawed by beach rats,
a copybook illustration, "Aspiration
Versus Attainment." There by the sound of water

the hoarse talk of water, suck and hiss,
this marine intention
more the sea's creature

than that hotel the fathoms float.
Sand's grainy grip tightens
and foliage takes back its wood.

What of the fisherman?
Did he reach the blue glitter?
Are his fingers bone?

The vines are coming.
The vines are coming.
A tendril has touched the keel.

—Josephine Jacobsen

used to talk before. Get the house nigger to tell your field niggers those boys are O.K."

For months, Rivera and Hershkowitz had been meeting almost weekly with community groups, often in basements or projects, to explain their aims and methods, and Riccio had appeared before Community Board No. 1, in whose purview the yard is situated, in June, 1990, two months after he was hired; he says he has been back five more times to discuss the evolution of the plans.

Why, then, did people have a sense of being left out? Had several decades of outsiders' disregarding the needs and rights of the community left some of its members permanently unable to differentiate between harmful projects and benign ones? The people I spoke with believed that if Galesi went away "the community would run the yard and everyone would be better off," as Gwynn Smalls, another member of the Clean Air Coalition, put it to me in a phone conversation. She spoke in a vague way of more desirable options for local businesses at or near the yard. When I pressed her to identify them, she said she'd get back to me, but she never did. Padilla explained to me that he had been told by McHugh that if a full-freight yard were to be built on the site he—Padilla, who had once run a trucking company and now works at a medical-supply company—could be trained to run it. "The people from the mill are coming in saying, 'Take my word for it. The mill is a good project.' Well, it might or might not be. But we just want the facts," Padilla told me. "Shishkowitz said they had no need to explain themselves, that they know it's safe, and that that should be proof enough."

Sometimes, it's true, Hershkowitz's ideas are couched in arcane eco-speak ("Allen has the highest ratio of facts per sentence of anyone I've ever met," a senior attorney at N.R.D.C. told me), and this can be fairly confounding—as it was on one occasion when he and an environmental laywer who is part of the team were discussing a FONSI on a SNAD (a Finding of No Significant Impact on a Special Natural Area District). Hershkowitz was acutely aware of this and had had many discussions with Rivera about how to address technical issues with her neighbors—how to be *heard*—and he tried whenever he spoke in public to phrase things as plainly as he could. But, according to members of the Clean Air Coalition, he came across as "arrogant" and "condescending." The communication problem was compounded by the fact that the language in many of the official documents that were sent out was even knottier. The only official written communication N.R.D.C. got from the Clean Air Coalition suggested a level of aggrievement that might have been impossible to remedy: "The language identifying formulas and techniques . . . used . . . are not at community level," the group wrote, "and therefore not allowing for the full understanding of the scope of the project and the proposed impact it is supposed to analyze."

In his ruling, the lower-court judge, after looking at data supplied by both sides about truck traffic that would be coming in and out of the area, came to the conclusion that the Galesi plan for the yard would have a more deleterious environmental effect on the South Bronx than a full rail yard. But of course the two sides rely upon different numbers. McHugh's numbers are based on optimistic marketing projections from an earlier D.O.T.-commissioned study; he has not been required—as the mill's developers have—to create a scientifically modelled study of the traffic his plans would generate. According to Philip Sears, who is vice-president of Allee King Rosen & Fleming, the environmental-planning consultants hired by the mill's board to prepare its environmental-impact statement, "Any industrial enterprise is going to draw more traffic to the South Bronx. The question is: what is the size, type, and intensity of the traffic? The project's opponents repeatedly make the claim that the full-freight yard would take trucks off roads, and from a regional perspective that is correct. But from the South Bronx's perspective there would be a very substantial increase in truck traffic, and, since the kinds of trucks used for this purpose are all going to be eighteen-wheelers, and not the smaller trucks that are normally used for merchandise distribution, they're going to cause far more congestion on local streets—and those streets are not really built for that kind of traffic."

"Do you know what an intermodal

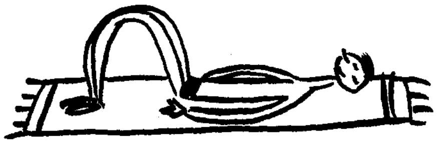
yard is?" Riccio spluttered one afternoon not long after learning of the lower-court decision. "It's a truck terminal, that's what it is, and people don't understand that."

Initially, Rivera hoped that there might be a way to work things out with the project's opponents. She no longer believes that. "They're entitled to their opinion, so I listened to them," she said in her office recently. "They told me they hate Galesi. They said that he belonged to the Mob. I told them there were absolutely no indications that this was so. I've fought the Mob all my life; they've threatened me on construction sites and when we've moved into areas where dealers were. I'll *never* have anything to do with those people. But I said, 'O.K., you don't like Galesi. You're an advocacy group. Do you have a plan?' No, they didn't have another plan. Not one of them has been involved in developing anything. It's intelligent to question things, but you're supposed to test your doubts rationally." (In a conversation I had with Riccio and Galesi, Riccio brought up the spectre of the Mob and explained it as "an ethnic issue. It's a little bit insulting. It's because we're Italian that the connotation is there.")

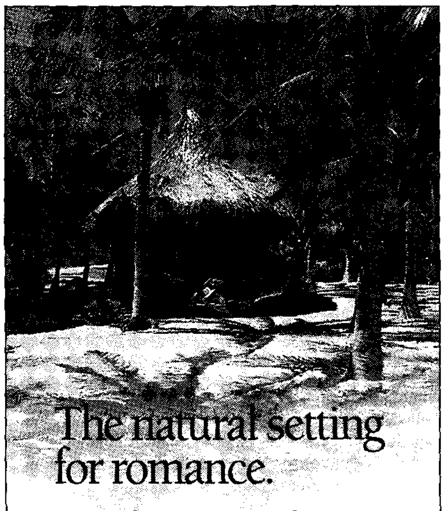
State Senator Pedro Espada, Jr., whose district includes the mill site, responded to the project's critics by inviting two professors who teach paper-making technology at SUNY's College of Environmental Science and Forestry in Syracuse to report on the kind of technology to be used by the mill at a community meeting at his office. When the professors gave the mill's technology high marks, Espada decided to give qualified support to it. State Senator Joseph Galiber, another South Bronx legislator, whose district is outside the mill site's boundaries, has misgivings about the plan, and says he warned Banana Kelly about the problems with the Harlem River site. Oddly, according to Rivera, "Galiber was the one who first suggested that we look into the yard. Later on, he told me that he believed he should have been involved in bringing me in. But I've been involved in development projects for a good many years. Why would I need anyone to bring me in?" Rivera paused and reflected on the ego component of development in the South Bronx. "The problem, in general, I think, is, We can't have a *woman* come up with a project that benefits so many, when we've been able for so long to do so little with so much. How can she pull this off and do so much with so little?" Another longtime South Bronx Latino politician and veteran of political turf wars characterized some of the opposition to Rivera more bluntly: "*Quítate tú, ponerme yo*," which translates, roughly, as "You get out of the way so I can take your place."

In mid-March, lawyers for the mill and the yard filed a motion for an expedited appeal, because the six- to eight-month delay that would ensue if the case didn't succeed in getting on the Appellate Court's June calendar would seriously imperil the mill's chances of opening in 1997. I was with Hershkowitz in Europe, where he had gone to meet with MoDo, when he learned that the request had been denied. He said that other de-inking mills in various stages of production were not facing lawsuits, and potential paper-company customers were not going to wait around another year for the Bronx mill to open. The next morning, he headed back to New York. During the cab ride to the airport, Hershkowitz was uncharacteristically silent, and his normally ruddy complexion looked ashen. He said he really didn't know what to do next, and then he looked out the car window, muttering, "Give me a fucking break."

At the end of the month, however, a second attempt to get an earlier judgment was made, and it was successful. (This time New York City's Deputy Mayor for Finance and Economic Development, and the presidents of the New York State Urban Development Corporation and the New York City Economic Development Corporation, filed affidavits pleading for an expedited appeal.) On June 1st, both sides presented their arguments before Presiding Judge Francis T. Murphy and four other judges beneath the stained-glass dome at the Appellate Courthouse, on Madison Avenue at Twenty-fifth Street. People from Banana Kelly, N.R.D.C., and the Galesi group filled several rows of the courtroom. Only two of the sixty-seven petitioners showed up, and one had to leave before the case was heard. McHugh, maintaining that the state hadn't adequately considered its options and faulting the D.O.T. for seriously underestimating the rail-freight market in the region, argued passionately for upholding the lower-court decision. Frederick A. O. Schwarz, Jr., a former corporation counsel for New York City, who is N.R.D.C.'s board chairman and was representing the Bronx Community Paper Company, argued that the lower-court decision had been flat wrong, because the plaintiffs had filed their petition long after the statute of limitations (a hundred and twenty days) for challenging the 1991 lease had run out. "The price of this suit has been damaging delays of an incredibly worthy project," he said, "and the more subtle price has been the public perception on the part of the business community that if you can't rely on the stability of a lease like this it is going to deter people from doing business with the government or from entering into leases that involve government."



Hershkowitz was cautiously optimistic about the outcome of the hearing. (A decision is expected imminently.) Rivera was worried, but believed that rationality and justice were on their side. "Anyway," she said, "Allen and I are not going to give up. This lawsuit is very sad—people putting so much energy into shooting themselves in the leg. But I've seen lots of examples of the human spirit going from hopelessness to faith, and I've seen it mirrored in this project, which looked unlikely to a lot of people when we first got going. We've got to win for many reasons, but the most important one is that it's the right model of economic development for this country. We must not allow administrative procedures or public-process procedures or litigation procedures, which were established in the first place for the public good, to undermine it. There's never going to be unanimity in what is called the community. But I will say that if someone white were doing what some of the people opposed to this project have done, my goodness, they would be tarred and feathered in the streets and the media would be on them in a flash. This is why we still have so much vacant land; this is why we have no jobs. Let's hope that we don't lose." ◆



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POPULAR CHRONICLES

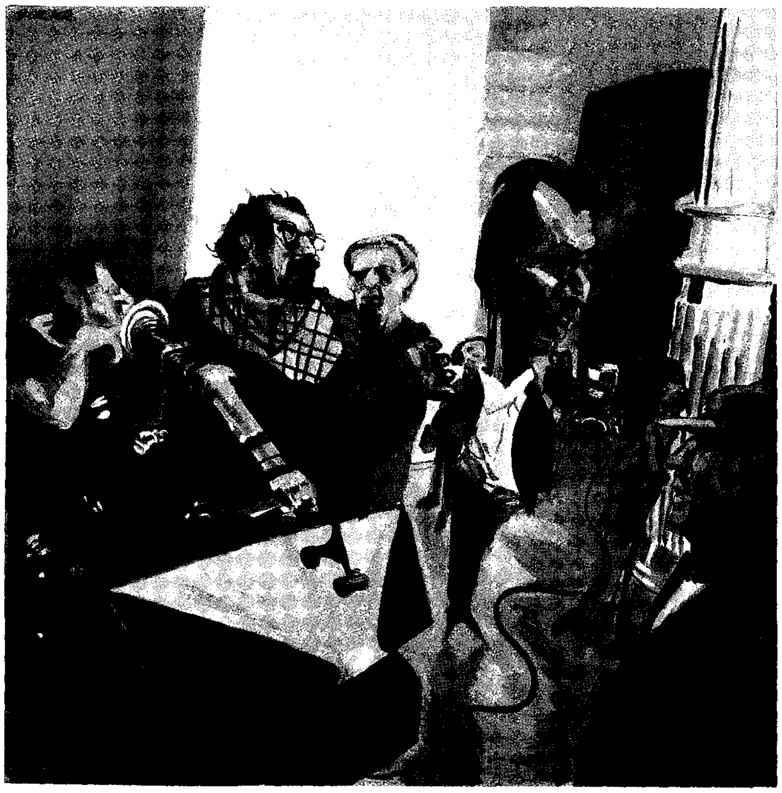
THE BIG PICTURE

Can Julian Schnabel make a movie? Is art over? Will even more people get angry with him? The author reports from the set.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

JULIAN SCHNABEL, the famous painter, is a little monkey. This is according to his father, Jack Schnabel, who also says that Julian is his favorite little guy. At the time Jack Schnabel was discussing this, he was on the set of the movie his son is directing—Julian's first movie, based on his first screenplay, and largely paid for by money he made from his paintings, which sell for around two hundred thousand dollars each. The movie is about the artist Jean Michel Basquiat, a protégé of Andy Warhol's and a friend of Julian's, who died of a drug overdose in 1988. Jack Schnabel is a big man, with slick white hair and ruddy skin and impressively large features. He has a honking Brooklyn accent and a wise-guy smile. In the movie, he plays the father of an artist who's a lot like Julian. When I met him, he was wearing his costume, which was his own business suit, and he looked like someone's dad. He was standing next to Julian, who was sitting in a director's chair. "Hey, monkey," Jack Schnabel said, punching Julian in the shoulder. "Hey, little guy."

The British actor Gary Oldman, who plays Albert Milo, the Julian-like character in the movie, has a more existential view of Julian. He was lounging in a chair on the set one day. He was wearing pajamas, because Julian usually wears pajamas twenty-four hours a day. The pair that Gary was wearing was a pair of Julian's actual pajamas. Gary is pale-eyed, sharp-chinned, vaguely feline, and skinny. Julian is not. Julian's pajamas were a lot of pajama for Gary. "Julian is Julian," Gary was saying. He narrowed his



Julian Schnabel with Gary Oldman, who plays a Schnabel-like character in the artist's movie. "Julian is Julian," Oldman says. "He's very Julian."

PHILIP BURKE

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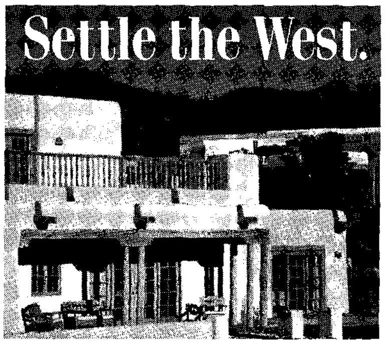

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eyes. "He's very *Julian.*" He turned toward Julian and said, "Julian, you know, the you-ness that is you is very you."

"I know, Gary," Julian replied. "And, you know, I'm very glad that you're me."

Stella Schnabel, Julian's twelve-year-old daughter, is also in the movie, which is called "Build a Fort, Set It on Fire." Stella plays the Stella-like character. As her scene was being set up, she was wondering whether to perform barefoot or wearing a pair of red Chinese shoes. She was considering the choice while balancing on one leg in Julian's real living room, in Greenwich Village, which appears in the movie as Albert Milo's living room. "Dad!" she called out. "Shoes or no shoes?"

"I'm not your father anymore, Stella," Julian said. "I'm your director."

"I still need to know about the shoes," Stella said.

"No shoes," Gary said.

THE crew spent several days shooting at Mr. Chow, a restaurant on East Fifty-seventh Street that was an art-world hangout in the eighties, which is when the movie takes place. One afternoon, some of the extras were picking at the food that was on the tables; it was real food, but it was meant to be left on the tables as prop food. Olatz Schnabel, Julian's wife, was shooting a video of the proceedings for the Schnabels to watch later at home; the video would include some moments of Julian directing interspersed with some moments of the extras sneaking mouthfuls of fried seaweed. Olatz was wearing a teensy white dress and looked cool and pretty. The scene at Mr. Chow included Gary Oldman; the singer David Bowie, who plays Andy Warhol; Jeffrey Wright, who plays Basquiat; Dennis Hopper, who plays the art dealer Bruno Bischofberger; Parker Posey, who plays the art dealer Mary Boone; and Lola Schnabel, Julian's fourteen-year-old daughter, who was filling in at the last minute as the Julian character's first wife, because Julian wasn't happy with the wife the casting agency had sent him. Also in the scene were Julian's dad and mom, as Milo's dad and mom. The scene was taking forever. During a break, Julian's mother, Esther, sneaked off to use the restaurant's phone to call her sister in New Jersey. "I thought we'd be done by now," she whispered into the phone. "We sat around, we had lunch, we're sitting around some more. There are a million people here. . . . O.K., actually there are about a hundred and fifty. Anyway, you know Julian. So will you call Dr. Huppert and tell him we're stuck in the city at Julian's movie?"

"Hello, everybody!" Julian called out. "Could we possibly get some quiet on the set and get this thing going?"

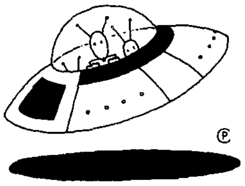
A crew member held up the clapper and called out, "Basquiat, Scene 56."

"Where's my dad?" Julian said, looking around. "Dad, we need you." His father waved to him and walked toward his place on the set. Julian said, "Dad, I know it's not a big part, but it's important to get it right."

"O.K., Julian," Jack said, sitting down at the table with David Bowie, Dennis Hopper, Gary Oldman, Parker Posey, and his granddaughter Lola. "After all, Julian, you're the director."

"Great, Dad," Julian said. "O.K., let's go, let's go!" The cameraman signalled the crew to start shooting. The actors were performing just a few feet in front of Julian, but he didn't look directly at them; he was watching them on a tiny video monitor that was set up on a tripod. When Julian looks at something, he studies it with his neck bent and his eyebrows arched, like a diamond cutter. After a few takes, he liked what he saw, so he yelled "Cut!" and then yelled "Great, Dad!" He sighed and said under his breath, "I must be out of my fucking mind."

JULIAN drives a lot of people crazy. Some of the people he drives crazy actually know him, but most of them don't: they are just people who have heard about him—about his big, high-priced, feverish paintings; about his shows at the Whitney Museum and at the Tate Gallery, in London, and at other museums around the world; about the auction at Sotheby's in 1983, when he was just thirty-one years old, where a crockery-encrusted painting of his sold for ninety-three thousand dollars; about his wealth and his industrial-size house and his beautiful wives—and have then decided that they don't like what they imagine a person like Julian must be like. One of the producers of Julian's movie told me that before he met Julian he'd heard that he was a monster, but that within five minutes of meeting him he knew he would agree to produce the movie, because Julian had sucked him in like a vacuum cleaner. The producer meant this as a compliment, a tribute to the power and appeal of Julian's personality. This producer also said that he considers Julian a force of nature. Julian's reputation might make you think that the force of nature he most resembles is a typhoon, but in fact he is more like an expanding warm front that pushes forward and spreads and eventually dominates the atmosphere. He is now forty-three, and has root-beer-colored hair, a large oval face, cinnamon-colored sideburns, a Vandyke beard, and the kingly physique of someone who is either a bit out of shape or very powerful. When he isn't wearing pajamas, he often wears a tailored shirt and a sarong, like a character out of "South Pacific." What he enjoys, he enjoys with gusto. A scene in the movie includes shots of an actor playing a guy Julian knows who sells toy ducks from a pushcart in SoHo. Julian loves these ducks and loved the idea of having the guy depicted in the movie; the day he shot the scene and most of the next day, Julian kept doing a little jig and singing, "Duckman! Duckman! Hey, Mr. Duckman!"



In the last year or two, Julian's paintings have caused less of a commotion than they did back in the eighties, when they signalled the end of minimalist art and the rise of exuberant, sloppy neo-expressionism. But Julian, instead of quieting down and becoming merely an artist painting his way through midlife, recently published a memoir and released an album of himself singing his own rock-and-roll ballads and love songs; both projects probably enlarged his ability to drive people crazy. Julian says he has gone into the movie business because he loves movies. For a million bucks, you probably wouldn't be able to name a movie he hasn't seen, and it probably wouldn't be worth betting him that he couldn't quote long stretches of dialogue from most of them. When he quotes a scene, he acts out several parts. One recent afternoon, he peppered a conversation with performances from "The Missouri Breaks," "Scarface," "Carlito's Way," and "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," among other movies. He's a pretty good mimic; his Al Pacinos are particularly strong. He says that he didn't exactly plan on becoming a director but that after he was interviewed by a filmmaker planning his own movie about Basquiat and the eighties art-world scene he decided that rather than be interviewed for someone else's movie he would like to make a movie himself. He wants his Basquiat movie to be not obscure, not complicated, and not gloomy, even though Basquiat spends much of the movie either dreaming of fame, being bowled over by fame, or being stoned. "Life's sad and funny, so the movie is sad and funny," Julian says. "Jean Michel had lots of fun, and he did what he wanted with his life. The movie isn't going to be a lot of sturm and drang, with him running around crying into his beer." He says he wants it to be accessible, but that it will have more in common with "The 400 Blows" than with "Terminator 2." Julian says that he is pleased that it will be the first movie about Basquiat's life. He also remarked that he thought it bothered people that he was often the first person to do certain things. "Things like having my work shown in two galleries," he said. "I was the first. And now being an artist directing a movie about an artist—that's a first." We were in his house at the time, and suddenly he interrupted himself and said, "Come look at this window, look how nice this view is. I put this window in. I thought of opening this wall up so you could see the garden, so I put the window in." He took a deep breath and muttered to himself, "I, I, I, I, I."

"So many people think he's such a pig," Olatz said on the set one day. "I don't understand it. Once, when I was modelling, I was saying something about him, and one of the stylists heard me say the name 'Julian Schnabel' and she said to me, 'Oh, do you know him? I hear he's such a pig!' I said to her, 'Oh, really? A *pig*? Do you even know him?' She said she didn't, and I said, 'Well, I do. He's my husband.' "

Stella was walking by. "Who's a pig?" she asked.

"Daddy, honey," Olatz said, smoothing Stella's hair. "It's nothing. Some people are just jealous, that's all. He's not a pig. He's the best. He's a Teddy bear."

David Bowie, dressed as Andy Warhol, heard Olatz talking. "There's something Orson Wellesian about Julian, I think," he said. He twirled a strand of Andy's snowy-white wig around one fin-

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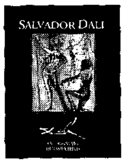

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ger. The wig was one of Andy's actual wigs. It was a little small for David, so it sat high on his head, like a mushroom cap. "I think there's a forging ahead in Julian's nature that makes people uncomfortable," he went on. "I love it. I don't particularly even enjoy doing movies. I'm in a lot of dumpers, actually. I'm really only doing this because of Julian. It was really interesting to see Julian go from being a painter to being a director in about seven minutes. I think the movie's an homage—it's about the end of modern American art."

Julian came over. "What are you saying about me, David?"

"I said that this movie is about the end of American art, Julian," David said. "American art is dead. It's *dead.* Except for you, of course."

"That's ridiculous," Julian said. "That's like saying that except for Hitler there are no Germans."

The two of them got into a fight for a while, and then Julian got up and went back to direct a scene. David watched him walk away and then leaned over to me and said, "He's just wrong. American art is dead. The climate for art in America isn't right anymore. Julian's just wrong."

The assistant director called for all hands to take their places. Julian studied the monitor, told the assistant director to hold on for a moment, and then called me over and whispered, "I just want you to know that David's wrong. I mean, what does he know about American art?"

LOLA SCHNABEL had finished performing her role as the Julian character's wife, but she came by the set the next day to watch her father work. She brought him a tuna sandwich for lunch. "Thanks, sweetie," Julian said, smiling at her. "It's great. Now give me a napkin so I can wipe tuna fish all over my face."

Gary Oldman's mother, Kay, had just flown in from England, and she was sitting beside Julian, smoking a cigarette. Kay turned to Lola and asked, "Are you in the movie, dear?" Lola said she was, and Kay said, "I was in Gary's last film. They did us all in makeup and costumes, and, honestly, it was something. Did you like being in the movie?"

"No, I didn't like it, really," Lola said.

A day or so later, the production moved to a gallery in SoHo. Two Japanese teen-agers with pink hair and tattooed arms were dawdling on the sidewalk in front of the gallery. In the next doorway, a muscle-bound young man with milky skin was modelling jeans for a photographer who was shooting an ad, and down the street the crew of a Demi Moore movie was setting up. Traffic had backed up along the block and curled around the far corner; someone was pounding on a busted car horn, which made a noise like a dog with a bone caught in its throat. One of the Japanese kids was scratching his pink hair and saying, "Is this the new Julian Schnabel show? I don't understand! I thought he was done with the big paintings! I thought he was doing little ones now!"

Inside the gallery, several of Julian's huge paintings were hanging on the walls; among them was one of the paintings layered with broken plates which made him famous. Gary Oldman stared at it and said, "Julian, this painting is so good you could eat your dinner off of it."

"Cute, no?" Julian said to me.

Julian suggested that he and David Bowie take their lunch break together. A knot of young people was waiting beside the door as they stepped outside. Several had cameras and took David's picture.

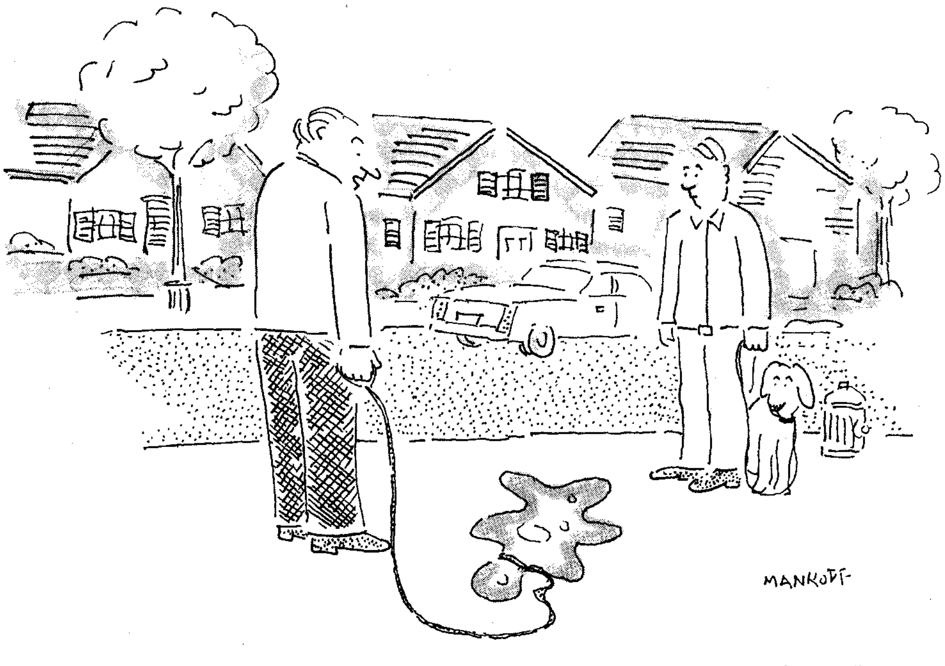
"Maybe we shouldn't walk," Julian said, cheerfully. "I'll have someone call for the car." A few minutes later, Julian's driver took several of us three blocks away, to a little French restaurant decorated with dozens of pots filled with fake flowers. David ordered vegetable couscous. Julian ordered a salad, a croque monsieur, and a hanger steak. When the dishes arrived, Julian said, "I would say this is a lot of food." He sounded awed. Leaning back in his seat, he surveyed the table and then said, "David, have some meat."

"I don't eat meat, Julian," David said. He tugged at his wig. "Not never *ever*, but not right now." They dug into their lunches and then talked for a while about the idea of working together on a computer-art project.

"Would that be American or British?" Julian asked, poking his steak and giving David a devilish look.

"Oh, no, not *that* again," David said. "Don't start with me, Julian."

A friend of Julian's stopped by to say hello. Julian introduced him as the man who had put Woodstock together. Then David's personal assistant stopped by and said she had urgent business to discuss with him about his upcoming video. David excused himself, leaving most of his couscous. Julian stayed and finished his sandwich and his steak, and then we got back in the car to return to the set. Julian was in a buoyant mood, and he sang "Duckman! Duckman!" as the car inched along. He mentioned that after he broke up with his first wife he was so sad and lonely that he bought four of the ducks, took them with him to the movies, and lined them up in the row in front of him so he could see their four fuzzy heads



"Not much to look at, but it was a real bargain at Gene Depot."

during the movie. "Now the Duckman's in *my* movie," he said, jiggling his knees and tapping the car seat, like a little kid. "Duckman! Duckman! *Duckman!*"

JULIAN says he's not particularly afraid of failure. It bores him to think about doing something just because you know you can do it, he says, and he's not worried about making a movie for the first time. His directorial manner is swashbuckling, in spite of the fact that he's brand-new to moviemaking. One afternoon, he was directing a scene in which Andy Warhol and Jean Michel Basquiat go shopping for caviar at Dean & DeLuca, the gourmet food store in SoHo. In the scene, Jean Michel, who had been a destitute graffiti artist, has just been discovered by the art world and become celebrated and wealthy; he goes to the counter at Dean & DeLuca and orders a big tin of caviar as if it were penny candy. The scene was being shot in a cramped corner of the store. All around us, actual shoppers were shopping, and every minute or two some of them would wander into camera range and bump into lights and equipment with their wire baskets.

"Julian, we need another rehearsal," the assistant director said.

"Nah," Julian said. "Fuck the rehearsal."

A member of the crew came up to Julian holding a copy of a cookbook called "The Foods of Vietnam." "Doesn't this look like a good book?" he asked Julian.

"You want that?" Julian asked him. "I'll tell Olatz. We'll put it on our Christmas list." After a moment, he added, "Hey, tell her to put two. If it's good, I want one, too."

"Quiet, please!" the assistant director called out.

"Welcome to the Julian Schnabel experience," someone behind us said.

Julian was squinting at the monitor. Suddenly, he turned to me and said, "You know, I was thinking this morning about success. Last night, Olatz and I and our two babies had to sleep over at my ex-wife Jacqueline's house, because we have all the equipment at our house for the scenes we're shooting there, and I woke up this morning with Olatz and the babies, and down the hall were Jacqueline and our kids, and I thought, Here I am, with Olatz and Jacqueline and the five kids, and everything under one roof, and I thought, This is success. This is success! If this isn't success, I don't know what is." ♦

The Right Decision.

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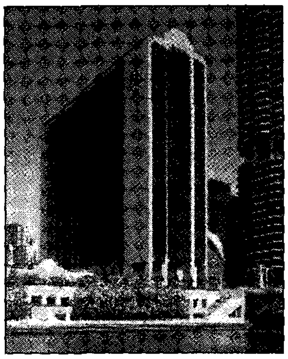
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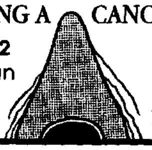
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LETTER FROM CHECHNYA

IN STALIN'S WAKE

The Chechen people are caught between General Dzhokar Dudayev, who is selling out his own republic, and Boris Yeltsin, who is destroying it in Russia's latest attempt to obliterate an old nemesis.

BY DAVID REMNICK

RUSSIA
CHECHNYA
Black Sea
GEORGIA
TURKEY
AZERBAIDZHAN
ARMENIA
IRAN
MOSCOW
GROZNY

"IF you pick the flowers, you could explode," Mayerbek said.

"What?"

"If you go off the road and into the field, there are mines. Russian birthday presents. Step on one, you might explode."

Twenty miles by mountain road from Grozny, the Chechen capital, it had seemed safe enough to get out of the Zhiguli, a banged-up tuna can of a car, and take a short walk. Apparently not. I backed out of the field of lilies and high grass, one soft step at a time.

"Better," Mayerbek said. "Much better. Now maybe let's get back in the car and get going."

A Chechen in his mid-forties, Mayerbek had been working as a driver-fixer since the civil war in the Russian Caucasus began, last December. He is a handsome man with an unfailing sense of humor. He has needed that humor. After saving his money for years, he remodelled a four-room apartment in Grozny, but now the apartment building—and much of the city—is a heap of charred rubble. Russian bombing raids last winter levelled the central neighborhoods; old men who fought in the Soviet Army against the Nazis say that Grozny looks no better now than Stalingrad after the war. And yet when Mayerbek talked about his apartment he called it "a four-room ashtray." He was just grateful that his family had survived. As many as thirty thousand civilians and soldiers have been killed in Grozny and in the villages of Chechnya. Mayerbek's family were now living with relatives in Sochi, on the Black Sea, and he was supporting them by driving reporters around the war zone. The pay was considerable—upward of two hundred dollars a day—but so was the risk. He had already been rammed by an armored personnel carrier; every so often, Russian troops shoot at journalists and declare the incident "a mistake."

We climbed back into the car and headed on to Grozny. There was a nine-o'clock curfew, and missing it would not have been the best idea. The fighting had tailed off drastically since early spring, but even now snipers came out after dark. The Russian soldiers, in their panic, shot back, sometimes raking apartment buildings with machine-gun fire to keep everyone inside and scared. After dark, inside was where we wanted very much to be.

Earlier in the day, I had flown from Moscow to Sleptsovskaya, in the neighboring republic of Ingushetia. (The Grozny airport was under Russian military occupation and was closed to ordinary Aeroflot traffic.) On the flight, I read one of Tolstoy's last stories, "Hadji Murát," which is set in the Caucasus in the nineteenth century. The story opens with a scene of Chechen summer, when "there is a delightful variety of flowers—red, white, and pink scented tufty clover; milk-white ox-eye daisies with their bright yellow centers and pleasant spicy smell; yellow honey-scented rape blossoms; tall campanulas with white and lilac bells, tulip-shaped; creeping vetch." Rarely is Tolstoy so excessive, so pungent, and yet from the moment Mayerbek and I started driving along the rutted roads from Ingushetia east into Chechnya it was clear what had swept the old man away. The hills are as wild and knobby and green as Scotland's.

The road to Grozny is trafficked with village commerce. We passed sheep and shepherds. We passed herds of goats, bell-clanging oxen, a pack of wild dogs. We passed a holy man kicking a cat. We passed ten-year-old boys selling plastic bottles of gasoline, young women selling Snickers bars and cans of German beer. If you had wanted a grenade, you could undoubtedly have bought that, too. Ever since the Soviet Union collapsed, in 1991, and the Army left behind a huge cache of arms, buying gre-

The rhetoric of hatred: While Yeltsin calls Chechnya a "criminal" state, Dudayev (opposite, center of photograph) charges the Kremlin with genocide in the eight-month-long civil war.

MIKE REAGAN

nades from street venders has been as easy as buying lemons: three dollars a grenade. We passed a few mosques, and houses that were as big as mosques. These were the ornate brick mansions of the *vozdushniki*, the "air people"—so called because it seemed as if they had made their fortunes out of thin air. Their houses were called castles in the air. Perhaps a few had come by their fortunes honestly, but throughout the Caucasus, and especially in Chechnya, there were wealthy men who had made millions of dollars trading in arms and narcotics and working bank scams. We passed many cars like our own—Soviet models of putrid color, dust-furred, battle-bashed—but many more that were foreign luxury models: BMWs, Mercedes-Benzes, Range Rovers, and Lincoln Town Cars. Airmobiles.

Now that the shelling had moved to the south and Russian troops controlled Grozny, there were surprisingly few military checkpoints on the way to the capital. The ones we saw were manned not by the eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys who had been the cannon fodder of the first winter assaults but by hardened-looking troops in their twenties and thirties—contract soldiers in the Interior Ministry's special forces, the OMON. Five miles outside Grozny, we pulled up to an OMON outpost: a couple of tanks, troop trucks, a long trench, a communications van. The soldiers were dressed in preposterous Rambo outfits: headbands, mirrored shades, sleeveless muscle shirts, bandoliers, belts packed with hunting knives. Some soldiers had the sorts of tattoos you see in Russian prisons and in the mobs: finger tattoos, wrist tattoos, pectoral landscapes, dorsal abstracts. Some wore earrings—big hoop earrings, like pirates. The OMON soldiers were not averse to harassing, and occasionally shooting, whoever seemed to irritate them. During the day, they were calm, even bored, drinking the warm beer and vodka they bought or stole at the roadside stands, but by nightfall they were often raging drunk and scared of their own shadows, and then they were a menace. Lee Hockstader, a friend of mine from the Washington *Post*, was riding around one night and was pulled over by the OMON. The soldiers poked rifles in his stomach and made him lie down in a muddy ditch. It crossed Lee's mind that this night might be his last. Then he did something remarkable. Taking note of the soldiers' mercenary garb, he told them that, believe it or not, he had once interviewed Sylvester Stallone—a total lie. In fact, he went on, you could even say that he and Sly were—well, good buddies. The soldiers wanted nothing more than to look like their movie hero—they had seen all his movies on video—and now they melted at the sound of his name. "You know Sly?" Lee had uttered the secret password. The soldiers dragged him to his feet. Suddenly, they were curious, even friendly: "You *really* know Sly?" By the time the night was over, Lee was sharing a bottle and some food with his new friends, and when his nerves had settled he was up and on his way, back to covering the civil war.

Mayerbek drove past a sign welcoming us to Grozny; it was riddled with bullet holes. Grozny is a sprawling city, the biggest in the Caucasus. The population had been four hundred thousand before the war, and then it fell to less than a hundred thousand. The Chechens, in great numbers, had gone to stay with relatives. Most of the people stuck in the city were

RIA-NOVOSTI/SOVFOTO

ethnic Russians who had no place to go. In large part, Russian planes were dropping bombs on families of helpless Russians. At the height of the war, corpses and assorted body parts littered the streets of Grozny. Sometimes people would collect them and bury them in mass graves around town. Sometimes dogs got there first.

We passed an old Soviet propaganda sign reading "The Army and the People Are One" and then a few post-Soviet graffiti: "Allah Is with Us" and "Liberty or Death" and "Death to Yeltsin." Then came the first sign of the winter assaults—a huge oil tank that had been bombed and had then burned for days. Now it looked like a gigantic plastic cup that had melted in the sun. Evidently, the Russians, in their quest to "disarm illegal military formations," found it necessary to destroy a multimillion-dollar business. "In Russia, a fly lands on your nose, you get rid of it with a shotgun," Mayerbek said. We drove on into the center of town.

"There's your hotel," Mayerbek said after a while, pointing to a heap of rubble. "The Frantsuzsky Dom"—the French House.

The center of Grozny—a city center as big, it seemed to me, as Baltimore—was an utter ruin. Block after block, street after street. Every apartment building in sight. The Chekhov Library. The art museum. The oil-and-gas institute. Mosques and churches, hospitals and schools, a cognac factory, a nursing home, the sports stadium, the indoor arena. Gutted, destroyed—all of it. More than forty thousand Russian troops had invaded in mid-December, and then, on New Year's Eve, Russian aircraft and heavy artillery let loose a relentless storm of firepower on Grozny. It is hard to imagine the intensity of the barrage except to say that at the height of the shelling of Sarajevo there were thirty-five hundred detonations a day, while in Grozny the winter bombing reached a rate of four thousand detonations an *hour*. By spring, the Russian Army had chased the Chechen leader, General Dzhokar Dudayev, out of the city and south, into the hills.

The destruction of Grozny is appalling, utterly senseless. Even Mayerbek, who had been shuttling in and out of the city for months, let the car slow to a crawl and stared out the window, still shell-shocked. You look at the city and cannot quite believe it possible. What's more, this unholy scene, this rubble, was a fair representation of what has become of the Russian President Boris Yeltsin's promise as a man of democratic reform. No matter what good he has done in the past ten years, he cannot undo this. He can fire all the ministers he wants (he fired three at the end of June), but it will not lift the blame from him. Mikhail Gorbachev badly marred *his* immense reputation when, in January of 1991, K.G.B. troops advanced on the television tower in Vilnius and killed fourteen people. How many have been killed in Chechnya? And for what? Yeltsin cannot skirt judgment. As Lev Razgon, a writer and a former political prisoner, says, "Dudayev is a psychopath, but Yeltsin is to blame." Or, as the playwright and commentator Aleksandr Gelman wrote in *Moscow News* not long ago, "Stupidity now reigns in Russia."

Sergei Kovalyov, a former political prisoner who is now the Russian human-rights commissioner, spent many weeks under fire during the war, and has charged his own government with war crimes, including the beating and torture of Chechen prisoners in holding cells called filtration points. He and aides from the human-rights group Memorial interviewed people who had not only been beaten at the filtration points—I met many such people—but also been tortured in ways worthy of the old K.G.B. Sometimes the torturers used dogs, whose bites were the size of golf balls; or soldiers put hoods over prisoners' heads and shot exhaust fumes into the hoods; or they strangled the prisoners with barbed wire; or they shocked them with electrodes attached to a powerful motor. "They put the bare wires on people's necks and sometimes on their genitals," Kovalyov said. "I saw the marks left by this torture from electrodes. They remain afterward. It's like a burn, not with the blisters from a typical burn but, rather, with a dry scab. The top layer of skin is burned away." The Russian government denies the reports of mistreatment. Although Kovalyov may not have all the facts, his record for truth exceeds that of the Russian government. He has been nominated for this year's Nobel Peace Prize; no one is likely to nominate Yeltsin.

The Military Prosecutor's office has received dozens of complaints from Memorial and other human-rights groups, but no one expects anything more than a few symbolic convictions. Kovalyov said he was furious at the human-rights viola-

SCHOOL BUS
SCHOOL
KOREN

"Jake, we women find your lyrics cruel, demeaning, and uncool."

tions in Chechnya, but not shocked. "I knew these people before, in places like the Interior Ministry police, and they cannot change suddenly," he said. "What's a few years? At the start, they swore there would be no more inhuman persecution, especially for political reasons. They swore we were now becoming a law-abiding state. But it's the same people. That is the terrible thing. You cannot remake an entire country with words. History hasn't given us the same forty years that God gave Moses to wander in the desert."

The war has been cruel on even the pettiest level. In the days before New Year's Eve, when the bombing raids began, Russian soldiers went door to door throughout the city looting apartments for carpets, furniture, clothes, money—anything they could sell in the open-air markets. In the villages, soldiers stole cattle and then slaughtered the animals for barbecuing. Sometimes they tossed grenades out of helicopters at cattle just for the sport of it.

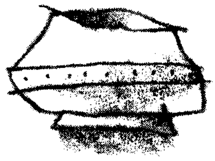
Mayerbek navigated his way through downtown Grozny with care. The streets were badly rutted, sometimes cut off completely by a fallen bridge, a broken sewer main. Shell casings littered every street. Each day brought new reports of kids being killed or wounded while picking up abandoned ordnance or an unexploded bomb. All over the city, there are signs tacked up reading "Mines." The most common sign on doorways is "*Zdes' zhivut lyudi*," or "People live here"—an attempt (usually futile) to appeal to the sympathies of the Russian Army.

"It's getting late, but let me show you one more thing before we get inside," Mayerbek said.

There were fewer and fewer people out walking along the streets, and those who risked the evening air were carrying rifles. Not far from the city center, Mayerbek pulled up to what seemed to be a small, fenced-in cemetery. There were hundreds of jagged tombstones.

"Chechen tombstones," Mayerbek said. "When Stalin deported our people to Kazakhstan, in 1944, the Soviets uprooted these gravestones and scattered them out on the road. They drove their jeeps over them, degraded them, and left them there. When the Chechens were allowed to come home, in 1957, they gathered up the tombstones, and when we were allowed we built this memorial." Many of the headstones were shot through with shrapnel, and a few were daubed with fresh white paint, crude graffiti. "*Na khu!*" the soldiers had scrawled. Or, roughly, "Fuck yourselves!"

THE Chechen Republic is a tiny, landlocked parcel on the southwestern periphery of Russia, and even now to most of the world it seems a second-order crisis spot, a geopolitical obscurity: Ceylon, Angola, Chechnya. In the Russian imagination, however, Chechnya is an obsession, an image of Islamic defiance, an embodiment of the primitive, the devious, the elusive. For more than three centuries, the czars and the general secretaries—and now a democratically elected President—have tried to obliterate the Chechens, first by war on horseback, then by deportation by cattle car, and now by heavy artillery bombardment and carpet bombing.

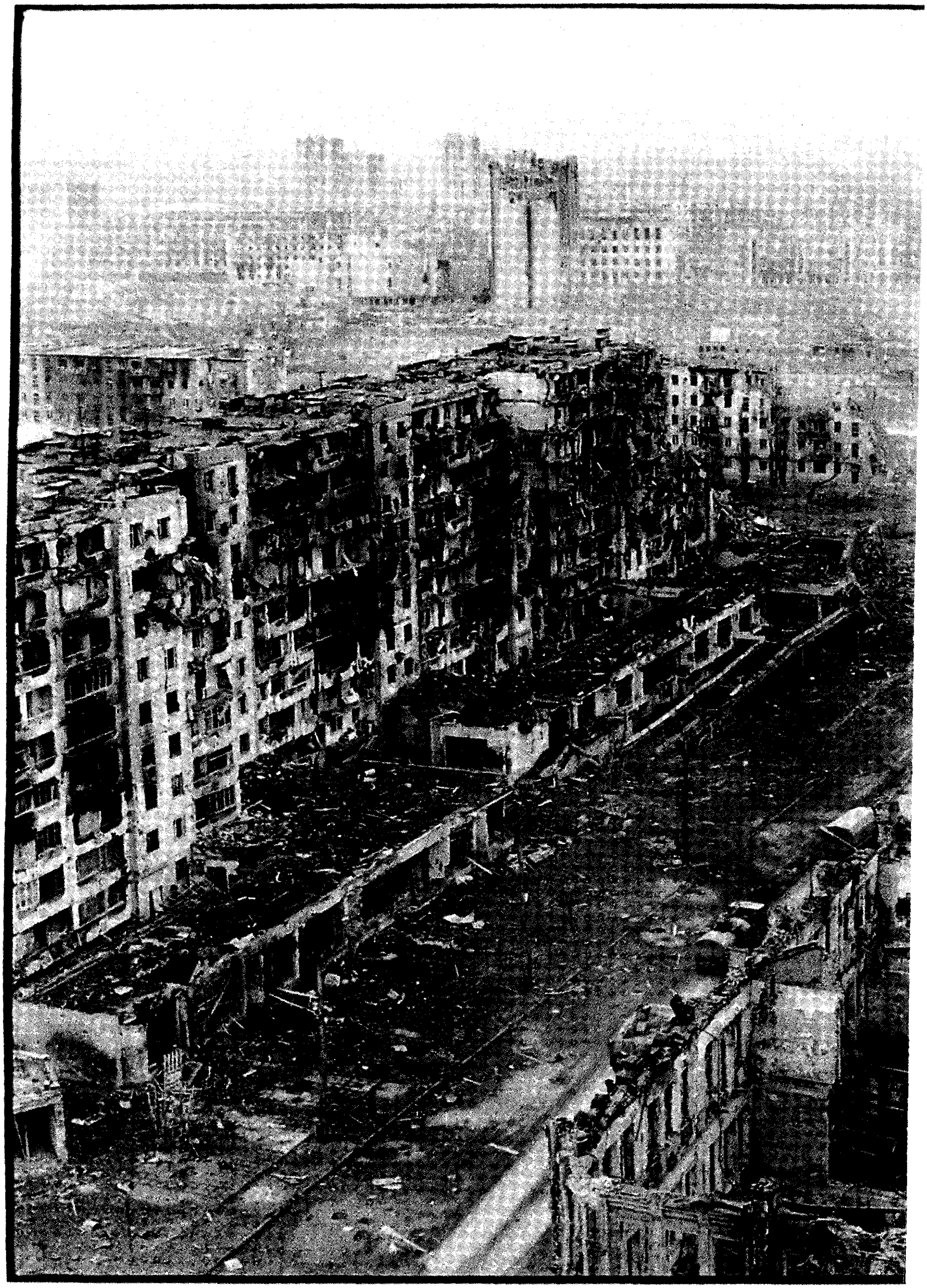


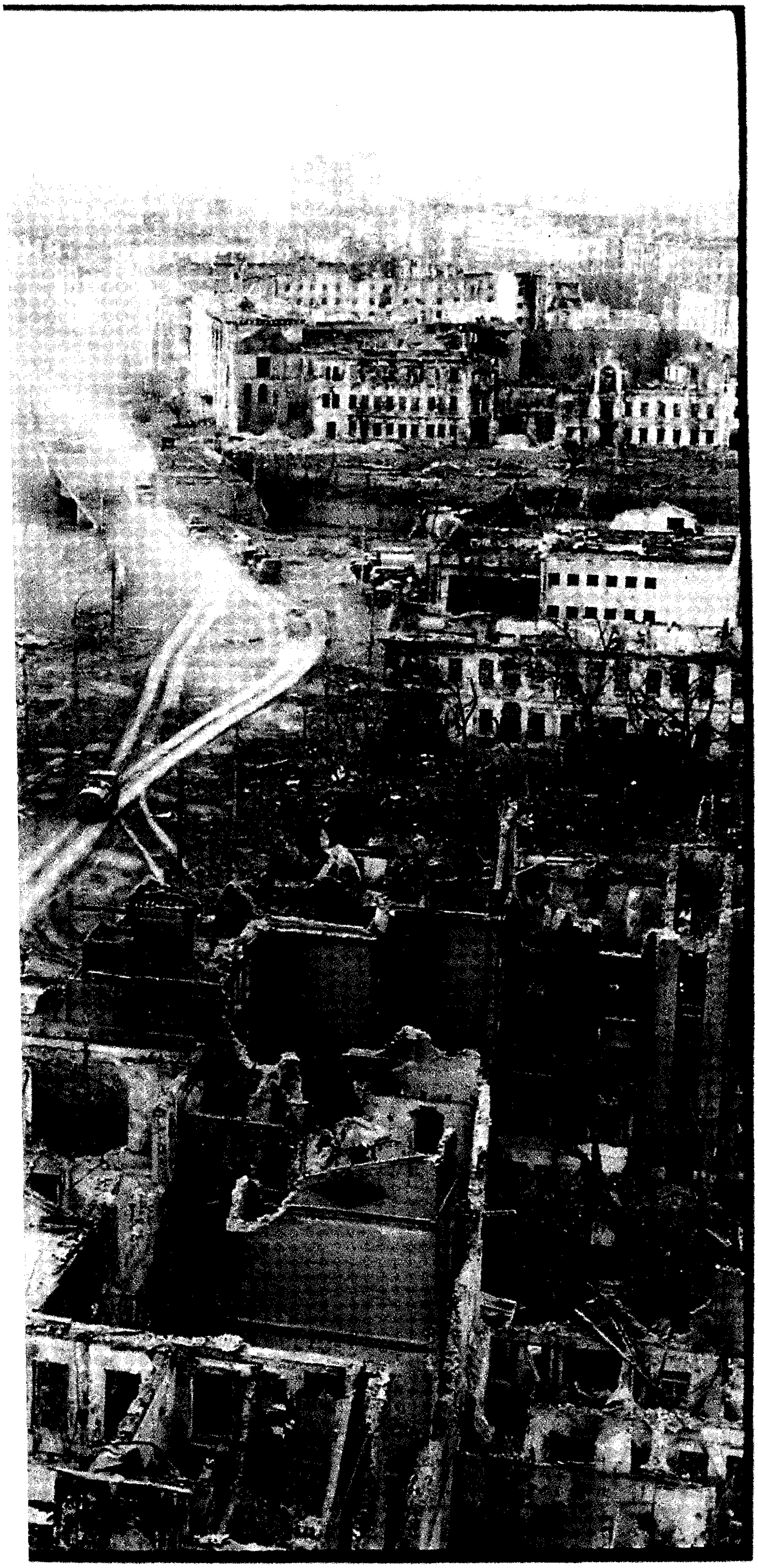
When Yeltsin described Chechnya not long ago as a "criminal" state, deserving of the same regard as the Medellín cocaine cartel or the Golden Triangle, in Southeast Asia, he was joining in a traditional Russian strain of rhetoric, a resonant demonology. In the mid-nineteenth century, while the czars' armies were engaged in what turned out to be a forty-year war with the great warrior of the Caucasus, Imam Shamil, a Russian civil servant and scholar named Platon Zubov wrote, in a book on the northern Caucasus entitled "A Picture of the Caucasian Region and Neighbouring Lands Belonging to Russia," that the Chechen nation is "remarkable for her love of plunder, robbery and murder, for her spirit of deceit, courage, recklessness, resolution, cruelty, fearlessness, her uncontrollable insolence and unlimited arrogance," and that "the Chechens spend their life plundering and raiding their neighbours who hate them for their ferocity." According to Zubov (and here he seems to speak for his regime and the regimes to follow), "The only way to deal with this ill-intentioned people is to destroy it to the last." In this, the czars did not quite succeed: they ended the war by declaring victory but allowed the Chechens to live in relative autonomy. Alexander II even paid Shamil a perverse compliment by not executing him; instead, the czar first exiled the legendary warrior to a provincial town in Russia and then let him spend his last days in Mecca.

Although the persistence of an independent Chechen spirit has always inspired Kremlin leaders to acts of war, it has also inspired Russia's poets to conjure up romantic images of bravery and spirit. In verse and prose, the Chechen becomes more of a trope than a man; he is nature itself—untamable, wild, raw. As visitors to the primitive and dangerous, Pushkin, Lermontov, Tolstoy, and many lesser writers went to the Caucasus, and returned home to write about the resistance to Russian imperial power. The historian Marie Bennigsen Broxup writes that to Russian readers tales of daring and exotica in the Caucasus were as intoxicating as Kipling's tales of the imperial frontier were to the British. In "Hadji Murát" Tolstoy describes how Chechen villagers reacted to the destruction of their homes by Russian marauders:

> The inhabitants of the village were confronted by the choice of remaining there and restoring with frightful effort what had been produced with such labor and had been so lightly and senselessly destroyed, facing every moment the possibility of a repetition of what had happened; or to submit to the Russians—contrary to their religion and despite the repulsion and contempt they felt for them. The old men prayed, and unanimously decided to send envoys to Shamil asking him for help. Then they immediately set to work to restore what had been destroyed.

Long after the czarist failure to crush the Chechens, Stalin tried to remove them from the map entirely. In the midst of the war with Germany, he ordered the mass deportation of the Chechens, and also of other small ethnic groups, from the Caucasus and the Crimean peninsula to Siberia and the wastes of northern Kazakhstan. Stalin charged the Chechens with collaborating with the Nazis, even though German troops had never penetrated the region's territory. On February 23, 1944—Red Army Day—Soviet secret-service officers, driving American Studebaker trucks, rode into every Chechen town and village. Under the pretense of holding town meetings, local Communist Party officials were told to gather the people in the central village squares. When they arrived, the N.K.V.D. officers announced that everyone would be taken to trains for "transfer." There was little chance to escape. Soldiers held the crowds at gunpoint. In some cases, the N.K.V.D. gave women and children just time to pack a small bag;





the men were locked up in barns. Old men and women deemed unfit to travel were shot on the spot. About half a million Chechens were herded into cattle cars. The trip took up to a month. For days, there was often no food or water. When the journey was over and the Chechens climbed down out of the cattle cars, corpses that had been held upright for so long in the crush collapsed, some stiff with rigor mortis. That winter, temperatures were as low as forty below zero. The Chechens slept in unheated barracks. Ernest Ametistov, a member of the Russian Constitutional Court, who spent his childhood in the Kazakh city of Karaganda, said he remembered well the sight of the Chechen deportees as they came off the trains in his city. "I think such horrors become embedded, genetically, in the consciousness of a people," he said. The Chechens lived in exile for thirteen years, and were allowed to return to the Caucasus only after Stalin died and Khrushchev, in 1957, announced that it had all been a mistake.

The Chechens proved no less defiant in exile than they had been in battle against the czars' generals. In the third volume of "The Gulag Archipelago" Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn recalls seeing, while he himself was living in exile, that the Chechens were the one group that utterly refused to submit to Soviet power. "The Chechens never sought to please, to ingratiate themselves with the bosses; their attitude was always haughty and indeed openly hostile," he wrote. "As far as they were concerned, the local inhabitants, and those exiles who submitted so readily, belonged more or less to the same breed as the bosses. They respected only rebels. And here is an extraordinary thing—everyone was afraid of them. No one could stop them from living as they did. The regime which had ruled the land for thirty years could not force them to respect its laws."

WE spent the night at the apartment of Mayerbek's sister Natasha, on the outskirts of town. The bombs had wiped out the water and sewerage systems. There was no electricity. On the way to Natasha's building, we

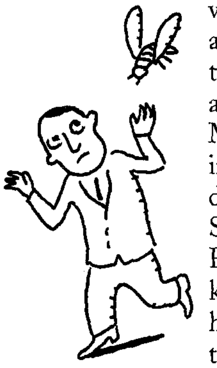
At left, the wreckage of Grozny: Old men who fought in the Soviet Army against the Nazis say that the city now looks like Stalingrad after the war.

JEREMY NICHOLL/MATRIX

passed some more castles in the air, and we saw that they, too, had been shelled: tin roofs split in half; brick walls with holes six feet across. There could have been no rational military reason to bomb so far from the center and Dudayev's administrative building, the Presidential palace. The Russian generals who objected to the war—and there were many, even in the highest ranks of the Defense Ministry—went on television to point out the difference between the total destruction ("of our own people") in Grozny and the more surgical attack by American bombers against Baghdad, in 1991. In Grozny, I heard a lot of people, including Russian soldiers, say the same thing: "Our surgeons are of the meatball variety."

Natasha and her husband, Magomet, lived on the top floor of a nine-story building. Their windows looked out on a military base. We walked up the stairs (there was not a functioning elevator in town), and Natasha, a friendly woman who worked at the city telephone exchange, showed me around the apartment. She had a few souvenirs of the battle, the most impressive of which was a line of destruction (broken glass, pulverized wall) described by a mortar shell that had come screaming in through a window.

"We count ourselves lucky," Natasha said. "We were out. No one was hurt. But there is not a person I know in this city who hasn't lost a friend, family. I know one woman who lost four children in an afternoon."



Outside, the summer shadows lengthened. The apartment was half dark. Natasha put out a few candles. Her husband sat in a hard-backed chair. Magomet is much older than Natasha. He is eighty-one, a career military officer, and in the heat he was dressed in a sleeveless T-shirt and dark pants from an old uniform. As Natasha and Mayerbek and I talked about the war, Magomet would sigh heavily, not saying much other than "*Vot takiye dela*," meaning, "Well, that's the way things are."

The candle flames shook a little in the breeze. We sat in silence. We were tired, and the air was hot and close. And then the old man began a monologue, about how his parents and his two brothers had died in the deportation to Kazakhstan, while he had been away at the front. We asked him to tell us more.

"Once, while we were on the front just before the storming of Berlin, two men from SMERSH came up to me and said, 'Did you know that your parents have been repressed?' I didn't, of course. They showed me documents saying that certain peoples—the Chechens, the Ingush—were bandits and had been sent to Kazakhstan. And then they looked at me, and one of them said, 'Do you think this is right?' So I said, 'Well, if they are bandits, of course it is right.' My friends and family had never done anything to betray Soviet power, but I believed these men. And they told me, 'You seem like a real officer, a man with dignity.' "

Magomet crossed the room and, holding a candle in one hand, sorted through a few photographs with the other. He dug out a curling picture of his first wife and their two sons.

"She died in the deportation," he said, sitting down again. "Here, these are pictures of my two sons. When I came back from the front, I had no idea where they were, whether they were alive or dead. Naturally, I couldn't come back to live here. I lived a long time in Moscow. I didn't find out my sons were alive in Kamchatka—eight time zones from here—until years later. So. That's the way things are."

Magomet had given the Army more than fifty years of his life—given the years proudly and happily—and now here he was sitting in a city as flattened as the Berlin he had known as a triumphant soldier in 1945. Just a month before he told his story, Moscow had celebrated Victory in Europe Day. Among the soldiers who marched in Red Square in front of Yeltsin and President Clinton were (unbeknownst to Clinton) units that had participated in the destruction of Grozny. Magomet said that the parade had disgusted him.

"There is nothing to celebrate now. I don't know why they're celebrating in Moscow," he said. "We stormed Berlin, and it was awful. But in a city like this—our own city—the Army killed children, killed women, killed everything they saw in front of them. Half of Chechnya is destroyed now. That's the way things are." As the candles burned down, Natasha served us plates of meat and sliced tomatoes. After it was completely dark outside, the shooting began. Tracer bullets sizzled across the sky, lovely and menacing. Later, in the distance, the shelling began. Hundreds of frogs bellowed in a swamp near the apartment. I was sleeping in a bed next to a window. Mayerbek suggested that we keep the shade drawn. "But we'll keep the window open," he said. "No use dying from the heat."

YELTSIN'S rationale for the invasion was that General Dudayev, who had been the President of Chechnya since 1991, was running an outlaw state. This would be a little like the United States Army's bombing Brooklyn and Queens to take out the Gambinos. What's more, the rationale had untold depths of cynicism and racism built into it. There is no more criminal city in Russia now than Moscow itself (and presumably the Air Force will not be called out to level the Kremlin). Moscow is lousy with hit men and racketeers, millionaires who make their money out of protection scams, thugs who evict old ladies from their apartments to "hasten privatization." There is a Chechen mob in Moscow, but it is just one clan of many that have turned the capital into a kind of open-air bazaar.

But Yeltsin, for all his failures, for all his fading powers of leadership and moral discernment, is a populist. He believed that he could hardly lose by demonizing the Chechens. And even though the majority of Russians are against the war, they show no great impulse to demonstrate their sympathy with its main victims. The biggest protests have numbered no more than a thousand people. In Moscow, and in many other cities, people readily identify the mafiosi with, to use their euphemism, "people of Caucasian origin." More often, people from the region are lumped together as "Chechens" and, not infrequently, "black asses"—the Russian equivalent of "niggers." Yeltsin knew well that for many Russians the Chechens are nothing more than a tribe of "thieving niggers."

The Chechen regime—as opposed to the vast majority of the more than a million people living in the republic—is richly deserving of condemnation. Even after the Russian tanks and planes had reduced the republic to ruins and created a set of martyrs as inspiring as Shamil's warriors, in the nineteenth century, I met many Chechens who despised General Dudayev, and held him as much to blame for the disaster as Yeltsin. There are many

Chechens who believe that Dudayev was a fraud from the start—a tin-pot dictator who exploited the enthusiasm for independence and Islam. A few years ago, Dudayev, who had served the Soviet Union all his life, suddenly began to sound like the reincarnation of an imam (as played by Peter Sellers with a fake mustache and a sidearm). After winning a highly dubious race for the Presidency (several regions in Chechnya didn't even have a chance to vote), he took the oath of office with one hand on the Koran. Just before the Russian invasion, he asked the parliament to adopt the Sharia, the body of Islamic law. Few members seemed to mind that his dedication to Islam was as flimsy as it was newfound. According to reports in the Los Angeles *Times* and the local press, Dudayev's wife is a Jew from Estonia, and before the campaign he had never exhibited much interest in Muslim ways. Dudayev once told an interviewer that Muslims must pray three times a day. When he was told that, no, actually it's five times a day, he replied, "Oh, well, the more the merrier."

The political story of the Chechen disaster begins with the euphoric days of August, 1991. As the Soviet Union was collapsing, Dudayev left his military post in Estonia and came home to Chechnya to make a new career. Like any other republic in Russia, Chechnya had been run under Soviet power by Moscow and a local Communist Party administration. With the failure of the August coup and the dissolution of the Soviet Union four months later, the Communist Party leader, Doku Zavgayev, was unceremoniously tossed out of power and replaced by a chaotic crew of local politicians, all of them waving the new twin banners of Islamic nationalism and Chechen independence. "I suppose I'm lucky I wasn't killed," Zavgayev told me one afternoon. "They said that I supported the August coup. That's a lie. But it didn't matter. I supported Chechen sovereignty, too, and that didn't matter, either." With the support of the speaker of the Russian parliament at the time—Ruslan Khasbulatov, himself a Chechen—Dudayev and his national guard captured key government and communications buildings in Grozny. They seized the local K.G.B. building and ransacked the files, making of the event a kind of local Bastille Day.

Moscow, in the meantime, did not pay much attention. Yeltsin was preoccupied with his struggle to oust Gorbachev from power and the Soviet Union from existence. After that, he had to deal with a huge economic reform and his constant battles with the parliament. He was hardly spending his time on a minor region with a population that made up less than half a per cent of Russia's. The few Moscow democrats who bothered to pay attention to Chechnya gave their support reflexively to Dudayev; after all, he was making anti-Communist noises and speaking up for the national rights of his people—a rhetorical gambit that was very much in fashion at the time. The democrats had exploited national feeling in the Baltic states, Ukraine, and elsewhere to destroy the old regime. In the late eighties, Russian democrats loved Estonians, for instance, precisely because the Estonians *hated* the Russian leaders of the Soviet Union. So how bad could Dudayev be?

Disastrous, as it turned out. Chechen mafiosi in Moscow quickly saw an ally in Dudayev and awarded him a bulletproof Volvo station wagon—a car that had originally been intended for Erich Honecker before his fall from power. The mob proved to be the most prescient judge of Dudayev's character and intentions. All of Russia has seen a vast rise in organized crime since the collapse of the Soviet Union, but Dudayev managed to distinguish the region in this department, making of Chechnya what one Yeltsin aide, Sergei Shakhrai, called "a free economic-criminal zone." General Dudayev promised his people untold wealth. With its oil wells and pipeline, Chechnya would become another Kuwait, and kitchen faucets would spew milk and honey, he told them. Instead, Dudayev created Chicago in the twenties, but without the city services. While the more conventional economy failed—oil production, especially, languished—Chechen mafiosi engaged in some of the most spectacular criminal scams Russia has ever known. With Dudayev's police looking the other way (or, more likely, coöperating at every turn), Grozny became a center of illegal trade. The city's airport served as a hub for unsanctioned flights hauling contraband and outlaws. According to Kremlin figures, between a hundred and a hundred and fifty unsanctioned planes landed in Grozny from abroad every month, all with the coöperation of customs inspectors and other officials. The flights—from the Middle East, Turkey, central Asia, and elsewhere—brought in huge amounts of narcotics and "duty free" goods, and a succession of bandits in hiding. Mafiosi were also in the habit of robbing cargo trains travelling through Chechen territory. Government officials enriched

"The jury's still out on Marvin, but I'm running out of alternates."

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themselves by selling oil abroad and keeping the foreign-currency profits. Grozny also became a center for the production of counterfeit currency. Even more spectacular were scams, especially in 1992 and 1993, in which mafiosi used faked financial documents to win billions of rubles in "credits" from the Russian Central Bank. The government estimates that Chechen mafiosi, with the help of heavily bribed officials in Moscow, bilked banks in various parts of Russia of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Yeltsin and his Defense Minister, Pavel Grachev, in their planning for the war on Chechnya, could have had no illusions about the amount or the quality of the Chechen armaments. Ever since 1991, the Chechens had been pilfering arms from the Army stockpile; in 1992, Moscow, rather than face the complicated military problem of trying to extract the arms from Chechen territory, simply left behind tens of thousands of weapons, creating one of the world's greatest arms bazaars. According to military sources, the arms cache that the Russians abandoned was sufficient to equip two tank divisions: howitzers, bazookas, machine guns, mines, ordnance. AK-47s, still among the most sophisticated and durable assault rifles in the world, cost about a hundred dollars in the outdoor arms market.

Dudayev showed no resistance to the criminality around him. He seemed to encourage it. He installed several of his relatives in key positions where bribe-taking was endemic—the head of the main city market and the major banks, for instance. Many of his personal guards and flunkies were ex-cons who had been freed from prison in a general amnesty declared after the collapse of the Soviet Union. Dudayev's personal stake in all the criminal activity, however, is unclear. Chechnya's former head of secret services, Ibragim Suleimenov, claims that Dudayev stashed millions of dollars in Swiss banks (but then there are precious few Russian ministers about whom one does not hear the same); details are scant.

Dudayev's real elixir, it seems, has been his determination to flout all direction from Moscow. Chechnya paid no taxes into the federal treasury for the past three years. For some obscure reason, possibly having to do with his misbegotten ideas of Islam, Dudayev declared that girls need not go to school for more than three years or boys for more than seven. The schools emptied. He then proposed some public-works schemes that called into question his mental health: one such project was the building of a "water pipeline" to Saudi Arabia. The situation in Chechnya was deteriorating so quickly that some Russian nationalists, including Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, came to support Chechen independence not out of any great regard for the Chechens but, rather, out of frustration. Solzhenitsyn asked, in essence, Who needs them?

For all the chaos in Chechnya, however, and for all the anxiety about the republic in Moscow, it was never a foregone conclusion that Chechnya was lost to Russia. As the economy in the region worsened, and the elderly failed to get their pension checks and workers failed to get their paychecks month after month, Dudayev's populist appeal began to fade. The contrast between the ordinary people (poor, by and large) and the "air people" supported by the regime began to grate.

And yet both Dudayev and Yeltsin headed inexorably toward conflict. Neither of them showed any predilection for diplomacy, each indulging instead his own eccentricities and excesses. Both wallowed in a demonizing rhetoric, the rhetoric of the nineteenth century. Yeltsin declared that there were only criminals in Chechnya, while Dudayev, in post-midnight interviews he gave at the Presidential palace in Grozny, ranted on about his theory of what he called Russism. "The symptoms of Russism are unparalleled cruelty, insidiousness, soullessness," he said in one session. "There is a kind of satanic quality in its history, and they are taking it out on a small land like Chechnya."

Some of Yeltsin's aides were pushing for a peaceful political solution to the crisis. Last September, the Analytical Center of the Kremlin delivered a report to Yeltsin recommending that Moscow cut off all aid to Grozny and the regions of Chechnya most clearly controlled by Dudayev, while at the same time financing generously the regions in the north, where resistance activity was most prevalent. Then, the report said, Moscow would wait out the elections scheduled for 1995 and see what happened: maybe Dudayev would be voted out; maybe the Chechens would see the advantages of forging a closer relationship with Moscow.

"The report was well thought out, but the President was not inclined to listen," Emil Pain, one of the leading liberal analysts still left in the Kremlin, told me

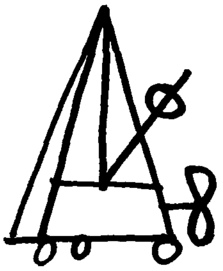
one afternoon. "It was clear whom he was listening to."

Yeltsin was increasingly shutting out men like Pain and taking the counsel of his conservative "power ministers" and drinking buddies—Defense Minister Grachev, Interior Minister Viktor Yerin, Nationalities Minister Nikolai Yegorov, and the counterintelligence chief, Sergei Stepashin—and, perhaps most of all, his bodyguard, Aleksandr Korzhakov. In the past two years, especially, the atmosphere in the Kremlin has come to resemble that of a Byzantine court, and Korzhakov, who has thousands of troops at his command, is the lackey closest to Yeltsin. Officials like Yeltsin's chief of staff, Sergei Filatov, admit that Kremlin telephones are tapped, and it is said that Korzhakov taps the phone of the Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin. Yeltsin has even revived the element of Rasputin-like black magic: one of Korzhakov's top K.G.B. aides, Giorgi Rogozin, reads astrological and cabalistic charts for guidance in arriving at Kremlin policy decisions, and makes sure that the President's bed is pointed in the "right"—north-south—direction, the better to absorb "a favorable energy field." Another Kremlin aide, Leonid Smirnyagin, told me, "A Byzantine court is not a bad metaphor: we have an aging sovereign and a clique of Praetorian guards obsessed with security."

In the late summer of 1994, Stepashin convinced Yeltsin that he could pull off an operation in Grozny that would unseat Dudayev with a minimum of bloodshed. The anti-Dudayev forces—led, in the main, by former aides who had broken with Dudayev over issues of money and power—would do all the dirty work, he assured Yeltsin. Stepashin's agents in the F.S.K. (the domestic division of the old K.G.B.) formed a plan to supply the opposition with arms and seize Grozny in a surgical coup d'état. Taking no chances, Moscow sweetened the deal for the opposition, offering a thousand dollars each to Chechen recruits.

At the last minute, most of the Chechens pulled out of the operation, yet on November 26th the F.S.K. went ahead anyway, using Russian troops. The mission ended in disaster. Dudayev's forces, which had been preparing for much larger assaults, easily defeated Moscow's troops, and paraded prisoners before television cameras. Yeltsin looked foolish.

"He was utterly humiliated, and that could lead only to disaster," Pain said. Kovalyov, Yeltsin's human-rights commissioner, who was one of the most vocal opponents of the war, told me he thought that the President's own vanity was what led him to stumble toward war. "Psychologically, Yeltsin believes he is blessed with a singular gift (and this is reinforced by the people around him)—the infallible ability to make the right decision in a time of crisis," Kovalyov said. "He also believes that there are certain knots—Gordian knots—that cannot be untied, and must be cut. And he has experience to go on: his victory over the coup in August, 1991; his confrontation with the Supreme Soviet in October, 1993."



Smirnyagin said he thought it was plain that Yeltsin, while still making all the key decisions in the Kremlin, had degenerated since his triumphs in 1991. Despite high blood pressure, Yeltsin drinks heavily, and, according to Kremlin sources, Korzhakov is the only man in the Kremlin "who can put his hand over Boris Nikolayevich's glass and say 'Enough.' " There is no evidence that Korzhakov does this often. Last year, at least five top Kremlin officials sent Yeltsin a private letter begging him to cut down on his drinking; the President reacted only with anger. His behavior is frequently bizarre. On a riverboat trip near Krasnoyarsk, in Siberia, last year, Yeltsin acted the high-handed czar, ordering one of his aides, Vyacheslav Kostikov, to be thrown overboard; when Kostikov was dragged back into the boat soaking wet, Yeltsin led the laughter. At other times, Yeltsin is morose, withdrawn, or just strange. When Chechen rebels took more than a thousand hostages at a hospital in Budyonnovsk in June, Yeltsin chose to leave the country for a meeting with Western leaders in Halifax, Nova Scotia. With President Clinton sitting next to him during a press conference, Yeltsin raged on about how General Dudayev had asked for asylum in Turkey—a statement with no basis in fact. Clinton watched the performance with bug-eyed wonder, as if he were sitting next to a crazy relative rather than the President of a nuclear power.

"The President is not the same person he was," Smirnyagin said. "If you watch footage of 1991, when he climbed up on that tank during the coup, he was a different man—a vivid personality, vigorous. Now, well . . . Later on, I think, he'll be assessed as a heroic politician who sacrificed himself in many ways for reform, but not now. My forecast is that Yeltsin will not run for President in the 1996 elections. He is worn out." Only last week, Yeltsin was hospitalized with "acute" heart pains.

In the meantime, Kremlin sources say, there should be no doubt that Yeltsin has had the final word on every step of the Chechen war. He is no marionette. In private sessions with his Security Council after the disaster on November 26th, his power ministers assured him that a quick, full-scale military invasion was the way to go. The operation would be over by New Year's, they said. In fact, Defense Minister Grachev bragged, the whole thing could be accomplished "in two hours by a single paratrooper regiment." Tragically, Yeltsin chose to believe him. On November 29th, Yeltsin signed a decree setting the invasion in motion. Rather than rally political support for the operation, however, he kept the decree secret not only from the public but also from his parliament and the majority of his own advisers.

"A good chess player can see combinations ten moves ahead of time; a bad one can only work them out two or three moves in advance," Otto Latsis, one of Yeltsin's more liberal and less influential advisers, wrote in *Izvestia*. "The Russian government in the days of the Chechen crisis has been unable to foresee anything, even one move in advance."

"There was a complete degradation of statehood in Chechnya," Smirnyagin told me. "But the sheer stupidity of the military intervention was that Dudayev was already on the way out."

All this was lost on Yeltsin. Ever since the collapse of the Soviet Union, he had struggled to define the Russian state: would it be based on Western models or would it follow, as the Slavophiles hoped, a "third," or "special," path? For a brief period, he relied on the support of the people who brought him to power—pro-Western liberal democrats, anti-Communists—and in the euphoria of the moment he told the various regions to take "as much sovereignty as you can swallow." But after the December, 1993, elections, which were remarkable for the astonishing success of nostalgic Communists and Russian nationalists, Yeltsin recognized that he could no longer afford to appear to be an overtly pro-Western leader. He would assert—or reassert—Russia's place in the world. Yeltsin toughened his posture in regard to the West and to any rebellious regions in his own country. He made noise about the expansion of NATO into Central Europe. He threatened the United States with a new "Cold Peace." As for Chechnya, Yeltsin was gambling that a quick victory would be a popular and relatively painless way to establish the imagery of a powerful new Russian state. "All the problems of Russian statehood are reflected in the Chechen crisis, as in a drop of water," Yeltsin said. Thus, he set the stakes.

ALTHOUGH Defense Minister Grachev boasted that the operation would take just a couple of hours, his own deputies in the Defense Ministry knew well that he was doing little more than dragging fresh meat to the butcher. By the time Grachev bothered to inform his top generals that Army and Internal Ministry troops—a force of more than forty thousand men—would invade Chechnya in mid-December, they had barely more than a week to prepare for that action. The Chechens had been preparing for war practically from the moment they declared their independence, in the fall of 1991. For three years, General Dudayev had laid his plans. He created a Presidential guard and an army built, in no small part, from hundreds of convicts let out of jail after the fall of the Soviet Union. These were men who had served first in the Soviet Army as boys and later as mercenaries in Abkhazia and Ossetia; some were simply hardened thugs. As an Air Force general in Afghanistan, Dudayev had won a modest reputation for his tactical skills and his advocacy of carpet bombing. In Chechnya, of course, he could not hope to hold off the Russians by matching them in ordnance; instead, he planned a guerrilla defense of Grozny and then, inevitably, like so many Chechen fighters before him, a partisan war carried out in the south, in the foothills of the Caucasus. He also promised to "move the war into Russian territory"—a promise he made good on last month when one of

ROCK SONG

I'm up in the lightning tower
Blake is re-fighting Milton below
African Americans yelling at Latinos
With bombs crack wanna blow

African Americans with babies at their breasts
Europeans drinking coffee cashing checks
Vietnamese & Chinese behaving correct
Koreans and Texans thumping their chests

I'm up in the lightning tower
Could stay up here a hundred years
Shouting orders thru a diamond megaphone
Till the blood rain turns to humor tears

I'm up in the lightning tower
The spiritual war goes on
There's a million Caesars climbing up the stairs
I gotta fight them with one hard on

I'm up in the lightning window
I can see the blare of the bombs
The noisier the surplus airplanes thunder
The more I sit down calm

Up on the lightning rooftop
It's raining human bones and blood
I haven't got a holy umbrella
Is there anything I can do that's any good?

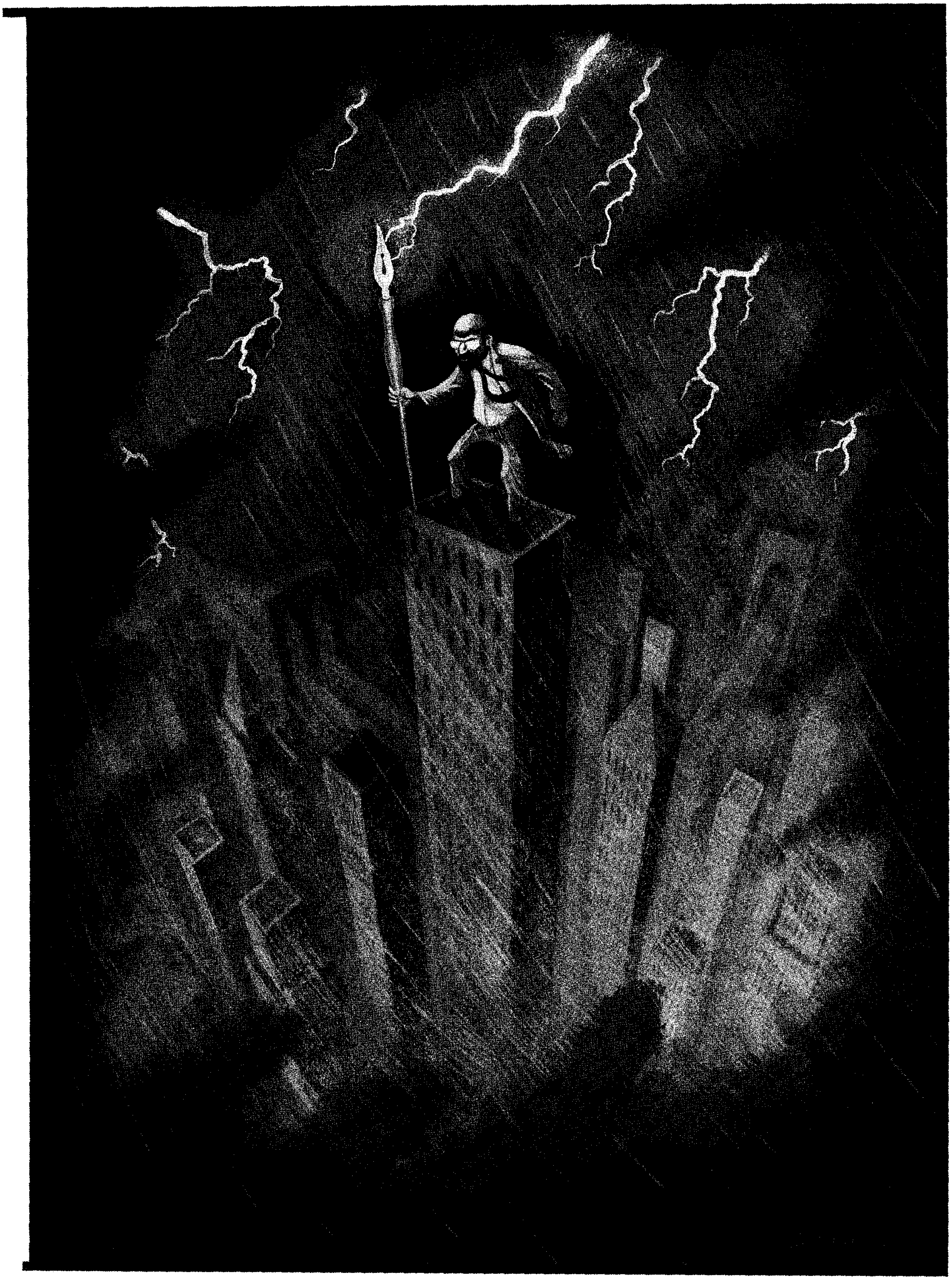
I'm dancing on the lightning cloud
I don't know how I got the power
I kept hearing everybody screaming
& lay down to sleep dream for one hour

Lightning tower lightning ocean
Lightning window, lightning cloud
Lightning solitude lightning delusion
Lightning consciousness in the crowd

Journals 5/25/90

Allen Ginsberg

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC DROOKER



his commanders grabbed the hostages in Budyonnovsk, just north of Chechnya.

"Faced with a military problem like this, any rational army would have gathered its forces and set out a deliberate plan to overwhelm the enemy with a superior force," Pavel Felgengauer, the military correspondent for the Moscow newspaper *Sevodnya*, said. "Just look at what was done in preparation for the Desert Storm attack, in Iraq. But Yeltsin is notorious in his misperception of what an army can do, and Grachev was only too glad to feed his misperception. Unfortunately, our President believed you could order up a huge military operation as easily as ordering up a limousine."

The Russian invasion in mid-December turned Grozny into a slaughterhouse. The Russian force—undermanned, confused, and egged on by a President and a Defense Minister who insisted on a quick victory—trudged through knee-high mud and blinding winter fogs and was met by a well-trained guerrilla force. The Chechens were able to surprise and trap one Russian tank after another, by a hit-and-run strategy using three-man teams; snipers hid out in apartment buildings and picked off Russian soldiers; and small groups of Chechen troops crawled through a network of underground tunnels and conduits, rose up, and fired grenades into Russian forces. At the same time, Russian officers found themselves ordering attacks that had no grounding in common military strategy—attacks without reconnaissance, without reinforcement. One crack brigade, the 131st Maikop Motorized, was ordered to capture a series of roads and the railway station. It found that it had no backup, and had been simply led into its own demolition.

"Essentially, the Maikop Brigade does not exist anymore," Colonel Viktor Litovkin, *Izvestia's* military correspondent, told me. "In general, there was a complete lack of coördination in the military. The forces that should have backed up the first echelons of attacking forces never did it."

One afternoon in Moscow, I met with Colonel General Eduard Vorobyov, who for many years was one of the most highly regarded military men in Russia. He is fifty-eight and trim, and, though he now wears civilian clothes, he has an unmistakably military posture. We spent a few hours talking on a bench in the narrow park that divides the city's Boulevard Ring. It was a perfect afternoon, cool and bright—at the start of the white nights. But Vorobyov, despite his studied calm and polite manner, did little to conceal the fury he felt. Last December, he had been asked to command the Army in the invasion of Chechnya but had refused and then resigned his commission.

Vorobyov is the unlikeliest of rebels. He attended the best military academies and rapidly made his way up through the ranks of the Soviet Army; he was a platoon commander in the Carpathian Military District, led a tank force into Prague in 1968, commanded Army contingents in Lvov, Yerevan, Ashkhabad. In Turkmenistan, he headed all training for troops going to Afghanistan. He led the evacuation of Soviet troops from Czechoslovakia in 1991. As first deputy commander of Russian ground forces, he served on the Moldovan border and, in 1992, in Tajikistan.

"Up until the last minute, I felt that there would be no use of force against Chechnya," Vorobyov said. "Clearly, force would not resolve anything. You only have to look at the way Russian generals struggled for forty years against the Chechens in the nineteenth century. I also thought—naïvely, as it turned out—that our leaders would never use their arms against their own people."

Vorobyov said that nearly the entire top command of the Army had been shut out of the planning of the operation. Under Grachev's direction, Colonel General Aleksandr Mitukhin, the commander of the Northern Caucasus Military District, worked out the invasion blueprint. On December 5th, the plan was basically approved, and on December 11th the war began.

"But guess what?" Vorobyov said. "There was no instant victory. Grachev's prediction was a fraud. Look, with respect to military training, Grachev never went above the rank of commander of a paratrooper division. He is nothing as a politician, either. And as a diplomat—well, people ought to blush on that score. This is a painful thing for me—to talk this way about the Defense Minister. No matter how bad our attitude may be now toward the word 'patriot,' I am still a patriot, despite the fact that our country has lost all its ideological bearings. I love our home, our country. If I criticize, it is because I want the situation to be better. The fact is, Grachev was appointed Defense Minister in the first place because he was loyal to Yeltsin during the August coup of 1991 and then, in October of 1993, he agreed to bring in the tanks. In any other circumstance, considering his skills, he would have been fired half a dozen times by now."

In mid-December, Vorobyov flew home from St. Petersburg to Moscow after a business trip, and the moment he stepped onto the tarmac he was told to call the Chief of Ground Forces, Vladimir Semyonov.

"Do you have your field uniform with you?" Semyonov asked him.

Vorobyov said he did not.

"Well, it doesn't matter," Semyonov said. "It will be delivered to you. Don't go home. Go straight to Mozdok." A small city fifty-five miles from Grozny, Mozdok was the military command center for the Chechen operation. "You are to render assistance to the planners there."

Vorobyov arrived in Mozdok on December 17th. For the next three days, he met with everyone who had any bearing on the operation: commanders, opposition leaders, even Cossacks.

"The political leadership wanted us to step things up, and to do this we had two options," he told me. "We could start a huge artillery barrage, which would have been very difficult because of the weather—it was terribly foggy, and visibility was zero. We would be shooting into the fog, essentially, destroying civilians. This is a terrible crime. Artillery also requires reconnaissance operations, but the weather made that impossible as well. The second way was a rapid ground invasion. But the troops we had were just not prepared for this. They were badly trained, they barely knew one another. The truth is, they would have needed a month, even three months, to prepare. To throw them into battle—which is what was done, finally—was a crime.

"On the morning of the twenty-first, I reported to the Chief of the General Staff, General Mikhail Kolesnikov, that the operation was badly thought out, a sheer adventure. The situation was absurd. I asked Kolesnikov to pass on my feelings to the Minister of Defense. In an hour, Grachev called me and asked me to take command of the operation. I said, 'But I have explained my feelings to Kolesnikov.' I said neither yes nor no. He repeated his request. And I repeated my reply. After a pause, he said, 'O.K., I'll fly to Mozdok today.' "

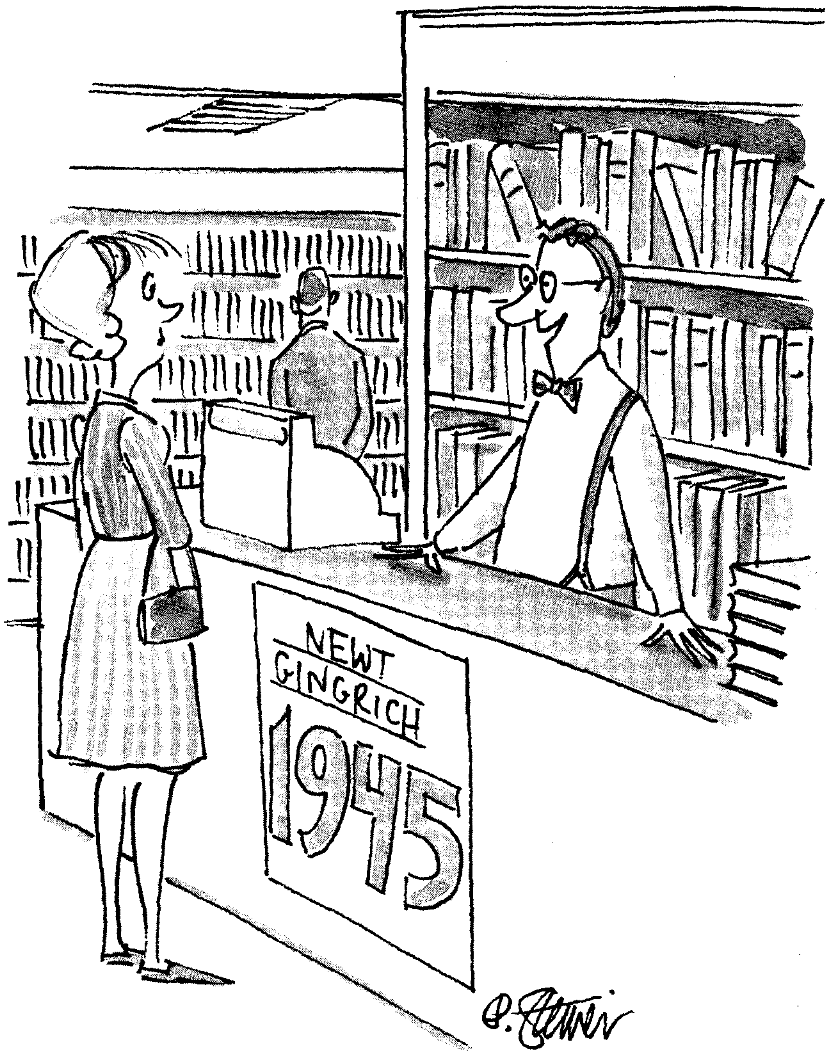
That evening, Grachev held a short meeting of the generals in Mozdok. At last, he said, "I'll take charge personally," and he appointed his first deputy and others to run various parts of the operation. To Vorobyov, Grachev said, "I am disappointed in you, Comrade Colonel General. I think you should submit your resignation."

"I did not sleep that night," Vorobyov recalled. "I was up all night in my bunk in the rail car we used as sleeping quarters. I had to think it through. Mind you, as a soldier, I am no pacifist. Had the preparations for war been adequate, I would have executed those plans without thinking twice. That is what I do. That is—*was*—my job. But Russia has lost in every respect in Chechnya: politically, militarily, morally. Russia has more than a hundred ethnic groups. Will it resolve all disputes through force?

"I reached the conclusion that without a decision of parliament, without a Presidential decree, without proper military preparation, this was all an adventure. The Defense Minister bragged that he could accomplish everything in two hours, and when the moment of truth came, when things got complicated and he was confronted by his own words, things went out of control. I am sure the original plan was under the influence of these unwise words 'one brigade in two hours.' I began to think through the errors: our underestimating of the Chechen passion; the lack of military surprise; the dependency on air power in bad weather; the dependency on a phony opposition movement; the utter lack of preparation. My God, our tank troops went into battle not even having maps of the city!

"To think of all this was depressing, but I had to do what I saw fit. The next morning, the morning of December 22nd, I submitted my resignation. I remember the note almost exactly: 'By refusing the job of commander in Chechnya, I have disobeyed an order for the first time in my thirty-eight years as a soldier. Because of this, I cannot remain in office or command my troops. I ask to be dismissed from the Armed Services of the Russian Federation.' "

Vorobyov was smiling now and there was no regret in his voice. "The resignation was accepted, and here I am," he said. "A retiree looking for work."



"I understand the sex scenes have been removed but the balanced-budget and term-limits scenes have been left in."

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MORNINGS in Grozny, I went to the central market. During the winter bombing raids, the market had all but disappeared; every building nearby had been destroyed. But now the market has revived. The crowds are smaller, of course, because so many thousands are still living in the hills, but the place seems ordinary enough—the bargaining, the hustle. The moment I took out a notebook and asked a middle-aged Russian woman a few questions, however, I was besieged by dozens of people, enraged, shouting.

"They bombed for months, and we lived in the basements like dogs!"

"God gave the Russians the atom bomb! If God had been so generous to us, the war would be different now!"

"A soldier just shot my nephew and threw him into a hole—simple as that."

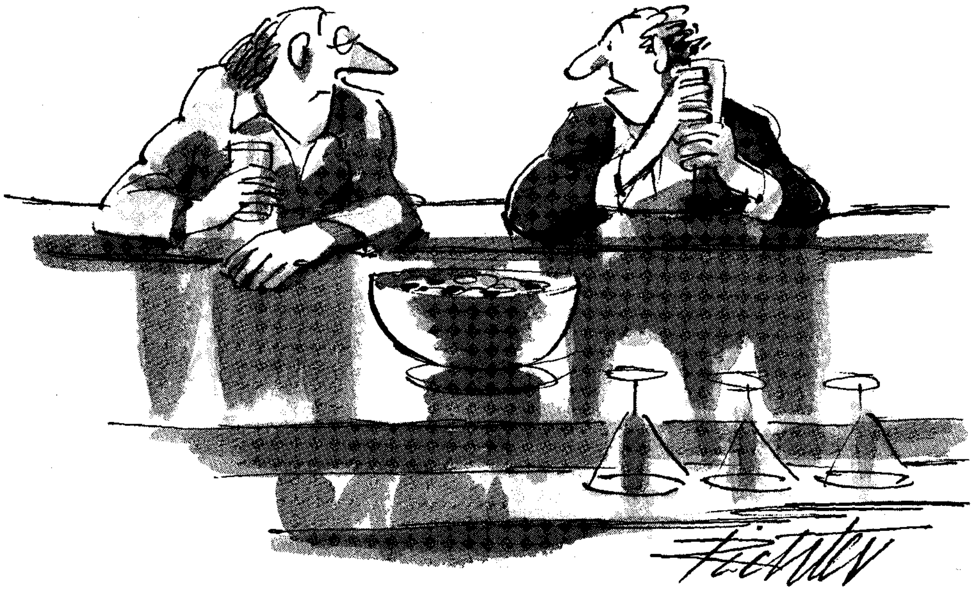
"The soldiers are in the market all the time, drunk, red in the face—vulgarians! They steal everything and then stick a gun in our faces and say, 'So! You want us to pay, do you?' "

The anger was directed not only at the Russians or at Dudayev but also at the Clinton Administration and its woefully late and pitifully restrained condemnation of the war. "During the Cold War, you Americans used to go wild over one or two political prisoners," one man said. "But when an entire city is wiped out there is hardly a word from you! Would President Clinton have come to Moscow for the V-E Day parade if Sakharov were alive and in prison?"

The people in the market, after months of living in basements and feeling the pounding of the bombs resonate in their guts and in the back of their skulls, had emerged not dazed but enraged. These were not the living dead of so many war stories. When they were not struggling to get enough water and food to make it through the day, they were talking about the war, about their anger at the Russians. And they were, to my astonishment, well informed. Considering that most of them did not have access to newspapers, or electricity for television, they were well aware of what Yeltsin was saying about the war—that he was telling the West that this was not a war at all but, rather, a "police action" to "disarm illegal military formations." In every conversation I had in Chechnya—in the Grozny market, in villages, in refugee dormitories—I heard the voices of a population that would make out of its immediate suffering a lifelong politics of resistance and rage. No matter what comes of negotiations between the Kremlin and Dudayev, all that a settlement can do is paper over this historical civil war.

"I served the Soviet Union all my life," a young father named Robert Solgiryev said one morning in the Grozny market. "They sent me in to the Chernobyl cleanup three days after the reactor blew. I was there for half a year. When Yeltsin ran for President, I voted for him. Ninety per cent of Chechnya voted for him. In 1991, we thought he was a great democrat. And now he's betrayed us. His lies never end."

One of the most glaring of the official lies had to do with casualties. The Russian government has admitted to the deaths of only one or two thousand of its soldiers and, unofficially, about five thousand Chechen casualties; the human-rights group Memorial, which has kept observers in the region from the start of the war, believes that the figures are five times as high, with a total death count of up to thirty thousand. I went to the Central Cemetery in Grozny—the city's biggest by far—but that proved to be of little help in solving the mystery. There were more than five hundred freshly dug graves there, and also one long open grave where seventeen bodies, blackened and mutilated, were left rotting in the sun. Dogs trotted up and down the rows of graves. The place stank of death, and flies buzzed and swooped in little clouds. A gravedigger came by and warned me that from time to time snipers fired on people visiting the cemetery. We stood behind a clump of trees and talked for a while. Before leaving, I asked him why there seemed to be so few bodies here. "The Army takes its dead and wounded back with it, and the Muslims in Grozny tend to bury their own in family-grave plots or in the courtyards of their buildings," he said. "You're just seeing a hint of the dead."



"I tried being myself, but it wasn't getting me anywhere."

FOR the next couple of days, while the Russian Army was still pounding Dudayev's positions in the hills, I went to see the opposition leaders in Grozny and the surrounding villages. In a search for political sanity, there is none to be found in Yeltsin or in Dudayev, and, it turns out, there is none to be found in the opposition, either. The men I met were, in the main, rapacious fools—killers some of them—who promised only to multiply the chaos. At best, they were just Yeltsin's puppets, appointed by Moscow, despised in Grozny.

Mayerbek and I drove about a half hour out of town to the village of Tolstoy-Yurt, where Ruslan Labazanov, the self-proclaimed Robin Hood of the opposition, lives. Labazanov had once been Dudayev's bodyguard and tough guy, but then he split with his mentor for the usual reasons—disagreement over power and money. In the months preceding the war, he and a small band of armed Chechens controlled several key villages in the republic. But Labazanov is as much a performance artist as he is a rebel, his act being that he takes from the rich (the form of taking is left vague) and gives to the poor (the degree of giving is similarly unclear). Labazanov says he is all for free elections to replace Dudayev. He wants Chechnya to be a democratic Islamic republic within Moscow's benevolent orbit. Splendid. Labazanov, however, is a former mobster and a convicted murderer (a subject he tends not to bring up), and his allegiance to the principles of Jefferson and Mill is hazy.

Tolstoy-Yurt is a small village in the hills outside Grozny, and it did not take us long to find Labazanov's house. Everyone in town knew him, and knew enough to stay away from him. He lives in a typical "air people" compound—a brick house surrounded by a high metal fence. We pounded on the gate. Two young men dressed in black fatigues and loaded up with an incredible kit—machine gun, grenades, knives, pistols—answered. The arrival of strangers was not an unfamiliar occurrence. Even in the thick of the late-winter battles, Labazanov seemed to spend more time entertaining reporters and prowling around his compound than actually engaging in freedom fighting. In the courtyard were a Nissan Petrol jeep (with Dubai plates), a Lumina minivan, and a black Mercedes sedan—bulletproof, we were told. A huge Doberman paced nearby. A heavily armed dwarf led us up the stairs and into the house.

"Sit down here," the dwarf said, pointing to a few chairs around a kitchen table.

We sat down. For the next half hour, the dwarf and the guards kept coming in and out of the room and tossing quizzical glances at Mayerbek and me. Finally, Labazanov, attended by the guards, made his entrance. "Hello," he said grimly. "You may call me Ruslan."

Ruslan was built like a linebacker—powerful and squat—and he had worked out an excellent opposition-freedom-fighter look for himself: a full beard, mirrored sunglasses, a headband with an inscription in Arabic. ("I think it says, 'There is no God except Allah, no prophet but Muhammad,' " he told us.) He wore a massive gold Rolex, gold bracelets, and diamond-encrusted rings. He was fantastically well armed, and he lovingly described all his toys, like a little boy going through his box of Mighty Morphin Power Rangers: "This is my Israeli pistol. It can put you away from fifty metres. This is my marine knife. Look at the size of the blade." That took about ten minutes. Then he asked, "Would you like to see a videocassette? It's a movie about me."

For the next fifteen minutes or so, we watched footage of dead bodies, burning bodies, and bodies with horrific wounds—all of it with a throbbing rock-and-roll soundtrack. I recognized some of the footage from coverage of the war that had been broadcast in Moscow. Then the film took a turn toward self-advertisement. It cut to Ruslan sitting in a room with various supplicants; they had come to him for help or money. One man faced the camera and said that he had lost everything in the war and only Ruslan had helped him. An old woman said much the same. Ruslan solemnly gave them rubles.

"You see," Ruslan said, turning off the television. "I have given help to six thousand people. Six thousand! Sometimes as much as two hundred thousand rubles!" About forty-four dollars.

It would be meaningless to quote the rant that followed. Suffice it to say that Ruslan gave his analysis of the political situation in Chechnya and in Russia in general. His guards nodded sleepily; they had heard this many times before—starting, no doubt, when he and they were in jail together. The story in Grozny is that Ruslan is in the pay of the K.G.B. and/or the Army, and that his men are his former cellmates. As he went on, my eyes wandered around the room, and after a while I spotted a slender yellow book by his telephone. The title was "Yids Are Killing Russia." I picked it up while Ruslan was still talking, and started leafing through it. It was a standard-issue anti-Semitic tract—the sort of garbage that fascist teen-agers sell these days outside the old Lenin Museum, near Red Square. I interrupted Ruslan and asked him about the book.

"Oh, that?" he said. "It's just some interesting reading. Believe me, if Jews had done this war it would have been less bloody, more accurate. They are smart people. Israel is a small country, but very powerful."

Ruslan suggested that we talk about something else. He said he was twenty-eight years old and married. Soon one of his men served us lunch, and Ruslan ate in silence while watching a sitcom on television. When he finished eating, he called his dog over—a three-legged dog—and stood up in a way that made it plain there would be no dessert. "I must get back to my work," he said. "We'll see you soon."

STALIN once said, "One death is a tragedy; a million deaths is a statistic." It may have been for this strange Stalinist reasoning that to many Russians and to many people abroad the destruction of Grozny seemed a statistic and the massacre at the village of Samashky a tragedy.

Samashky, built by the Cossacks in the eighteen-sixties and then populated by Chechens in the nineteen-twenties, had

WEDDING

I stumbled in high heels
across the wood chips
of the Christmas-tree farm
to take my place with the other guests
under coarse pine boughs.

In a coned damsel cap
the bride glimmered
through the woods, materialized
at the altar microphone.

In the barbecue line
his mother whispered on my neck,
"I thought *you* would be the one!"

I watched the bride and groom
shake hands, stared at his profile
till it buzzed, remembering
2 A.M. behind the high school
when we rocked on a blanket
rubbing jeans into jeans
until the moon jumped and I fell
off the hill slowly, a diamond in glycerine.

I remember walking down a road to meet him,
how the air tingled, in love
with how I looked in my underwear
dancing in front of his mirror.

—EMILY RECHNITZ

for many years been a prosperous village, with good farming, a railway connection, and a working jam factory. It is about twenty miles west of Grozny, and until recently it had a population of about fourteen thousand. On April 6th and 7th, Interior Ministry OMON troops, wearing black masks, ransacked the village's central streets, tossing hand grenades into basements and firing at unarmed women and children. Between a hundred and three hundred residents were killed, and there is no proof that any of the dead were pro-Dudayev guerrillas; to the contrary, the evidence is that the guerrillas had left for the hills weeks before the attack. By the time the massacre was over, the streets of Samashky were covered with the dead: a corpse with its head split open like a rotten melon; another corpse with all its limbs blown off. The OMON sealed off the village completely—even from Red Cross doctors—for three days thereafter.

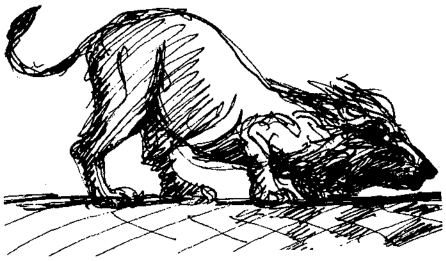
Several weeks later, Mayerbek and I had a hard time getting to Samashky. When we reached the main checkpoint, about two miles outside the town, OMON troops harassed us, saying that our car had to be confiscated. They said that Mayerbek's registration was one digit off and was therefore "highly suspect." We were detained for two hours, until one of the Samashky village elders, an old man with a Tolstoyan beard and a knit cap, talked the soldiers into letting us visit. We spoke with the OMON captain for a while, and he said that stories that he and his men were stealing farm animals and drinking were just lies. Over his shoulder I could see one of his men slaughtering a goat in a trench. I assumed that the goat had not been flown in from Moscow. Another soldier walked through the trench with a case of vodka balanced on his shoulder.

For the next few days, Mayerbek and I shuttled between Samashky and a few surrounding villages where refugees from the massacre were living. Many of the houses were large and had well-swept courtyards, but along the streets where the massacre had taken place the houses were burned out. Only their brick walls and iron gates were still standing. Soldiers had aimed flamethrowers at the houses and tossed grenades through windows and doors. Invariably, they had found people hiding in basements, and in many cases they had thrown grenades into the basements—to "flush out guerrillas," the OMON captain had explained. Several witnesses described watching their spouses or their children lined up in the street and shot. Everyone talked about the look of wildness in the soldiers' eyes, their animal rage.

"I was home and hiding in the basement," a nurse named Fatima Kulkayeva told me at the local hospital one afternoon. "We were hiding, but we didn't believe that anything really terrible would happen. They had given the village elders a deadline for handing over two hundred-odd weapons—which, of course, no one had. When the elders turned over only a few guns, they told us it would be the end. How could Russians be so cruel? I have a seven-year-old boy and a six-year-old girl and my mother living with me. My daughter—I'd have to say that she has gone crazy since the attack. She was shaking, shaking for days, and even now she hears planes and the shooting. She gets crazy at night. I was not for Dudayev before, but I am for Dudayev now."

Time and again, the people in the village compared the attack to My Lai and the Russian soldiers to "your Lieutenant Calley." They remembered the My Lai massacre because it had once been a common refrain in Soviet newspaper reports about the war in Vietnam. "Your Lieutenant Calley was a Young Pioneer compared to these guys," one of the village elders said. "And in America, if I remember right, there was a trial about My Lai. Do you really think there will be a trial here? And who is qualified to judge?"

On my last day in Samashky, I met an old man named Aladdin Magamedov, a veteran of the war against Germany, who had come home only to be deported to Kazakhstan in 1944 with the rest of Chechnya. He had lost a leg to the Nazis, and then he lost much of his family to the Soviet regime during the deportation. He had survived all that. Now he sat outside the hospital on a bench. After the massacre, he said, he began having nightmares and fits of rage. He saw flashes of light, like silent gunfire. He told me this calmly, almost as if he were talking about someone else, or a memory. Everyone in town had seen Russian soldiers murder women, children, old people. No one would forget it. They would not forget this any more than they had forgotten the deportation under Stalin, the wars under the czars. "If they are going to destroy us all, I wish they would hurry up about it," he said, finally. "At least, we would suffer less." The old man stared out, shielding his eyes from the sun. Thousands had left the village. There was no sound there now except the wind in the trees and the noise of firing practice two miles away. I said goodbye and headed for the car.

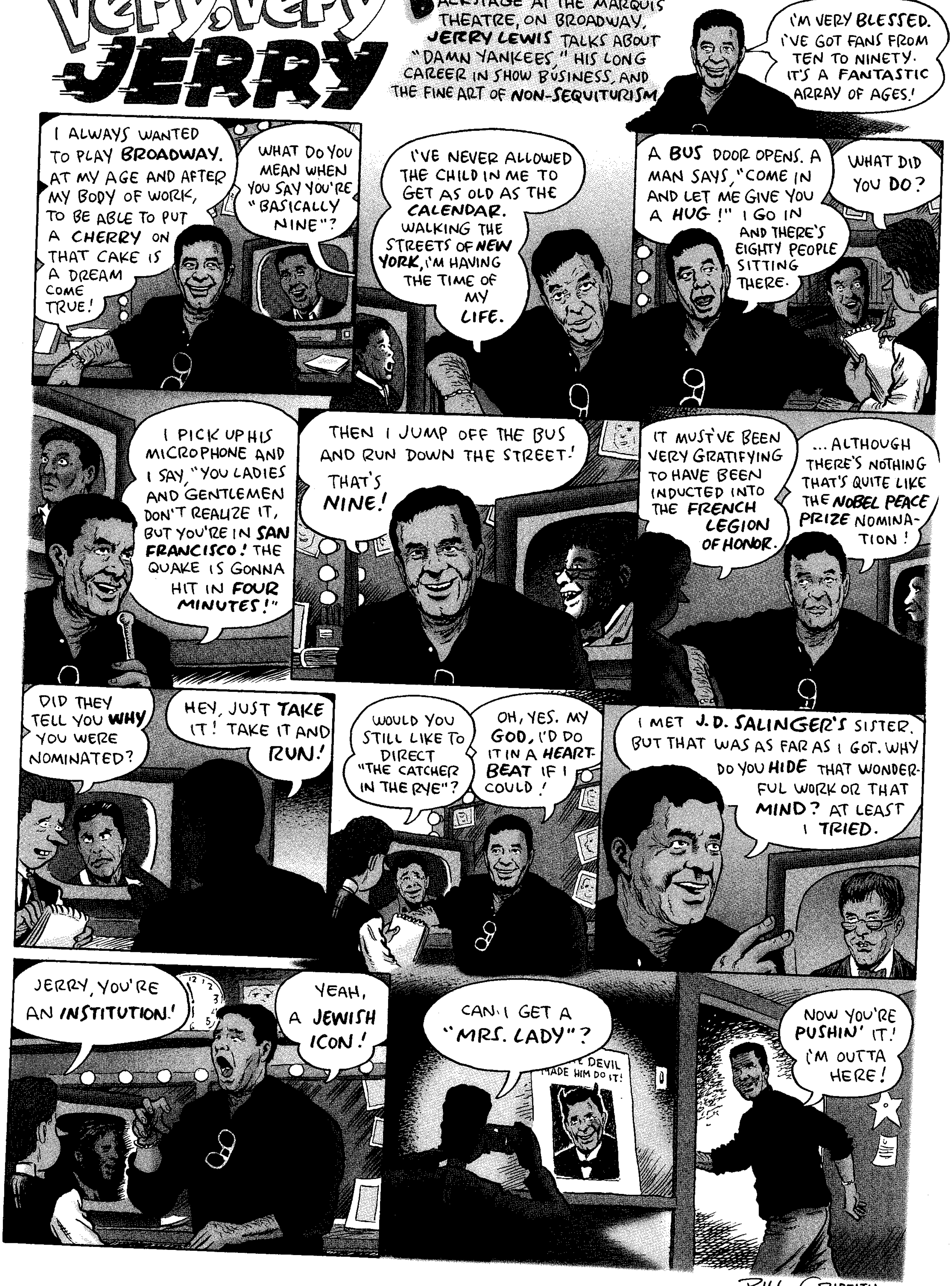


That night, I stayed at the house of a rich man in Nazran, an hour's drive away. Forty dollars a night in the middle of nowhere. A castle in the air. Mayerbek and I ate lamb cutlets and had a couple of drinks of vodka, and then we went to our rooms for the night—big, high-ceilinged rooms. I lay down on the bed and thought about the old man in Samashky and about how he and so many others had talked of the Russians who invaded their village as creatures beyond—or beneath—hating. Their words, as I remembered them, struck an uncanny note, as if I had heard them before. It seemed too neat, it is true, but I *had* heard them. I pulled "Hadji Murát" out of my bag and started reading again the story I'd read days before:

> The old grandfather sat by the wall of the ruined house cutting a stick and gazing stolidly in front of him. He had only just returned from the apiary. The two stacks of hay had been burnt, the apricot and cherry trees he had planted and reared were broken and scorched, and worse still all the beehives and bees had been burnt. The wailing of the women and the little children, who cried with their mothers, mingled with the lowing of the hungry cattle for whom there was no food. The bigger children, instead of playing, followed their elders with frightened eyes. The fountain was polluted, evidently on purpose, so that the water could not be used. The mosque was polluted in the same way, and the Mullah and his assistants were cleaning it out.
>
> No one spoke of hatred for the Russians. The feeling experienced by all the Chechens, from the youngest to the oldest, was stronger than hate. It was not hatred, for they did not regard those Russian dogs as human beings, but it was such repulsion, disgust, and perplexity at the senseless cruelty of these creatures, that the desire to exterminate them—like the desire to exterminate rats, poisonous spiders, or wolves—was as natural an instinct as that of self-preservation. ♦

Very, very JERRY

BACKSTAGE AT THE MARQUIS THEATRE, ON BROADWAY, **JERRY LEWIS** TALKS ABOUT "DAMN YANKEES," HIS LONG CAREER IN SHOW BUSINESS, AND THE FINE ART OF **NON-SEQUITURISM**.


I'M VERY BLESSED. I'VE GOT FANS FROM TEN TO NINETY. IT'S A FANTASTIC ARRAY OF AGES!
I ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY BROADWAY. AT MY AGE AND AFTER MY BODY OF WORK, TO BE ABLE TO PUT A CHERRY ON THAT CAKE IS A DREAM COME TRUE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY YOU'RE "BASICALLY NINE"?
I'VE NEVER ALLOWED THE CHILD IN ME TO GET AS OLD AS THE CALENDAR. WALKING THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE.
A BUS DOOR OPENS. A MAN SAYS, "COME IN AND LET ME GIVE YOU A HUG!" I GO IN AND THERE'S EIGHTY PEOPLE SITTING THERE.
WHAT DID YOU DO?
I PICK UP HIS MICROPHONE AND I SAY, "YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN DON'T REALIZE IT, BUT YOU'RE IN SAN FRANCISCO! THE QUAKE IS GONNA HIT IN FOUR MINUTES!"
THEN I JUMP OFF THE BUS AND RUN DOWN THE STREET! THAT'S NINE!
IT MUST'VE BEEN VERY GRATIFYING TO HAVE BEEN INDUCTED INTO THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR.
...ALTHOUGH THERE'S NOTHING THAT'S QUITE LIKE THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE NOMINATION!
DID THEY TELL YOU WHY YOU WERE NOMINATED?
HEY, JUST TAKE IT! TAKE IT AND RUN!
WOULD YOU STILL LIKE TO DIRECT "THE CATCHER IN THE RYE"?
OH, YES. MY GOD, I'D DO IT IN A HEARTBEAT IF I COULD!
I MET J.D. SALINGER'S SISTER. BUT THAT WAS AS FAR AS I GOT. WHY DO YOU HIDE THAT WONDERFUL WORK OR THAT MIND? AT LEAST I TRIED.
JERRY, YOU'RE AN INSTITUTION!
YEAH, A JEWISH ICON!
CAN I GET A "MRS. LADY"?
THE DEVIL MADE HIM DO IT!
NOW YOU'RE PUSHIN' IT! I'M OUTTA HERE!

BILL GRIFFITH

FICTION

SCULPTURE 1

BY ANGELA PATRINOS

AT the beginning of September, I went to the Artemis Academy of Figurative Art looking for work. There I was told a female model was needed for Sculpture 1. The pay wasn't as much as I had hoped, but I filled out the form with my name, Martha Gilmeister, my Social Security number, and the rest of it. This was a year ago; I was twenty-two. I'd been in New York City for nine months. The week before, I'd been working as a go-go dancer but not naked—not even partially. I felt I'd be O.K., though, as a nude model because I was used to standing on platforms and being looked at.

And so, on Monday morning, on the third floor of the Academy, I walked from the dressing room toward the sculpture studio wearing a new but cheap navy-blue robe, unprepared for the fear that was rising inside me. Garbage pails full of wet gray clay stood outside the studio door. Inside, bricks of fresh clay wrapped in plastic lay in opened cardboard boxes. The floor was chalky with dried clay. Metal and wood sculpture stands were being wheeled around by students, many of whom were my age, but the fact that they were in school made them seem younger to me. On top of the stands, nailed to boards, were wire armatures, three feet tall, ready to be bent into pose.

I sat on a stool and faced a wall of windows, which faced some windows of another building across the way, where a couple of people moved about in an office. Leaning against a windowsill next to his armature and stand was an Indian man in his middle forties. He had a container of coffee in one hand and a half-eaten Danish in the other. I'd seen him that very morning, walking from the subway, his head bent under a broken-jointed umbrella, the material flapping as he walked. He wore purple-and-black running shoes with shards of neon-green reflectors on the heels. It was the reflectors that reminded me I'd seen him earlier—it had surprised me how they shone even on this gray, wet day. He was wearing a maroon sweater over an oxford shirt, and had a high, compact belly.

The instructor came in and began yanking open the skinny locker doors that lined one wall. "It's not here," he said. "Nothing's ever where it's supposed to be, because the right hand of this school is the left's biggest mystery." Creases ran from his nose to the corners of his mouth; his brow was knotted but no laugh lines marked the skin around his eyes. He told me his name, Dewey Boxwell, and I laughed, mostly from nerves. No one else laughed: they knew his name and knew that he was an established sculptor.

Boxwell found what he was looking for in the last locker, a human skeleton, and hooked it onto a stand. The skeleton was so small that I thought it had been removed from a museum exhibit on evolution. Boxwell told me to get up on the platform, which was in the center of the room. The platform was two and a half feet high and had an outsized lazy Susan in the middle, so the model could be rotated periodically. I knew I would get a break every twenty minutes, but what did twenty minutes feel like? I didn't know.

As I untied my robe, the young students turned to their armatures and Boxwell blew his nose. But the Indian watched. The robe slipped out of my hands and I lowered myself to pick it up, bending at the knees so as not to stick out my behind. My nipples brushed my thighs, one knee made a clicking noise. I thought of home—Milwaukee! Lawn Avenue! My heart ticked rapidly. The robe was retrieved, and I stepped onto the platform. Single lines of sweat ran from my armpits down my thick torso.

AS a teen-ager I'd worn a bracelet popular with the girls at Pershing High: a thin gold chain studded with diamond chips. The first morning after I got one, I put it on and felt dainty but by the last class of the day the smallness of it made me feel looming and slablike, and the recollection of the way my voice had sounded begging my parents to buy it pained me. I gave it away to a girl who thought I was doing it to be her friend.

I moved through the school hallways supporting my books on wide hips; my straight dark hair was pulled back in a ponytail, which I used hair spray on. I had a thin nose and a thin mouth set into a heavy, fleshy face. There were small scars under my eyebrows: during my second sophomore year (I'd flunked the first), I'd used a depilatory instead of tweezers and blistered the area so badly that it looked as though I'd whacked myself with a hot curling iron.

After I was finally permitted to graduate, I got a full-time job at the Milwaukee County Zoo, where I sat in a booth giving parking passes to hands sticking out of car windows. For four years, I worked at the zoo and lived at home. Sometimes, when I was in the primate house on my lunch break, the gorilla would lift a black hairy arm and pound with his fist on the thick Plexiglas in weighted slow-motion. Then he'd pause, rest his human fist on the concrete floor, and decide if the glass needed pounding once more. Do it again, I thought.

One summer evening, a party was held near the flamingo pond. I sold a parking pass to one of the guests. He had a New York license plate. On his way out, sitting behind the wheel of his car with his tie untied, he asked if he could call me. He said he'd be in town a few more days. Enough times I'd sat in the easy chair in front of the TV, saying to the girl on the screen, "Don't do it! Don't do it!"—knowing that she would and savoring the mistakes she was about to make.

This man, Ray, smiled both times he saw me in my ill-fitting bra, with the back riding up. Two weeks later, I moved to New York. Ray hadn't encouraged me—he didn't know I was there until after I had moved. My parents were surprised but probably relieved; there were houses in my neighborhood where thirty-five-year-old "kids" still lived with their mothers and fathers.

Ray and I went out a few times, but then he became too busy to see me. That was O.K. There wasn't room in the city for what had begun in another place. At first the speed of the subways scared me, and for a week I walked and walked, stopping to rest in the nearest park, drinking a soda or a can of beer from a paper bag. I found a two-room apartment in Alphabet City, which I shared with a girl who was a student at N.Y.U., and I looked for a job. I failed as a temp, was fired as a waitress, and then got the idea to try go-go dancing because Ray had once taken me to a place in Chelsea that had dancers. My roommate thought it would be a cool job.

For three months, at nine o'clock in the evening, I folded my net stockings, hot pants, and halter top neatly into a knapsack, put my lace-up boots in a shopping bag, and walked to the subway, token in hand so I wouldn't have to struggle to get it out of my tight jeans pocket. Each night the bouncer would look at me as though he'd never seen me before and then, without expression, say, "Marty."

My hips were agile but I was not a good dancer. Sometimes I would just stop moving and look around at all the activity in the place. I became aware that I was making less in tips than the other girls, so one night I stood in front of the clock on the microwave in my apartment until nine o'clock came and went, and again I was out of a job.

THAT first day at the Academy it took only ten minutes for my curiosity to eclipse my fear. When that wore out, an interesting boredom took over, and when the boredom became ordinary I rested my eyes on the man from India. I felt it was lucky that there was such an ugly face to look at. Because of this, I liked him more than I had at first.

His cheeks were brown, with yellow highlights and an underlying blush. Near his eyes and nose, the skin was darker and ashy. His hairline receded almost to the top of his head; the hair in back was shiny and black and trimmed neatly down to his neck, where there was a roll of skin the width of a finger. His upper teeth pushed out too far over the lower, and this appeared to make it difficult for him to put his lips together.

He stood a couple of inches away from his armature while he worked, pinching off pieces of clay from the lump on his stand and pushing them into the wire. "Get into the habit right now of standing back so you can see what the hell you're doing," Boxwell told him. The Indian took three steps back and knocked into the skeleton, which clacked against its stand.

During the one-hour lunch break, I rested on a torn vinyl couch in the hall, near a pay phone and the elevator. I wished I had a magazine. The elevator was broken and from behind the closed doors I could hear the clanking of attempted repairs. Just before the afternoon session was to begin, the Indian man came up to me and held out a brown paper bag heavy with food smells.

"I could not eat it all," he said.

"No, thanks," I said.

"Take it," he said.

"No, thank you," I said.

He stood there looking at me with his sea-horsy face.

"I'm not hungry," I said.

He put the bag next to me on the couch and walked into the studio. I waited and then set the bag down inside a trash can and placed an old newspaper over it. I paused—I'd been taught not to waste. I reached back into the trash can for the bag. One of the other models, who'd been passing, stopped and looked at me.

"Did that Indian guy just try to give you his leftovers?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah," I said. "I mean, I guess."

"He tried to give me some the other day. I threw it out. Just wait—he'll ask you out for coffee next."

The sun came out in the afternoon and by four o'clock it was glaring off the windows of the building across the way. At four-thirty, class was over and I put my robe on and left the studio. The passage of the day felt miraculous—miraculous, I mean, in the true sense. In the bathroom, I changed into my jeans and shirt and noticed that my hands were shaking. I had the feeling that my childhood had suddenly and disproportionately grown farther away, yet this new distance between it and me made me more of a child instead of less. Hours of nakedness had done that.

When I got home, I found the bag of food in my knapsack. It turned out the food wasn't leftovers—it was a full and untouched container of rice, vegetables, and chicken. Heated up, it was good.

BY the beginning of my third week at the Academy, the job had become pedestrian: students needed to see the human figure and I was, for now, that figure. I urged the hours along by taking note of the forming sculptures around the room. The young students seemed to know what they were doing, but the Indian man—whom I had begun to refer to in my mind as Gandhi—clearly did not.

"Proportions," Boxwell told Gandhi one Monday, "aren't your only problem. Your forms look flat and dried out. Only cadavers are flat and dried out." He exhaled loudly, preparing for the chore of instruction. "Crouch down below the platform," he said, "so you can view the model from an oblique angle. So you can see how dynamic the form is."

Gandhi approached the platform. "Do not worry," he said to me, moving closer and then stooping below me.

I myself had observed from such an angle the dynamic forms passing to and from Lake Michigan as I lay on the beach back home: testicles like fetal pigs squeezed into nylon, and monumental female behinds. Now I looked down past the swells and knobs of my body at Gandhi. The smell of my sweat mixed with the scent of my anti-perspirant. I prayed that he could not make out the details of my genitalia, but if he could I hoped the sight would in some way hurt him, like a jellyfish dragging along someone's unlucky face.

The brown of his pupils seemed to bleed into the whites, which weren't really white but a yellow-pink. There was a tiny black mole on his right lower eyelid.

HE was standing on Eighth Avenue, near the steps of the Academy. "I'm sorry for saying to you 'Don't worry' in the class," he said. "I did not want to draw attention, but you seemed tense. You are brave. I don't think I could do it—stand there—and my point is, for this I admire you."

I rolled my eyes. "A lot of people do this," I said.

"Yes, but they are stupid people. I am Fazal Abdul Malik. Would you like to get a coffee?"

I was embarrassed for myself. I hadn't realized how much I longed for company.

"I AM not artist," he told me as we sat at the counter of Nick's Coffee Shop, "but ever since I went to Italy I want to try and make sculptures. I will try to make a good one of you, don't worry."

I said I didn't care if he made a good one or not. He dismissed this with a wave of his hand.

"The Academy must have been hard to get into," I said.

"The school takes anyone who does not need scholarship," he said. "They have money troubles. Everyone knows this."

I didn't know this. "It doesn't embarrass you?" I asked.

"I am there to make sculpture. The problem with school is not my problem. Are you married?"

I laughed. No one had asked me this before. "Yeah, right," I said, and to make sure he didn't misunderstand me, I shook my head.

"I have a wife in Pakistan," he said.

"Here I was thinking you were from India," I told him. "I was thinking of you as Gandhi."

"Gandhi! I am glad to not be!" He let out a high-pitched laugh, and I felt people turn to look at us.

"What's your wife like?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"You don't know?"

"My point is, I know, but what to say? I'm afraid of her. I think she will shoot me when she sees me. I think she has already killed me five times." He laughed.

I didn't know what he meant so I just smiled. Then he asked, "You know the Michelangelo 'David'?"

"I've seen postcards," I said. And what else, I thought. "And those little plaster imitations or whatever."

"It is not the same. This is very beautiful sculpture. Are you student?"

"No."

"What university did you come from, then?"

"I didn't go to college."

I was too close to my failures to boast about my past, but I could not stop myself from adding, "I hardly made it through high school. I even flunked a grade. Tenth." In case he didn't know what "flunked" meant, I said, "They made me do it over again."

He frowned and sipped his coffee, one pinkie lifted. I looked around at the other people in the place, wondering how this conversation was going to end. Then he said, "I have fat belly, but my legs they are skinny. Also, I have short neck. Have you noticed these things?"

"I guess," I said.

"Do you like?"

I thought I was misunderstanding him. "Do I *like*?"

"Do you"—he made an emphatic sweeping gesture along his body—"*like*?"

He took a photograph out of his wallet. It was of him without a shirt. His belly was a milky ash-brown. He was standing next to a woman.

"My wife is pregnant here, but see—she does not look it. What I tell people when I show them this picture is, 'Guess which one is pregnant.' " He feigned seriousness and then laughed.

The woman in the photo had short black hair and chipped teeth. She had a hard, unforgiving face that didn't match her soft body. He put the photo away and looked at me. He pointed to the mole on his right lower eyelid.

"My mother had one also, but she used to draw over it with kohl. Now my daughter has one. Do you have children?"

I said I had none.

"Not anywhere?"

"Not that I know of."

"Ah, I was thinking"—he pressed his fingertips to his forehead—"I was thinking somewhere in my head that you were like a man—for just a small moment I was thinking that maybe you could have children you don't know about." He shook his head. "Sometimes I don't think right. But it's not because I see you as man. How could I? There you stand at the school."

By this point, I'd stopped listening to him. I was thinking how strange it was that he should show me a picture of himself without a shirt. Maybe he felt it was fair, because he'd seen me naked. But it wasn't as though I'd chosen what he had seen, and this made me want to make a selection, have a choice. It would have to be something personal—something I could tell him. I could tell him about Ray but that didn't seem very personal. I could tell him about the go-go bar and how I'd gotten less in tips than the other dancers, but that still kind of bothered me.

"Sometimes I don't remember if I dreamed something or if it really happened," I said. I'd heard a woman tell this to a man on the subway the other day.

"This never happens to me," he answered. "Sometimes they are very, very good and so it's impossible to take for real. Or they are very bad and so, same story. When you are awake, things are more . . . *even*."

Yes, I wanted to say, you're right, but I'd noticed that at the word "even" he had glanced at my chest, which is large and a bit lopsided. I told myself he already knew what I looked like, so what harm was a glance at my breasts, now that they were covered. I wanted to leave. I dug into my knapsack for money to pay for my coffee.

He reached over and pulled my hand out. A dollar bill drifted to the floor. "Do not offend me," he said, "by taking out this money."

On the train I could still feel the pressure on my wrist from his grasp.

BY October, I was modelling at the Academy four days a week, not just for Sculpture 1 but also for painting, life drawing, and something called écorché. In sculpture class, I noticed that Boxwell continually had words for Fazal that were more nasty than constructive. Sometimes I was grateful for the meanness because it distracted me from the numbness and the pain in my legs, which was nearly unbearable at times. I saw the frustration and anger in Fazal's face when Boxwell spoke to him. Then I noticed the slight smiles some of the other students comforted themselves with, and I felt blood flow back into my fatigued, dense flesh.

Since the conversation we'd had over coffee, he and I had not spoken, but one Friday, at quarter to five, he was standing outside again. His posture was tight, and he shifted back and forth. When he saw me acknowledge him, he smiled as if we were dear friends, which annoyed me. But in his smile was eagerness, awe, and relief. The eagerness and awe were so real that they made me uncomfortable, and although the relief was somehow fake, this was what made me walk with him to a bar on Hudson Street.

Sitting at the bar, Fazal was quiet. I didn't want to talk about his failures at the Academy, so I came up with something I thought was safe. "Talk in your language," I said.

For a moment he was silent. Then words came and it seemed they could not stop. This isn't a real language, I thought, though I knew it was. What if my life depended on learning it? I could feel panic: I'd never be able to learn, even to save my life! As he continued, I started to pick up similar sounds and the pauses they were joined to, and thought maybe I would be able to save myself. I was so lost in this make-believe test that I didn't notice at first that tears were forming in his eyes. They spilled onto his cheeks and tracked along the sides of his nose and finally curved into his upper lip.

Since moving to New York, I had seen many things: a man defecating in the park, a woman with bright-red lipstick and no teeth, a crouching boy using the reflection in a hubcap to find a vein in his neck for a needle. But the sight of this man crying stung me. I stared at his shining face. I must have sensed that he was not asking for comfort and that to give it would be, in spite of his suffering, unnecessary. Or superfluous—I don't know. I didn't comfort him, though.

Fazal removed the damp napkin from under his glass of beer and blotted his eyes and wiped his mouth with it. He told me that he spent all his time at the Academy—sometimes he even stayed overnight—and no one there had asked about his language before. The only time he spoke Punjabi was with a shop owner from whom he bought special groceries a few times a month. This man was from India. But even if they had been from the same place Fazal would not have been friends with him. "You can tell if they are of the like mind," he said, "or if they are only taxi-driver."

He turned and looked me in the face. "And now you want to hear it but you do not know what I say. Martha, often I am thinking of you. Do you know why?"

With dread I thought, He's going to tell me he's in love with me. In my mind I heard myself telling somebody, "This old Pakistani guy, he thinks he's in love with me."

But he said, "You are the only naked woman in my life."

I said that the lives of students at the Academy were filled with naked women.

"Yes, but they are only picky nudes," he said, "and they act stuck up."

When I got home that night I said to my roommate, "This Indian guy, he thinks he's in love with me."

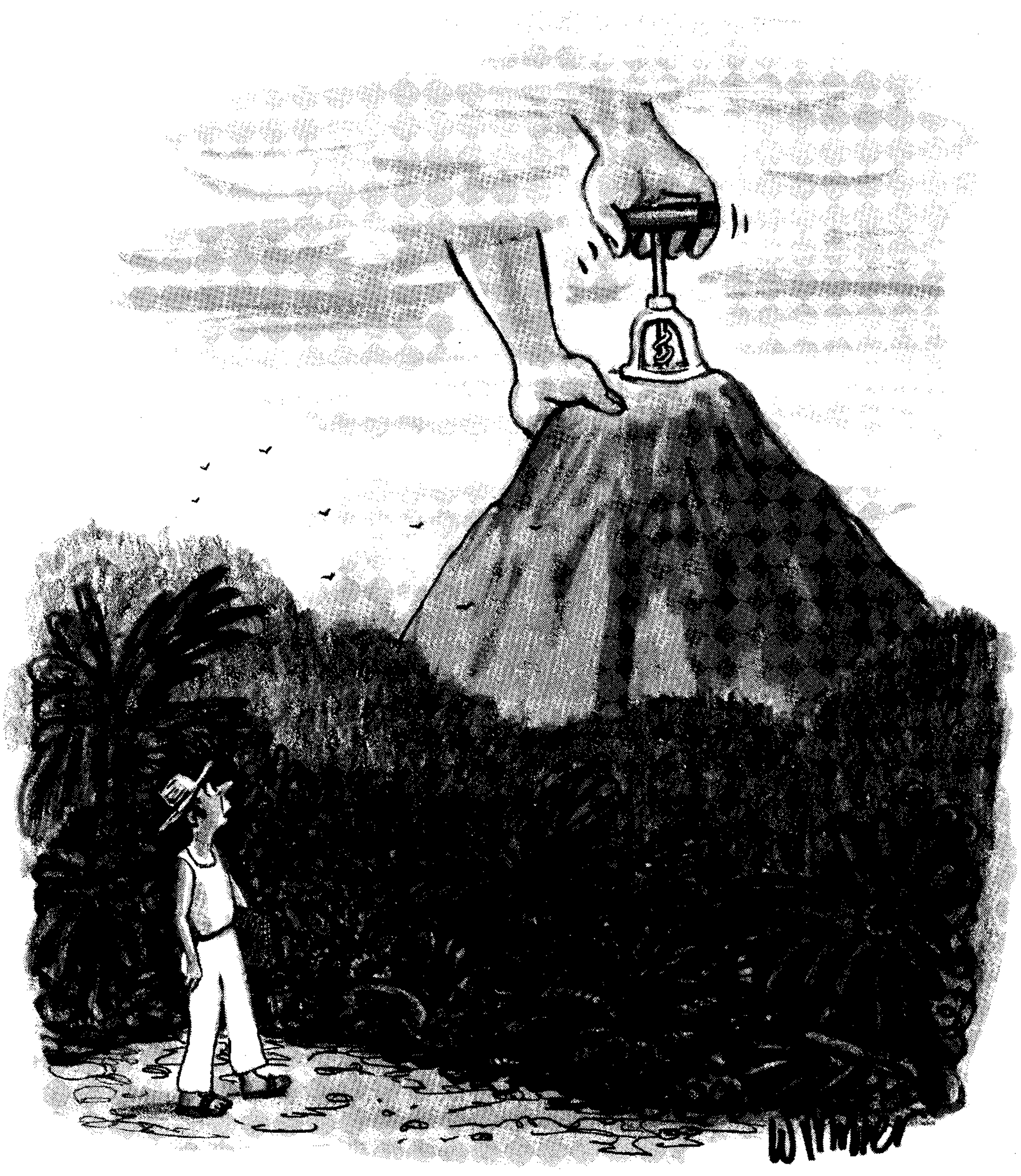
Of course I didn't believe it—that is, he hadn't said this, he hadn't even meant it. He had meant what he said.

THE next Monday, Boxwell told Fazal that the head on his sculpture was too big and the hands and feet looked like stiff little flippers. "And those legs," he continued. "I don't know what they are, but they're not"—he jabbed at the clay—"*legs*."

Boxwell walked away and Fazal pulled a large strip of clay off his sculpture and mashed it into the lump on the stand.

He was waiting for me outside at the end of the day. "I take 9 train," he said.

He lived at a hostel on Amsterdam Avenue. A printed fabric smelling of sausage covered the single bed, which served also as a couch. At a dresser, Fazal stood and unscrewed the lid of a tiny bottle and dabbed some scented oil



on his neck. Above the dresser was a large poster of Michelangelo's "David."

To stall for time I asked how he met his wife.

"Why do you want to hear?" he said.

"Just because."

He sighed. "My sister said, when I was thirty-seven, 'I know someone for you to marry.' My sister had a friend who had a sister. One day, my sister, the woman, and I went walking. Sometimes my sister left me and this woman alone. And then, later, I went alone with my sister. 'Do you like each other?' she asked me. 'Yes,' I said, 'is O.K.' She was already thirty when we met and so it was past time for her to marry. But we both inside were thinking we could have done better. It is hard to get rid of that thought."

He looked at the poster for a moment and then continued. "Martha, it is bad to always expect pain, but pleasure it is good to be prepared for, right?" He removed a condom from the top drawer and turned to me. "It will be nice for you," he said. "First I will use my tongue."

He swooped down on me and pressed his lips on mine while reaching for the zipper on my jeans. My underwear was damp, which made no sense, because I wasn't attracted to him in that way. Maybe it was my body's way of telling me that it had stood around naked long enough without being touched. I grabbed Fazal's hands with my own and pressed his fingers together as hard as I could, squeezing them into clumps. When I let go, his knuckles were white. He sank into the couch as if I'd given him an injection.

"Forgive me for being too quick," he said. "It is just that I feel things must happen now if they are to happen at all."

That was the feeling I'd had in Milwaukee—the one that made me leave town. "I understand," I said.

"I understand," though, was the wrong thing to say. He tried to kiss me again and I had to put my hand over his face and push it away. I could feel his reaching tongue on my palm. "I'm going to leave," I threatened.

"Martha, don't leave. What else do you want to know? I will tell you anything."

I remembered that he had a daughter, so I asked about her.

"The last time I saw her was one year ago, at my mother's funeral. She kept running from me when I wanted to hold her. It is good for young girls to be afraid of strangers, so I should be happy for this, right?"

I said nothing.

"O.K., enough," he said. "Tell me what you think about the Michelangelo. For me, it is my favorite work of art."

I looked at the poster. "I don't like how its head doesn't match the body," I said. "It looks weird. Personally, I would have made the statue life-size. So people could relate to it more." I just added that—I hadn't considered it at all.

Abruptly, Fazal stood and turned his back to me. "If it were life-size," he said, "there would be no genius." He didn't even glance at me. It was hard to believe that minutes ago he'd wanted to have sex. Well, this is the end of this, I thought.

THE following afternoon, Fazal tore the head off his sculpture and then removed a leg.

Boxwell, who was standing right there, said, "What are you doing?"

"I am starting again."

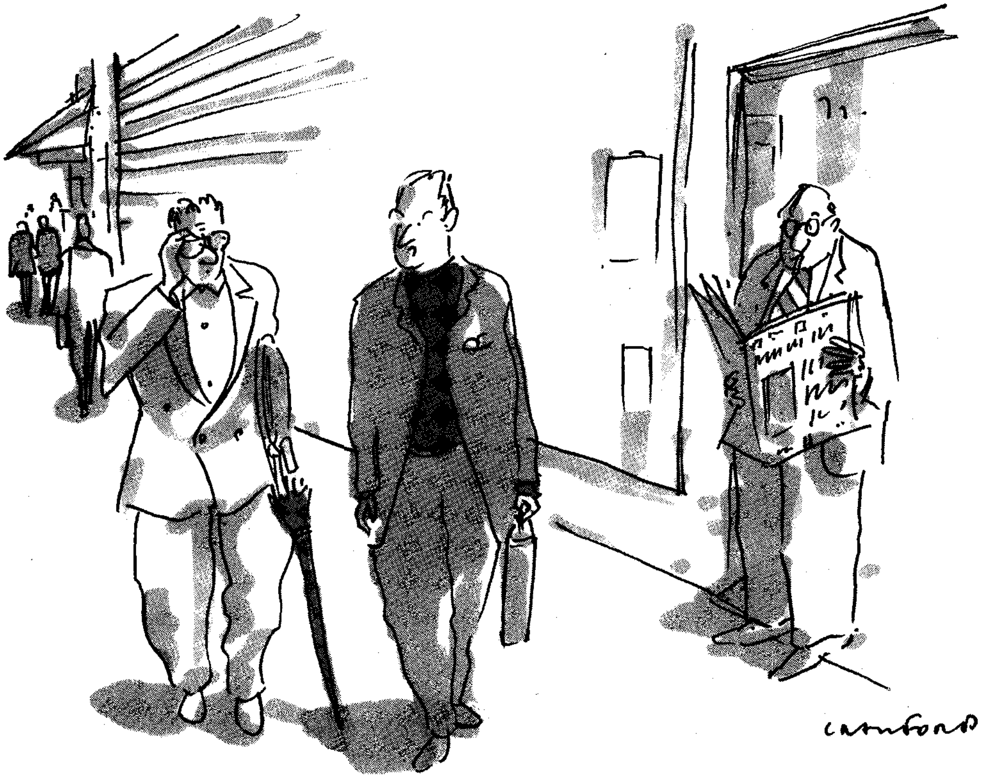
"It's too late for that. Put what you've taken off back on and do what you can with it."

Fazal did as he was told. It looked like a car accident. Then he left the studio.

After his exit, the dean of the Academy ushered in a group of men in dark, double-breasted suits and shiny shoes, and women with flat-link gold necklaces. There was to be a cocktail party for potential benefactors that evening at the school; the catering company had been setting up in the lobby that morning. I'd had no idea, though, that these people would be brought into the studio while I was on the platform.

When Boxwell noticed the group, he stepped in front of Fazal's sculpture and threw a large sheet of clay-splattered plastic over it. But the people were not really looking at Fazal's sculpture or at anyone's sculpture. They weren't looking at Boxwell or at the students. They were trying to look at these things until finally they gave in and looked at me.

Fazal returned and pushed past the group. He stood next to the skeleton and spoke. "It is inappropriate for these strangers to come in while the model is posing.



"As I told Amy, I'm straight as the Kansas interstate. I just want to wear dresses for a while."

There is nothing decent about this school. The instructor is hiding my sculpture while I am in toilet." He walked over to his sculpture, took the plastic off, and began to work, pinching and pushing the clay, his face inches away from it.

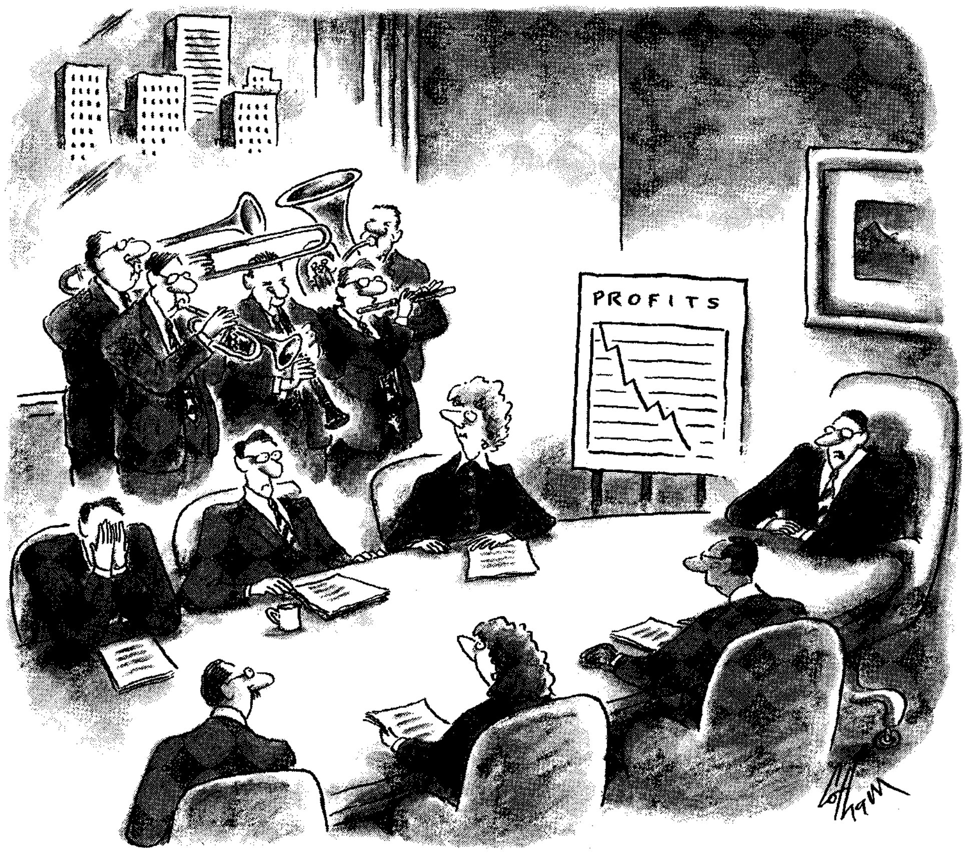
The dean ushered the group out with Boxwell following. "We have a few students who don't belong here," Boxwell was saying. It was not time for my break but I stepped off the platform and put my robe on.

"Go back up," Fazal told me. "The class is almost over for today and I have work."

"That's not her problem, man," one of the students said.

I took my robe off and went back up.

Again, he was waiting for me outside. Tiny flakes of snow, visible only against dark buildings, fell. "I have been awake since yesterday," he told me. "Will you come to my room?" His hands were pressed together.



"I thought it would be appropriate to have a band playing as we went down."

MY roommate subscribed to a number of thin, dull magazines, which I rarely looked at. But one evening I picked one up and turned to the ads in the back. "Teach English in Tashkent, Uzbekistan, No Experience Necessary," one said. I showed it to my roommate, laughing. She didn't know why I thought it was so funny. Neither did I—something about teaching a whole language and not needing to know how to do it. I sent for the information, and a couple of weeks later some pamphlets and an application form arrived. This was after Fazal had returned to Pakistan and I knew I was going to lose my job at the Academy. There were rumors that the school might close down.

Tashkent is the capital of Uzbekistan, a country in Central Asia in what used to be the Soviet Union. I had to come here to be able to say that. That is, know it by heart. It's a lethargic city made up of ugly modern buildings. But the buildings are not tall—there is plenty of open, dusty space for the sun to spill onto. A few mosques remain. I walked by one of them yesterday in the afternoon, and inside, where it was cool and dark, four mullahs were playing Ping-Pong.

You can't get a beer. The non-Americans I've met are infatuated with American English. Twice I've been told that I resemble Julia Roberts, and I have to remind myself that this comment isn't coming from stupid people. After all, every Pakistani I've met reminds me of Fazal, simply because of the accent.

Below Uzbekistan is Afghanistan and below that is Pakistan. I should say "south," but I do think of Pakistan as being under where I am, and I think of Fazal looking up at me from that oblique angle. I look down at his receding hairline.

I WENT with him on that day when he asked—it was the last time I saw him. We didn't sit down when we got to his room. He only wanted to change his clothes, he said, and then he'd take me out to dinner. It was early, only five-thirty. I knew we wouldn't make it to dinner.

"I am sorry," he said, "for reacting the way I did to your opinion about"—he flicked his hand over his shoulder toward the Michelangelo poster behind him. "I know you are only ignorant about the art. Last night I sat here looking at"—again, the gesture. "Maybe you were right, maybe it was cruel to make him so big. He is nothing but joke now. Oh, Martha, I have dread to go back home. I have failed. But I would like you to talk to me. Tell me something—I am begging you."

"Don't beg me," I said.

"I am not attractive when I beg? O.K., I will stop. Otherwise you will not lie down on the bed with me, right?"

He removed the cushions from the couch and we lay down. Almost immediately he began to snore; I remembered he hadn't slept in two days. I was hurt. I was relieved. I wasn't tired, though, and so I got up and quietly let myself out. ♦

American bidders in the silent auction (to win a chess match with Anatoly Karpov) should include Lee Radziwill, Ivana Trump (yes, the wedding's off, as we told you three weeks ago) and Polly Mellon.—*The Post.*

Is there a point spread?

A CRITIC AT LARGE

TWILIGHT OF THE GODDESS

What's the difference between a man's mind and his body? Nothing, Ayn Rand concluded. And that is how the great Objectivist philosopher succumbed to an obsessive romanticism.

BY CLAUDIA ROTH PIERPONT

"THIS relationship is sexual or it's nothing," Ayn Rand warned her leading disciple in 1955, when their affair and his qualms were new. In his recollection of the scene, her words betrayed neither jealousy nor fear nor any of the other weaknesses suggested by a woman's setting such an ultimatum, although Rand was fifty years old and her most ardent reader only twenty-five. But then few American novelists since Mrs. Stowe have had the force or the desire to turn readers into disciples, to shape political or religious or moral convictions. By the respectable terms of the modern literary profession, novelists do not preach. And, in fact, there has probably not been a less respectable novelist among the irrefutably enduring writers of our time than Ayn Rand: philosopher-queen of the best-seller lists in the nineteen-forties and fifties, cult phenomenon and nationally declared threat to public morality in the sixties, guru to the Libertarians and to White House economic policy in the seventies, and a continuing exemplar of Wilde's tragic observation that more than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read.

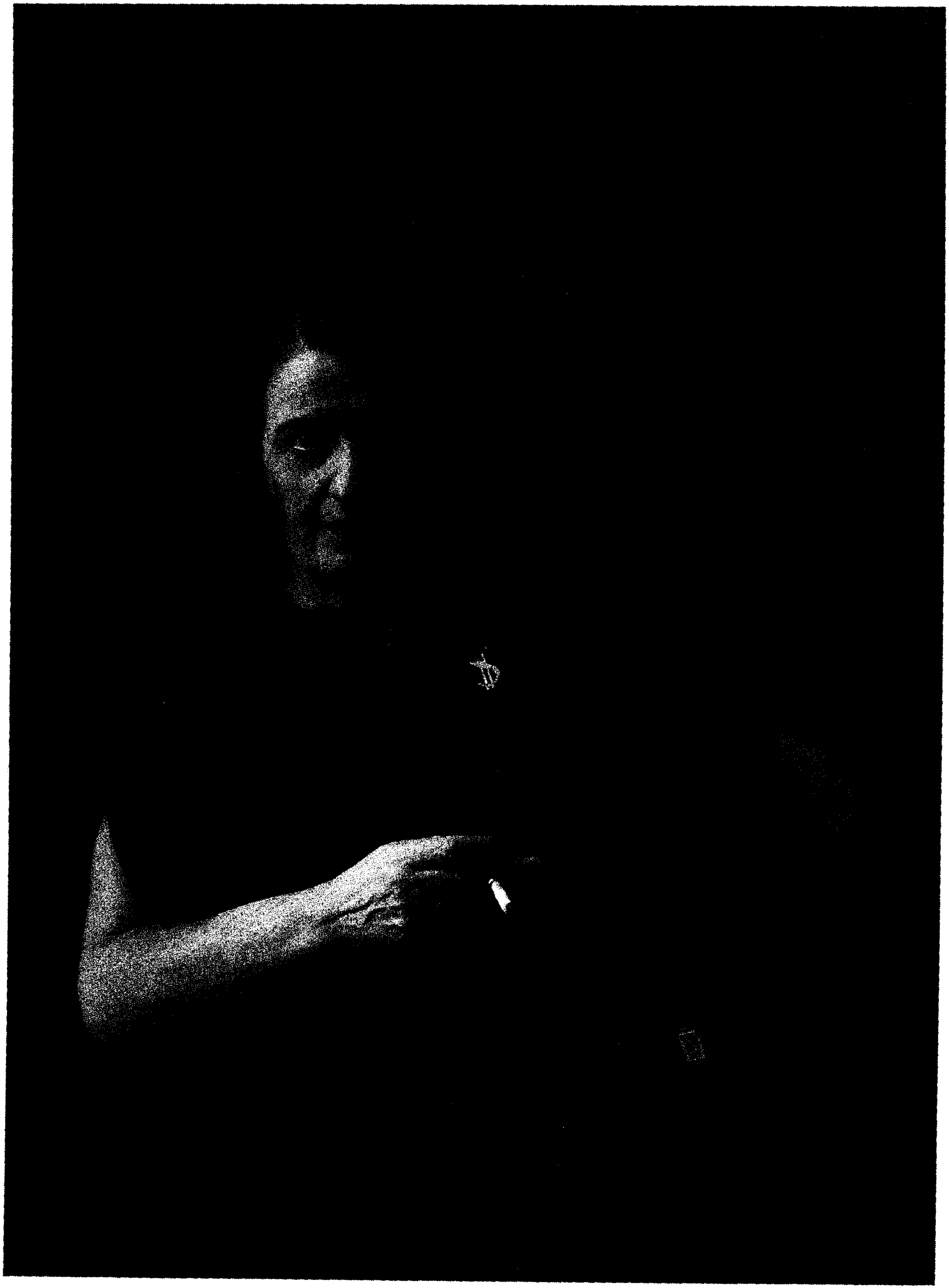
Thirteen years after Rand's death, her books still sell more than three hundred thousand copies a year; "The Fountainhead," her slow-building blockbuster of 1943, was made an honorary Book-of-the-Month Club selection to mark half a century of unabating demand. But the size of her ever-renewing audience is only a part of the story. At a "Fountainhead" anniversary banquet held by the Ayn Rand Institute, nearly two hundred people paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars each to listen to excerpts from Rand's private letters, and to watch one another bid more than five thousand dollars for her blue-green metal ashtray with matching lighter and twenty-five thousand dollars for the manuscript of her last speech, for which Rand herself had been paid in gold. Throughout the festivities, responsibly conservative business executives, teachers, secretaries, lawyers, and a scattering of college students who'd been barely old enough to read at the time of Rand's death discussed the principles of heroic individualism by which she had taught them all to live.

"It is true that fiction is a much more powerful weapon to sell ideas than non-fiction," Rand noted in 1944, in one of the many pronouncements on her art now available to all in the engagingly hale and generous, if none too private, "Letters of Ayn Rand" (Dutton; $34.95). Edited by Michael S. Berliner, the executive director of the Ayn Rand Institute, the selection generally keeps to the official portrait of an indomitably spirited ideologue: in this six-hundred-and-sixty-eight-page record, there is no trace of intellectual doubt or growth, or, for that matter, of the infamous love affair that tore apart the Objectivist movement, which had for years officially represented her philosophy. Yet, even within the largely impersonal confines of these "Letters," a boundlessly brave and yearning and foolish woman manages to peer through, often with the claim that she is altogether a triumphantly rational being—nothing more or less than the sum of her ideas.

It is with pride that Rand identifies herself, in a letter of 1944, as "the chief living writer of propaganda fiction." Her entire body of work—four novels, assorted plays and screenplays, hundreds of essays and articles—is a declaration of principles about men and women and money and the life worth living. And her life, together with the lives of her disciples, was meant to be the indisputable proof. The threat that she hurled at her lover that day in 1955 drew its assurance from a point of her essential doctrine: "If we are not a man and woman to each other, in the full sense—if we are merely disembodied minds—our philosophy is meaningless."

At the time, Rand was mired in a twelve-year struggle to complete her last novel, "Atlas Shrugged," a manifesto of her "strictly American" philosophy of "rational selfishness" which would grow well beyond a thousand pages. Rand entertained the vast ambitions of a late-Victorian novelist, or a Russian one: when she was just beginning "Atlas Shrugged," she promised a reporter that her new book would combine "metaphysics, morality, economics, politics, and sex." She meant to prove that absolute rules of behavior could be derived from objective reality; that there was no conflict between ethics, practical ambition, and having a fabulous time. All this omniscience and optimism she hammered into a sprawling triple-decker romance that was by turns melodramatic and speechifying, titillating and edifying—a best-seller in a tradition so nearly extinct that it seemed new. Not since the popular novels of almost a century before, bent on refutations of Darwin or God, and offering what George Eliot called "a complete theory of life and manual of divinity, in a love story," had there appeared so vividly accessible and reassuring a guide for the cosmically perplexed. As late as 1991, the Library of Congress found that a majority of Americans surveyed named "Atlas Shrugged" as the book that had most influenced their lives, after the Bible.

Late in her life, Rand maintained that the impetus behind her long toil was allegiance not to a reforming politics or a moral abstraction but to a strictly private and sensual vision. "The motive and purpose of my writing is *the projection of an ideal man*" is how she began a 1963 essay called "The Goal of



The Camille Paglia of the early sixties: Rand, wearing her signature pin, in 1964. Photograph by Arnold Newman.

My Writing." All the rest had followed from the need to provide a world in which this ideal could draw breath. "My purpose, first cause and prime mover is the portrayal of Howard Roark or John Galt or Hank Rearden or Francisco d'Anconia *as an end in himself*," she went on, listing the major heroes of her fiction—all giants of *Homo erectus* for whom only a vacated heaven could clear sufficient height and an unrestrained capitalism offer sufficient expanse for their gifts of conquering and possession. There is a profound unity of intent behind Rand's stupendous fantasies about an absent God, the false ideals of Communism, and the beauty of naked men.

THE most driven of American literary anti-Communists was born in St. Petersburg in 1905. Her name then was Alisa Rosenbaum. The eldest of three sisters, she was small and dark, with enormous eyes and a tendency to stockiness; she was more intelligent and far more serious than anyone she knew. Her father, Fronz, was a Western-leaning political thinker—a pharmacist, whose profession had been determined by the quotas set for Jews at the city's university. Alisa was present in her father's shop the day Bolshevik soldiers broke in and affixed a red seal to the door, declaring his life's work the property of the Soviet people. Decades later, she recalled his look of "helpless, murderous frustration and indignation." She was already dedicated to being a writer, and had been pouring out stories since the age of nine. Now she had a subject.

She began to make lists of themes for future use, and to keep a diary of her ideas. "Today, I decided to be an atheist," she wrote at thirteen—a consciously feminine transfer of loyalty from an upper-case to a lower-case god. "I had decided that the concept of God is degrading to men," she explained years afterward. Already, she was working out a kind of remedial atheism that would do away with the insupportable pain of cosmic loneliness—at least, for women and imperfect men—by allowing the lesser mortals someone to worship.

This eagerly avowed hero worship—she would one day contrast it proudly with Communism's "zero worship"—was based not on any man she had ever seen but on the books she had read. In her passion for Hugo's Jean Valjean and, especially, Nietzsche's Zarathustra, Alisa Rosenbaum was a true child of the last imperial decades, when a cult of the *Übermensch* overtook Russian thinking and spread in an epidemic of bastardized and novelized Nietzsche, sporting a contingent of heroes generically arrogant and oversexed and vaingloriously free. Ayn Rand's lifelong theme of the well-muscled individual versus the lumpen masses was, at the start, merely a continuation of a cultural opposition set out decades before, with the failed liberal ambitions of the Russian mid-century. It was with the Revolution that this romantic persuasion became a political necessity.

After the confiscation of the Rosenbaum shop, the family spent three years in the Ukraine, waiting for the Revolution to fail. In Odessa, they fought off bouts of starvation and scurvy. Meanwhile, Alisa attended high school and studied American history. ("I thought: '*This* is the kind of government I approve of.' ") In 1921, Fronz decided to take his family home, despite his wife's pleas that they follow the White exodus from Russia. Before leaving for Petrograd, Alisa burned her diaries and theme books, lest they fall into enemy hands.

She was sixteen years old when the family returned, and she fell in love for the first time with a real person, precisely because "he didn't look real," as she put it: "He was so perfectly good-looking." An engineering student named Leo, he was tall and angular and aristocratic; she first saw him at a party and couldn't stop staring. The next time they met, he walked her home, and by the time they arrived she was "madly and desperately in love." He dated her for only a short time, and when he stopped, "that was the most prolonged period of pain in my life," she recalled many years later. And there was no consolation. She was not "social" (to her mother's despair) and disliked those who were (her mother above all). She was like Leo, in fact—incapable of the ordinary, exquisitely alone, marked for a special destiny—except that none of this showed in the way she looked.

That fall, she enrolled as a history major at the University of Petrograd. She took the required courses in dialectical materialism but received her meaningful education at the movies. Foreign movies, Hollywood movies: if Marxism was the new state religion, movies were the new opium of the people, and the brightest stars on the Soviet horizon were Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks. By 1924, her senior year, Alisa Rosenbaum was going to the movies every night. For a single long shot of the New York skyline she would sit through a feature twice.

In the fall of the next year, a letter arrived for the Rosenbaums from distant relatives, the Portnoy family of Chicago. The Rosenbaums had helped to pay the Portnoys' steerage when they fled Russia in 1889, and the Portnoys' children were now in a position to return the kindness. Alisa was the only member of her family to apply for a visa; Fronz was still awaiting the imminent collapse of the Soviet state. She began to study English, and she enrolled in a film school that had opened in Petrograd, in order to learn to write for the movies in the new world that movies had taught her to see. When the visa came through, her parents gave her a farewell dinner. On that hope-filled occasion, early in 1926, one of the guests made a request that she held on to for years: "If they ask you, in America—tell them that Russia is a huge cemetery, and that we are all dying slowly." She promised she would tell them in America.

SHE missed the skyline because of the fog, and didn't know she had arrived. Awaiting admission, in February of 1926, she rejected plain English Alice for exotic Ayn—after a Finnish writer she'd never read—and stepped onto the Hudson pier, on a snowy evening, the not quite transformed Ayn Rosenbaum. In her arms she carried the battered mechanism of her full metamorphosis—a Remington Rand typewriter, from which she would, within weeks, take the rest of her name and begin to recompose her life.

Standing at last before the hard, soaring facts of the city, she resolved to write a novel with the skyscraper as its theme. In "The Fountainhead," which appeared seventeen years later, a wealthy newspaper magnate expounds on just such a sight as greeted the author that first dim evening. "I would give the greatest sunset in the world for one sight of New York's skyline," Gail Wynand declares from the deck of his magnificent yacht. "Particularly when one can't see the details. Just the shapes. The shapes and the thought that made them. The sky over

New York and the will of man made visible. What other religion do we need?"

In fact, there was nothing in Rand's vision of the modern Civitas Dei which hadn't been intended by the architects of modern capitalist theology. Still dominating the skyline in the year she arrived was the Woolworth Building, a sixty-story Gothic tower that had been presented to the world as a "cathedral of commerce" and described as a "battlement of the paradise of God" in a brochure issued shortly after its completion. For Rand, moved to a rare anatomical acknowledgment, the tallest of skyscrapers "stood out ablaze like the finger of God."

She spent just a week in heaven before she had to join her relatives in the purgatory of Chicago. The Portnoys were to remember her as a thoughtless young woman who refused to speak of Russia or her family and kept them up all night with her typing. She seems to have hardly remembered them at all. She was off again by midsummer, having completed her first story in hesitant English, about unrequited love. She had also completed four screenplays—an easier form for a foreigner to handle in the days before talkies. Most notable was one about a "skyscraper hero" who leaps from building to building by means of a parachute. She was taking it to Hollywood.

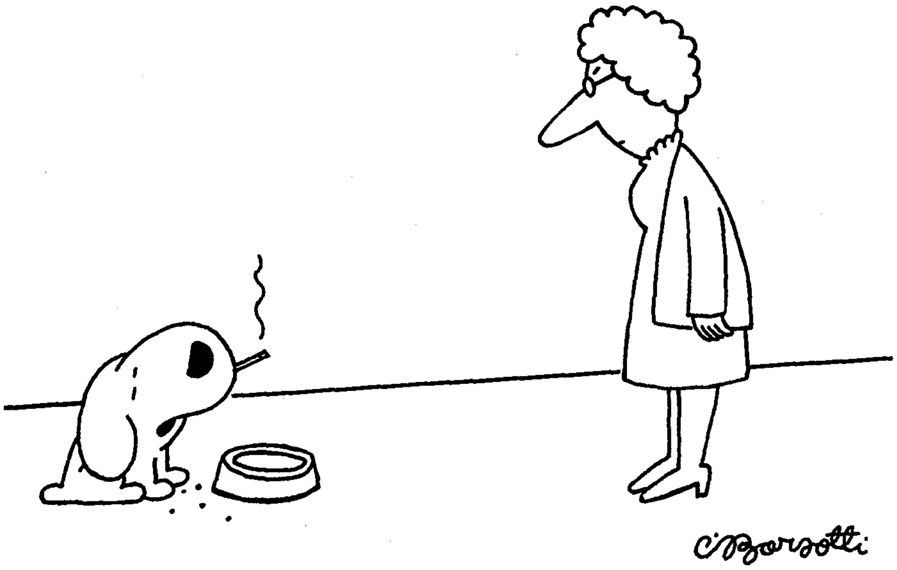
Hollywood was ready for her with a scenario of about equal credibility. On the day after she arrived, she failed to get a job in the screenwriting department of the De Mille studios but met Cecil B. himself in an open roadster by the gate. He saw her staring. She told him she had just arrived from Russia. He told her to get in, and drove her to the location of "King of Kings," up in the epic hills of a freshly painted Jerusalem. A few days later, she had a job as an extra and was making more money than ever before in her life. She took a room in the famed, girls-only Studio Club, where she must have cut an unlikely figure among the aspiring starlets, with her dark and heavy foreign clothes, her obliterating accent, her square-jawed solemnity. Although the rent of ten dollars a week included two full meals a day, she was always starving; "it took several years," she recalled, "for the constant hunger to disappear."

It was on the long streetcar ride to the set, one groggy dawn, that she looked up to see a stranger who was tall and angular and unmistakably Zarathustran: "It *was* love at first sight. . . . I have never seen a face that would fit my view of the ideal man quite as well." He got off at her stop; he had a bit part in the same film. The next time she caught a glimpse of him, he was wearing a toga and sandals laced to the knees, and he looked even better. Three days after that, she tripped him on the road to Calvary and they were introduced.

But the day after that he was gone, his part finished. Although she knew his name—Frank O'Connor—she couldn't trace him anywhere. For months, she was stricken; only work went well. De Mille had given her a chance as a junior writer, and in the summer of 1927 she ran into Frank again, in a library. Their friends would always think them a mismatched pair. Despite his looks, O'Connor was an extremely passive man, kind and unambitious and not much interested in her burning ideas. When they were married, in April of 1929, it was generally known in their circle that he was going through with it as a favor, because her visa was about to expire—and that she was madly in love.

A citizen at last, she supported her husband's occasional acting career with a job in the wardrobe department of R.K.O. Nights, she worked on becoming a real American writer, refining her grammar and studying the plot ingenuities of O. Henry. Her first sale, to Universal Pictures, was a screenplay about a beautiful woman—the part was intended for Marlene Dietrich—who comes to a Soviet prison island as a whore for the commandant, known as the Beast. ("You may find I deserve the name," he warns her. She replies, "You

"The sky over New York and the will of man made visible. What other religion do we need?" Rand with her husband on the roof of Rockefeller Center, in 1947.



"So call the smoke police."

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may find I like it.") In reality, she is the noble wife of a handsome young political prisoner and has come to help her husband escape. But the Beast falls in love with beauty and realizes that he, too, must escape, not only the island but the larger prison of the Soviet Union. Love—the intractable human need for sole possession of the beloved—has taught him the folly of Communism. The screenplay was not produced, but the money Rand was paid for it enabled her to quit the wardrobe department and devote herself to her serious writing: a novel, set in Petrograd, about a beautiful woman caught between her arrogant anti-Communist lover and a handsome Bolshevik whose desire to possess her shatters his false ideals.

"We the Living," Rand's first novel, was completed in 1933. A triumph of English as a second language, if not of English itself, it is a proficiently staged melodrama enlivened by its fervent ideological dressing and undressing. The heroine has been the mistress of both men not through wantonness but through nobility, to save the one she truly loves. Despite such clear enticements to publication, the novel received a steady series of rejections, for which the author resolutely blamed its being "too intellectual" and "concerned with *ideas*."

In late 1934, Rand and her husband set out for New York to monitor the Broadway production of "Night of January 16th," her first commercial success. It was a courtroom drama with a kick: the audience got to vote on the verdict. The play earned her the money to settle on Park Avenue and begin a new novel, and the reputation to attract a publisher for the one she had already finished. In the fall of 1935, the Macmillan Company paid two hundred and fifty dollars for the rights to "We the Living," overriding the objections of a manuscript reader, Granville Hicks, who was best known as a spokesman for New York's spectacularly literate Communist Party.

Entering the American thirties must have been for Rand like falling into a looking-glass world, in which the best and most lauded minds insisted that the Soviet cemetery she had vowed to expose was a working model of paradise, and in which all testimony to the contrary was disbelieved or despised. Edmund Wilson's 1931 condemnation of "the monstrosities of capitalism" remained a touchstone for the intellectual decade. In 1936, reviews of "We the Living" were juxtaposed, by chance, with near-loving accounts of Granville Hicks's new biography of John Reed, the Harvard boy who had travelled in the opposite direction from Rand and been buried with honors in the Kremlin wall: "a revolutionary out of the tenderness of his heart, not out of hatred," the *Times* reviewer wrote. By contrast, the paper found Rand's novel "slavishly warped to the dictates of propaganda," and her considerable narrative skills undermined by "the blind fervor with which she has dedicated herself to the annihilation of the Soviet Union." If Ayn Rand had set out to become the century's Harriet Beecher Stowe, her task was all the more daunting. She was not morally lovable, and she was on the wrong side.

"We the Living" quickly sank from sight, and in her fiction Rand never again wrote directly about the Soviet Union. This was not just a response to failure; the familiar-seeming terrors of New Deal legislation had brought her to a broader and even more desperate view of the collectivist threat. In 1937, she paused in the labor of plotting her big new novel to write a brief science-fiction parable entitled "Anthem," which was clearly (if unadmittedly) based on Yevgeny Zamyatin's "We" (1924), the novel that subsequently inspired Orwell's "1984." Like its prototype, Rand's "Anthem" is set in a future Communist state of numbed and numbered citizens, but it features a pair of purely Randian lovers struggling to rediscover the lost first-person singular: "We love you" does not quite express what they are longing to say. Although "Anthem" appeared in England in 1938, it was rejected by every publisher the author approached in this country.

"To understand how I felt, you have to know what kind of books *were* being published in the thirties, and hailed as serious literature," Rand later remarked. She meant, of course, books by celebrated writers like Steinbeck and Farrell and Dos Passos, books rooted in social collapse and disillusion, without heroes—clumsy books that were on the right side. The only contemporary novel that she passionately admired was a drama of social revolution which told essentially the same tale as "We the Living," at least, as she saw it: "the romantic conflict of a woman who loves a man representing the old order, and is loved by another man, representing the new." So runs Rand's summary of "Gone with the Wind," a first novel released with great fanfare by Macmillan in the same season that "We the Living" was dropped into the void. Rand watched closely as the public trajectories of the books parted. She compared Mitchell's book with another favorite, "Les Misérables," which she reread and minutely analyzed, taking apart the mechanisms of plot and theme and structure in the hope of assembling just such a great, whirring narrative machine of her own.

“ ‘WHY did you decide to be an architect?’

“ ‘I didn’t know it then. But it’s because I’ve never believed in God.’ ”

Howard Roark decided on his vocation at the age of ten, when he first noticed that the earth could do with some remaking. Roark springs full-blown onto the first page of “The Fountainhead.” No family, no mistakes, no uncertainties: this is the ideal man, hewn from the Nietzschean rock face of the author’s will to dream. When the book opens, Roark is standing naked on a rather more Freudian rock face, surveying the surrounding granite cliffs as they stand “waiting for the drill, the dynamite and my voice; waiting to be split, ripped, pounded, reborn; waiting for the shape my hands will give them.” He has just been expelled from architecture school for being entirely original and entirely unwilling to accept the judgment of others. (“ ‘Why do you want me to think that *this* is great architecture?’ Roark pointed to the picture. . . . ‘It’s the *Parthenon!*’ said the Dean.”)

For seven hundred and fifty-four pages, his glance ever steady above the abyss of the unconscious, the Ideal Man stands against the forces of mediocrity and collectivism, represented—this is, after all, America—by newspaper critics and modern artists and a large cast of envious parasites. Commissions are few, but he builds a temple in which men feel too proud to kneel; a house so natural it seems to grow out of the cliff on which it stands; and an apartment building that sets spectators musing on the phrase “in His image and likeness.” In the book’s dramatic climax, when Roark’s design for a housing project for the poor is altered in execution, he simply blows it up. On trial for the crime, he defends himself with an eight-page lecture on world history and its contemporary perils, declaring, “I recognize no obligations toward men except one: to respect their freedom and to take no part in a slave society.” He is acquitted instantaneously. On the last page, we see him standing high atop his latest creation—the tallest skyscraper in New York—with his clothes on but with the world firmly restored to its initial location at his feet.

DAMN, BUT I MISS ARSENIO.
THE ICEBREAKER

It is surely gratuitous to point out that the author suffered from an edifice complex. Or that in a Freudian age the stark city tower, stripped of its Gothic encrustation, was a most accommodating symbol of Eros emerging from the carapace of Belief. Roark’s apotheosis leaves him just where he belongs: an Art Deco god affixed to a skyscraper, an overscaled figure carved into language as heavily outlined and flattened and abrupt as a thirties architectural relief. The simplified, monumentalizing style that Rand called “romantic realism”—presenting “life, not as it is, but as it could be and should be”—had its only counterpart, ironically, in the officially sanctioned Soviet bombast of Socialist Realism: in its high legibility, its hectoring force, and its insistence that there were still giants among men, battling for one side or the other.

In 1937, Rand had written a worshipful letter to Frank Lloyd Wright, asking for an interview in regard to her projected novel. Although Wright turned her down, his buildings and goals, and even his much publicized personality, underlie her image of the architect as isolated genius and Lawrentian hero. (“He lived from first to last like a god: one who acts but is not acted upon.” That is not Rand but Lewis Mumford on Wright.) The scrupulous novelist put in six months typing and filing at an architectural firm, learning the lesser meanings of granite. But her book is not about architecture, as she had to protest—however astonishingly—many times. “The Fountainhead” once again tells Rand’s only story: the individual versus the masses, played out at her private crossroads of political and erotic retribution.

The manuscript was rejected by twelve publishers before an editor at Bobbs-Merrill staked his job on the still unfinished book. “The Fountainhead” appeared in May, 1943, substantially cut (to its present form), because of the wartime paper shortage, but with its author’s purposes intact: she had refused to eliminate a word of Roark’s climactic speech. Reviews were spectacularly divided, ranging from a Sunday *Times* tribute to “the only novel of ideas written by an American woman,” who was also “a writer of great power,” to Diana Trilling’s warning in *The Nation* that “anyone who is taken in by it deserves a stern lecture on paper-rationing.”

The first printing, of seventy-five hundred, took several months to sell. A second printing, of twenty-five hundred, followed in the fall, and also moved slowly. But the sales department at Bobbs-Merrill began to hear tales like the ones that Rand exults over in replies to her fans: a manufacturer of fishing tackle in Kalamazoo who had put up his own money to advertise the book; a public librarian who had personally built her collection of copies from two to thirty. "The Fountainhead" was fast becoming "the greatest word-of-mouth book" that any publisher had ever seen. And it was being read not just widely but intensely: underlined, pressed on friends, argued over, reread. Impassioned readers were emerging from the largely abandoned American class of thinking nonintellectuals—readers who enjoyed the story and were excited or flattered just to be put in touch with provocative ideas. If you didn't find the book ridiculous from a literary point of view, chances are you found it immensely stimulating. Many readers were inspired by the author's claims for an absolute individualism—that eternal self-dramatizing romance of the American male, from Thoreau's cabin to the last boozy choruses of "My Way." As for the romance of the American female, "The Fountainhead" contained the boldest example yet of that essential component of the best-selling "woman's novel": the rape.

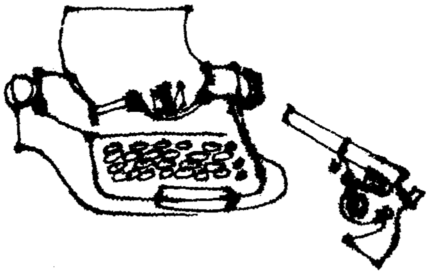
RAND first conceived of her exquisitely perverse heroine while travelling through Virginia on her way from Hollywood to New York and passing, in quick succession, a chain gang and an old white-columned mansion. The result was a "chatelaine of the countryside" called Dominique Francon, a fragile virgin who believes herself frigid despite a longing "to be crushed"—by trees, generally—and a compulsive tendency to visit a nearby granite quarry where she "knew she would face a gang of workers." Rand began writing her book with the scene in the quarry where Dominique spies "the abstraction of strength made visible," the man down in the pit:

> He stood looking up at her; it was not a glance, but an act of ownership. She thought she must let her face give him the answer he deserved. But she was looking, instead, at the stone dust on his burned arms, *the wet shirt clinging to his ribs*, the lines of his long legs. She was thinking of those statues of men she had always sought; she was wondering what he would look like naked. She saw him looking at her as if he knew that. She thought she had found an *aim in life*—a sudden, sweeping hatred for that man.

For those feminists who have decried the big scene that is on the way—the scene that Susan Brownmiller set as the central shame of modern fiction in her 1975 study "Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape"—it is worth emphasizing just who does the initial sizing up and mental undressing and desiring. Rand defended her sexual theatrics with a clear distinction: "Literal rape would be contemptible and disgusting and unthinkable to any hero of mine." As for what happens in her novel, "if that was rape—it was rape by engraved invitation," a notion that only makes the issue murkier or, for many women, more infuriating.

The scene that brought Brownmiller to indict Rand as "a traitor to her own sex" begins when the insolent, sweat-stained quarryman—in reality, of course, Howard Roark, certified genius and the heroine's future husband—enters her white-and-crystal bedroom through its open French doors. After ten pages of narrative foreplay, the actual event is brief. He lifts her "without effort"; she beats on his shoulders but makes no sound; he throws her on the bed. "She felt the hatred and his hands; his hands moving over her body, the hands that broke granite. She fought in a last convulsion. Then the sudden pain shot up, through her body, to her throat, and she screamed. Then she lay still." The scraping together of these fleshless bones put Rand into a rare literary swirl, her distinctively short, hard sentences giving way to the "thing she had thought about, had expected, had never known to be like this, could not have known" school of flushed-pink prose. The result incited a countryful of readers to linger and to dog-ear so much that Brownmiller, taking out a library copy, found that it fell open to just the scene she was looking for.

"The Fountainhead" hit the best-seller list in 1945 and stayed there for more than half the year. To a friend who doubted whether the severely independent-minded author could care for such meaningless acclaim, Rand replied that on seeing the first list she "started screaming—literally and aloud." This was probably the most buoyant time of her life. The public enthusiasm almost compensated for the wounding critical snubs; in fact, in her somewhat awkward success at mass-marketing individualism, the critics could be used to reassure her that her readers—however legion—were still "the exceptions, the prime movers, the men who do their own thinking." And then she was going back to Hollywood in triumph, to be courted by movie stars vying to play the hottest roles since Scarlett and Rhett.



At the urging of Barbara Stanwyck, Warner Bros. had bought "The Fountainhead" early, in 1943, closing off the chance that Clark Gable, at M-G-M, might play Roark; Gable later told Rand that he'd "raised hell" with his studio for not protecting his interests. As it turned out, Stanwyck didn't get the role of Dominique, and Gable had a lot to thank his studio for when the King Vidor movie finally appeared, in 1949, an unintended comedy played at the wrong speed and in a collision of styles, from arch expressionism to dismaying earnestness: Gary Cooper ambling through the cabinet of Dr. Caligari. Rand had fully recognized the difficulties that any attempt to "humanize" her characters would introduce. "Heroes do not say 'Gee whiz'—nor any equivalent of it," she warned the producer, in an unavailing plea for the all-out stylization of the silent films that had inspired her in the first place. Her book could not be normally cast and filmed, she knew, because there were no people in it.

In Hollywood, inevitably, she was drawn into industry politics. She went to Washington in 1947 to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee about anti-Americanism in movies, but the ineptitude of her allies proved as disturbing as the derision of her opponents, and she returned home withdrawn and bitter. Nor did she find much there to cheer her. She was living in isolation on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, at work on a new novel of staggering ambition. Because the famous worshipper of independence and technology had never learned to drive,

VAGUE MEMORY FROM CHILDHOOD

It was the end of day—
Vast far clouds
In the zenith darkening
At the end of day.

The voices of my aunts
Sounded through an open window.
Birdspeech cantankerous in a high tree mingled
With the voices of my aunts.

I had been playing alone,
Caught up in a sort of dream,
With sticks and twigs pretending;
Playing there alone

In the dust.
And a lamp came on indoors,
Printing a frail gold geometry
On the dust.

Shadows came engulfing
The great charmed sycamore.
It was the end of day.
Shadows came engulfing.

—DONALD JUSTICE

she was dependent for every move on her husband, who had discovered his true vocation in the tending of their flower gardens, and his pleasure in keeping to himself. She was using amphetamines—a low but daily dosage—to keep her weight down and her energy up, and she now began to be dependent, as well, on a series of young "Fountainhead" acolytes who found their way to her door.

In March, 1950, a nineteen-year-old U.C.L.A. psychology major named Nathan Blumenthal earned an invitation to visit the ranch after sending Rand a letter full of philosophical questions about her work. He was surprised to find his favorite author neither as thin nor as elegant as her book-jacket photograph suggested; she reminded him of his own Russian Jewish cousins. Blumenthal himself was tall and—to judge from photographs—slightly pudgy, and his chief act of heroism consisted of his having read "The Fountainhead," as he told her, "almost continuously" since he had borrowed his sister's copy at fourteen, after hearing her read the sexy parts out loud with her friends. But the parts that mattered to *him* were the hero's firm rejections of society's judgments and rewards. He and Rand sat up talking all night, while Frank served them coffee and cookies. Rand soon found her visitor to be a "budding genius" and, eventually—he quoted her as saying—"the realization of everything I write about."

Six hundred and fifty pages into "Atlas Shrugged," the intrepid heroine, Dagny Taggart—a golden goddess who runs a railroad single-handed—has crash-landed the plane she's been flying in pursuit of a mysterious opponent. He is bending over her tenderly as she awakens. She looks up: "The shape of his mouth was pride. . . . It seemed to her for a moment that she was in the presence of a being who was pure consciousness—yet she had never been so aware of a man's body."

Dagny has twisted an ankle in the crash, and her obliging opponent lifts her (effortlessly) in his arms and totes her off to see the secret world he has brought into being: a Utopia populated entirely by heroes, by men (and three women) who have been the country's leaders in science and industry and business and art. They have gone into hiding—on strike—in order to make a parasitical society aware that its existence depends on their talents, and to force the repeal of laws and regulations that constrain them. Self-sufficiency is the supreme good in Utopia, and everyone is strong enough or smart enough or rich enough to thrive. The symbol of the cross has been replaced with the dollar sign; gold is the official currency, and the verb "to give" is forbidden. "They had known that theirs was the power," proclaims John Galt, the group's leader and the man Dagny chased until he caught her. "I taught them that theirs was the glory."

Same story, new metaphor: the individual as fountainhead has become the individual as motor of society. John Galt was inspired to begin "The Strike"—Rand's original title—when the motor factory in which he worked as an inventor went over to a profit system described as "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need." Rand doesn't actually mention Marx—or, for that matter, the Soviet Union—but as political science fiction her account of the fate of the Twentieth Century Motor Company is stunningly accurate. As emotional science fiction, the novel contains almost nothing related to human experience, except on those occasions when a woman's voice breaks through on the subjects of her pride in her work and her sexual longing.

For Rand, social isolation and disappointment gave way in the early fifties to the constant company of Nathan Blumenthal and his girlfriend, Barbara—another "Fountainhead" votary, whom he had brought along on his second visit to meet the revered author. Barbara was quiet and serious, and was physically "of the Dominique style," Rand noted; though she was clearly not Nathan's equal, Rand approved of the match. When "the kids" moved to New York, in the fall of 1951, Rand and her husband followed. Frank missed the ranch and his flowers terribly, but he eventually found a part-time job with a florist and took up painting in his ample spare time.

In 1953, the O'Connors served as matron of honor and best man at the Blumenthals' wedding. The couples were neighbors, living in the East Thirties, and every Saturday night a group of

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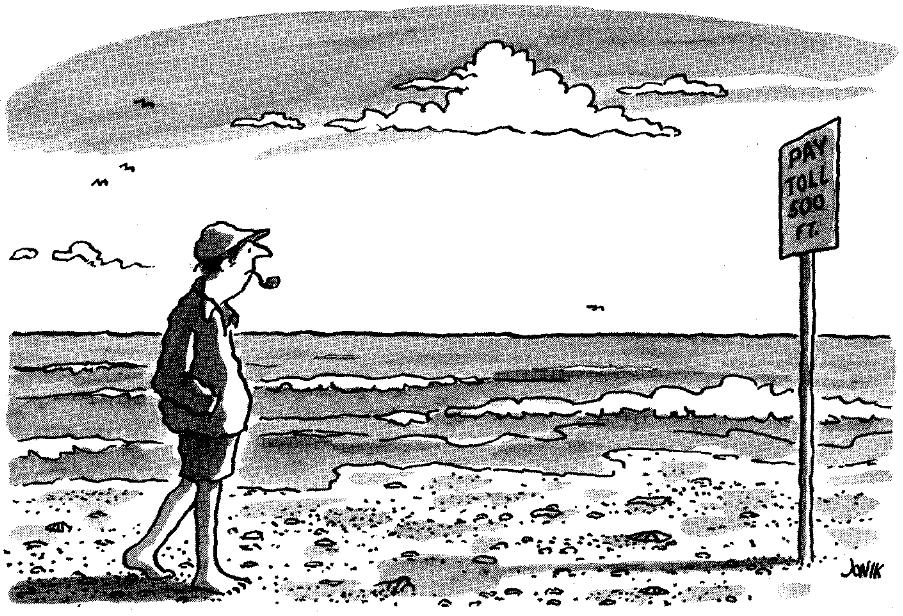

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young disciples would gather in Rand's living room to hear new parts of her work in progress and to discuss her ideas. The Class of '43—as Rand called the group, in reference to "The Fountainhead" 's year of publication—included, most illustriously, the young economist Alan Greenspan, whose appointment as President Ford's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers some two decades later was announced in *Newsweek* under the heading "Fundamental Fountainhead." (Rand attended the White House swearing-in.) Nearly all the disciples were in their twenties, and they were exhilarated to feel themselves a part of history. Some expected a government conversion to full free-market capitalism as an immediate result of the publication of "The Strike."

But Rand was writing a sexual manifesto as much as a political one, based on a somewhat irregular application of the theory of the unity of body and spirit. A man's physical desirability reflected his superior mind and character, in Rand's view, and a woman's superior mind and character made her physically desirable. "Tell me what a man finds sexually attractive and I will tell you his entire philosophy of life," one hero says to another. "There is no conflict between the standards of his mind and the desires of his body."

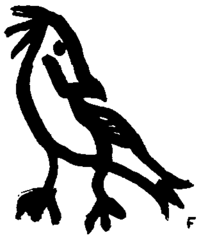
In 1954, when the huge novel seemed to be nearing completion, Rand and Blumenthal—heroically rechristened Nathaniel Branden—summoned their spouses together to announce that they had fallen in love. This meeting and its trail of repercussions were first disclosed in Barbara Branden's not unsympathetic 1986 biography, "The Passion of Ayn Rand," and were fully elaborated upon in "Judgment Day," Nathaniel's own memoir of the great affair, published in 1989—over Rand's dead body, as her supporters have been quick to note. At the time, however, it was apparently Rand who did all the explaining: "By the total logic of who we are—by the total logic of what love and sex mean—we *had* to love each other." The pair did not expect this development to affect their marriages. As Rand put it, "It's right and rational that a sexual affair between us can last only a few years. I could never be an old woman pursuing a younger man." She was nearing her fiftieth birthday. Had they been lesser people, the four of them could not have accepted such an arrangement, she explained, "but we're not lesser people."

When, in "Atlas Shrugged," Dagny finally crashes into Galt, her longtime lover graciously steps aside in recognition of the better man. Frank O'Connor, however, took to drink. Rand hadn't the time, or perhaps the ability, to notice. It took her two years to write the ideological climax of her book, a sixty-page speech in which Galt details the strikers' demands in terms of the moral bases of capitalism and the universe. When she finished the book, publishers begged her to cut the speech—

to cut anything. "Would you cut the Bible?" was her reply. At Random House, Bennett Cerf took the book whole. In 1957, "Atlas Shrugged" appeared, dedicated jointly to the author's husband and Nathaniel Branden.

The reviews were a massacre, and this time the attacks came harder from the right than from the left. Conservatives were appalled at the prospect of being identified with a popular novel that drew so many of their positions to their wildest conclusions. The harshest charges came from William Buckley's *National Review*, in which Whittaker Chambers, no less, covered all the odds by comparing Rand, in her godless heresies, to Marx, and by vouching that the implicit message of almost every page she wrote was "To a gas chamber—go!" Added to the accusation of literary fascism was the perhaps more disturbing charge, to the author, of not being literary at all. A few general magazines praised her storytelling and her "eloquent flow of ideas," but the critics who mattered had turned from the political criteria with which she had felt herself on fighting terms, at least, to a Jamesian credo of language and style by which she simply did not exist—no matter how many readers among the once revered masses thought otherwise.

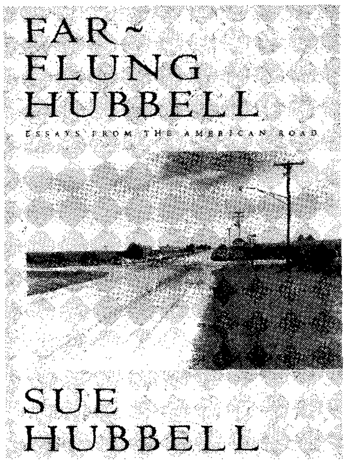
After the reviews, she cried every day. She asked Branden not to tell the others in their group. "Galt would handle all this differently," she confided to him. "I would hate for him to see me like this. I would feel unworthy, as if I had let him down." She spent most of her days at her desk rereading her book. The affair with Branden slackened and left off, and he took over the management of their lives. Within a year, he was successfully marketing her ideas, packaged under the brand name Objectivism and disseminated nationally through lectures offered by the Nathaniel Branden Institute. Rand would sometimes appear to answer questions after the lectures, but she was so irascible in her replies that she was eventually discouraged from attending them.



Rand's combative style served her well on college campuses, though, and she herself became a highly popular lecturer: the Camille Paglia of the early sixties, railing against "intellectual hoodlums who pose as professors." Appearing in her signature black cape and a dress pinned with a gold dollar sign, she easily converted to atheism and individualism all those whom J. D. Salinger had not already converted to Buddhism. Who is Howard Roark, after all, but Holden Caulfield with a heavy dose of testosterone—the unique young soul of integrity moving detached through a world of phonies? By 1962, English professors were exchanging nervous bulletins about Rand's possible effect as "the single writer who engages the loyalties of the students." Out in the real world, meanwhile, Gore Vidal noted with some alarm that "in my campaign for the House she was the one writer people knew and talked about." He pronounced her so-called philosophy "nearly perfect in its immorality."

How to account for the rampant success of a godless immoralist in the heartland of Christian democracy? Was Rand what her critics said she was? Was she what she said she was? A reader can hardly get through more than a page or two without sniffing the burning fuel of subverted emotion, or seeing political outrage as a mere component of her recoil from the broader offenses of mankind (and especially womankind) upon her senses: dirt, sweat, fat, sagging breasts, softness, confusion, ill-fitting clothes, ugliness, all endangering the heroic ideal. Dominique would rather see every one of Roark's buildings explode than see their balconies hung with diapers. (Rand was childless, and her work stops just short of proving that children don't exist.)

Still, "The Fountainhead" was not "Mein Kampf," as one reviewer had claimed, and American readers were not following Rand into fascism. A little bravura selfishness has always seemed attractive in our heroes and heroines, if only to lighten our perpetual burden of doing good. And, in fact, Rand's novels are riddled with syntactical loopholes that permit, in bluffest disguise, just the compassionate behavior she claims to disavow. Defending an outcast student, one heroine carefully explains, "I am not doing this *for* her, I am doing it *against* twenty-eight other girls"; another offers consolation to a wounded soul "not because you suffer, but because you haven't deserved to suffer." In a host of neatly



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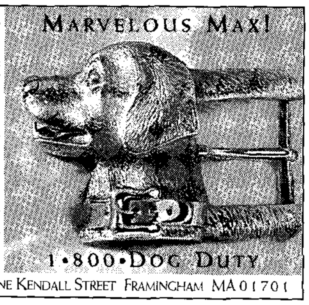

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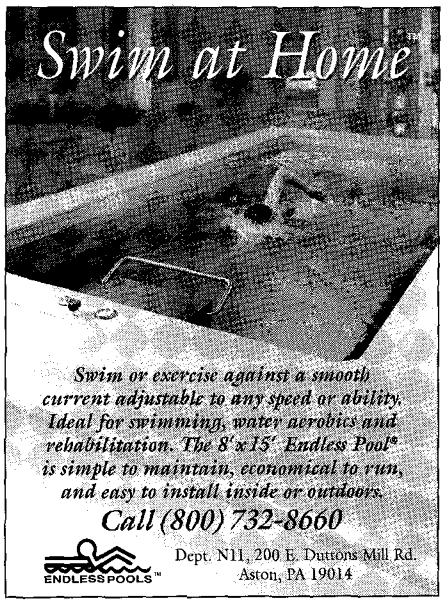
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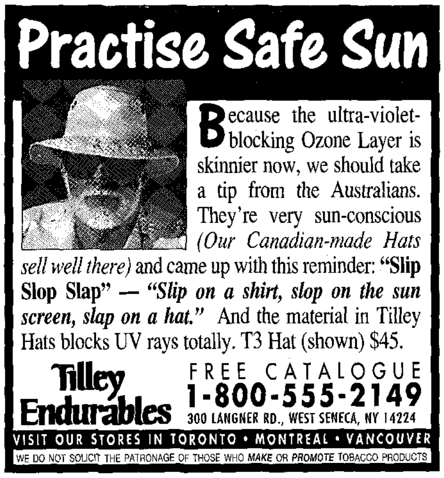
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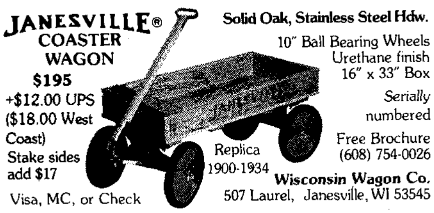
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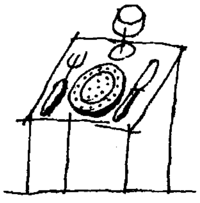
adjusted proofs showing that "selfishness" will produce the same results as charity, only more efficiently and with wider benefits, Rand reveals herself to be a closet Samaritan. Sidney Hook, the only philosopher of repute to glance in Rand's direction in her years of highest popularity, pronounced her a "paper tigress" and a principled, if confused, opponent of totalitarianism. The last letter Rand wrote before she died contained a gift of money to her niece for a big Christmas dinner. She was being selfish: she herself couldn't bear to know that the woman was depressed.



But, whatever Rand stood accused of, her books would not stop selling. Slowly, she began to live again. She began writing for *The Objectivist Newsletter*, which she published with Branden, and she later collected these articles under such cheerfully antagonistic titles as "The Virtue of Selfishness" and "Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal." She broke with Random House over a polemic entitled "The Fascist New Frontier"; Cerf drew the line at "any book that claimed Hitler and Jack Kennedy were alike." She wrote a newspaper column on current events; she took her first airplane ride; she accepted an honorary doctorate of letters. And she told Branden she was ready to recommence their love affair.

That was in 1963, two years after Branden had fallen in love with a twenty-one-year-old fashion model who sat in the front of the class during his weekly lectures on rationalism and unity. ("The expression on her face was rapture," he recalls.) He put Rand off. He was divorcing his wife, and he was concerned for Rand's husband. Rand became suspicious and, he records, began to ask with renewed insistence, "Am I still a sexual being to you?" After all, she was still his sworn and patented Goddess of Objectivity. He could only say yes. It took him five years, until July of 1968, to admit his panicky thoughts even to himself. In the meantime, he had begun to have some doubts about her philosophy.

WHEN Branden finally broke the news, he was four years into an affair with his fashion model, whom Rand described as "the physical type of my heroines." Rand knew her as an attendant in their circle, sufficiently devoted to have adopted the last name of a "Fountainhead" character—she called herself Patrecia Wynand—when she set out on an acting career. At first, Branden told Rand only of the difficulties that had grown with the contrast in their ages, at sixty-two and thirty-eight; she pronounced him "a scoundrel." He then confessed his real attachment, and she went into a fury—"The girl is nothing!"—and gave him two months "to regain his mind." She demanded a statement "that it is his intellectual judgment that my position on Patrecia is understood by him and is objective." When he refused, she cut him out of their business enterprises, removed his name from the dedication of "Atlas Shrugged," sent a letter denouncing him for unspecified moral transgressions to all Objectivist subscribers and followers, and—he claims—tried to stop the publication of his masterwork, "The Psychology of Self-Esteem." Barbara Branden recalls Rand wearily confiding, "He has forced me into a permanent ivory tower. He took away this earth."

Branden married Patrecia and moved to California, where he became a psychotherapist and the author of such studies as "The Psychology of Romantic Love" and "If You Could Hear What I Cannot Say." Rand, turning to her husband, found that he had become a shell—a man in his seventies troubled with alcoholism, a failing memory, and an anger incomprehensible to them both. In her outward life there was little change, except that her targets proliferated and her expression became more virulent as the sixties turned into the Sixties and left her behind. She was overwhelmed by the political tides of youth moving to the left, but she went down fighting. She was against the Peace Corps, against the draft, against the war in Vietnam, against the student movement, against the universities, against the feminists, against the religious right, and, eventually, against the Libertarians, who claimed her as their guiding spirit. Finally, turning against her friends for their flawed tastes in painting or music (she was devoted to Dali and Rachmaninoff), she immersed herself in looking after her husband.

In 1974, Rand was found to have lung cancer, but she recovered well from surgery. The following year, announcing her plans to discontinue what was now called *The Ayn Rand Letter*, she wrote that the evils destroying civilization had become too "smutty and small" for her to address. "Perhaps the last cultural fad one could still argue against was Karl Marx," she wrote. "But Freud?" Society had descended beneath reasoned argument. She continued to air her immutable philosophy on television talk shows, however, declaring the joys of her life to have been "achievement and romantic love, my husband." After Frank O'Connor died, in 1979, she cited as proof of her lack of belief in a hereafter the fact that she had not committed suicide in order to join him.

Rand died in March, 1982, and was buried in Valhalla, New York, with her husband's photograph on her chest; Kipling's "If" was the only graveside reading. In New York, hundreds of people—well-known economists (among them the ever-loyal Alan Greenspan), math and philosophy professors, kids in jeans—gathered at the funeral home, where she was laid out before a six-foot floral dollar sign. Guards were reported ready to turn Branden away should he try to attend, but he did not try.

All her books were in print and were widely read. Then, more than a decade later, an important new title was added. "МОРАЛЬ ИНДИВИДУАЛИЗМА," which translates as "The Morality of Individualism," is a compilation of extracts from Rand's essays and novels which was published in 1993 in the former Soviet Union. The first edition, of five thousand copies, sold out in Moscow in two days. This slim volume contains some of Galt's big speech from "Atlas Shrugged" but not the book's Marxian fable of the decline of the Twentieth Century Motor Company. The outcome had seemed less obvious forty years before, when she wrote, "It ended the only way it could end: in bankruptcy."

And how is the prophet honored? In 1993, it was reported in the land of the dollar that Michael Milken received twenty-two gift copies of "Atlas Shrugged" while he was in prison. Libertarians have propelled many of her most cherished antigovernment ideas into the new forefront of American politics. And then there is Camille Paglia's brightly belligerent spirit and her Victoria's Secret Nietzscheanism—seemingly direct from Dagny Taggart, complete with the sexual-industrial thrill of crossing a bridge ("I think: *men* have done this. Construction is a sublime male poetry") and of economic machismo ("The capitalist distribution network . . . is one of the greatest male accomplishments in the history of culture"). For the truly dedicated, there are institutes and mailings and conferences, such as the Ideas for the Rational Mind conference, held in Secaucus in 1994, which featured talks by Rand's closest followers, and mini-courses in such subjects as "American Business Heroes" and "The Four Giants of Philosophy"—Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and Rand.

Still, her achievement wasn't what she envisioned, which was a novel with the force of, say, "Das Kapital." Or, more to the point, a novel like Nikolay Chernyshevsky's "What Is to Be Done?"—the Russian "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which converted Lenin to revolutionary socialism at the age of fourteen. Even this would have been only a means, however—an intermediate step. On a deeper level, Rand claimed, she had never wanted to write about politics at all. That was merely what she had had to do in order to help secure a world in which she could write what she really liked: romances, adventures, stories that would be like the American movies she saw in Petrograd—exuberant stories of what she called "the benevolent universe."

Around the time of the break with Branden, she finally began such a story—a novel about a ballerina who falls madly in love with a man who doesn't want her, and whose rejection causes her terrible suffering. Rand was not able to carry out much of the project, and returned her publisher's advance when she became ill. But she knew from the start what the story's ending would be, and she wrote some of it down. The beloved man finally awakens to the qualities of the woman who has worshipped him with such passionate intensity, and returns her love. He begs her to forgive him for all the pain he has caused her. The last line of Rand's only work to be liberated from politics is the woman's simple and consoling reply: " 'What pain?' she asked." ◆

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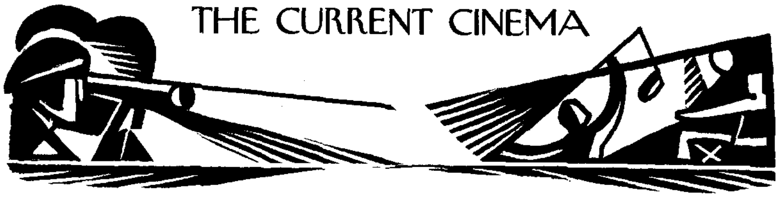


IT HAD TO BE HUGH

The on-screen and off-screen adventures of a young British actor.

BY ANTHONY LANE

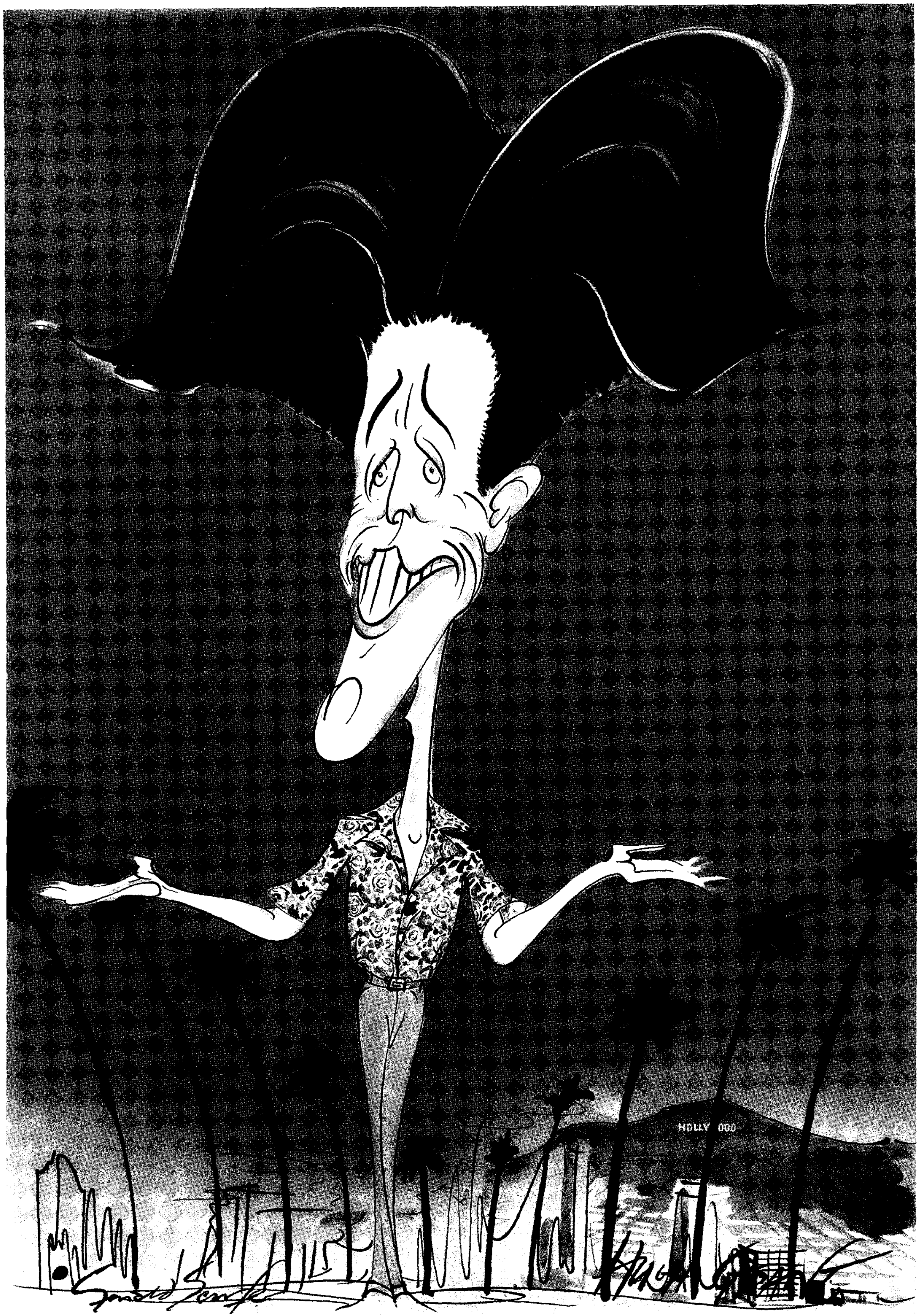
WHAT is the worst thing that Hugh Grant has ever had to do? There's a long list to consider, starting with his early movies: Grant taking the unlikely role of Chopin in the 1989 picture "Impromptu," and Grant undergoing the ritual humiliation, borne by many young English actors, of starring in a Ken Russell film. In Hugh's case, it was "The Lair of the White Worm," which cast him opposite Amanda Donohoe. She played a blue-skinned, bloodsucking fiend whose idea of fun was snapping her fangs shut during fellatio. Grant's character survived the movie, and, amazingly, so did his career, but then he had to suffer the terrible embarrassment of seeing "Four Weddings and a Funeral" become a worldwide hit. Bear in mind that this guy is English, and that he is therefore liable to be embarrassed by things that most Americans would regard as pleasurable: success, sunshine, public acclaim. Public mockery is somehow easier to bear; it seems more morally fitting—the proper cost of self-exposure. Take that little encounter with Divine Brown on Sunset Boulevard last month. I don't know that we can call it one of the worst things. Until the cops turned up, it was probably one of the best. No fangs, but still one of the best.

All in all, the most fearful event in the life of Hugh Grant came last week, on Monday evening, when he resurfaced on the "Tonight Show." For almost half an hour, we sat and watched Jay Leno grinding out his powdery jokes; finally, the moment arrived. "Hugh Grant!" the host announced. The audience clamored. The band began to rock. It was midnight by now, the witching hour, when unquiet souls patrol the earth, and here was one of them. Out of the wings, blinking with shock, like the Mole hitting daylight at the start of "The Wind in the Willows," came a bundle of nerves doing a bad impression of a movie star. This was Hugh? This was the man at the hub of a nation's jokes? The one who drives a rented BMW with extra headroom? It seemed unlikely. Peering out in horror at the hooting fans, he had the look of a small boy checking for beasties behind the nursery door before he goes to bed. Just for a second, you thought that Grant was going to duck back into the darkness and retire into private life. But the voice of Twentieth Century Fox whispered in his ear, and he walked on to meet his fate.

And all for a Chris Columbus film. That's the really galling part. To sacrifice your safety and dignity for a noble cause is itself proof of nobility, but to lay down your life so that others may watch you braining a fluffy dinosaur with a plastic baseball bat—one has to ask, Is it worth it? The movie in question is "Nine Months," which is roughly how long America will take to exhaust its store of Hugh Grant hooker stories. Grant plays a child psychologist named Samuel Faulkner, who, with his girlfriend, Rebecca (Julianne Moore), leads a perfect, unwedded, childless life. When Rebecca gets pregnant, they are thrown into chaos, only to rise to a new, improved perfection when they marry and have the child. It doesn't pay to think too hard about the politics of this movie, which revolves around an entirely male neurosis—the terror of selling your Porsche and buying a stroller—and leaves the women characters drifting and redundant. Having given the most radiant female performance of the past year, in "Vanya on 42nd Street," Julianne Moore now has nothing to do except put on weight at the front and lose it in her head. "I know that it's fashionable and P.C. to be a strong single mother," Rebecca says. "But I want this baby to have a mother and a father." You can just imagine the Speaker of the House easing back in his seat and sighing with relief. Here is the movie that the right has been longing for: "The Contractions with America."

It's alarming to see how devotedly the picture takes its cue from Hugh. Even he must have winced when he saw all the trimmings that were snipped off "Four Weddings and a Funeral" and pasted onto a different story. For one thing, he gets married in morning dress, an outfit that has become to Hugh Grant what a rubberized breastplate is to Batman. Then, there are the snapshots that show up during the credits to sweeten our departure. And don't forget the verbal wreckage. In "Four Weddings," it was the priest who fumbled his words. Here it's a Russian obstetrician, played by a frantic Robin Williams: "You don't want natural childbirth? You want Anastasia?" In both movies, the malapropisms are worked in as a foil to Grant's own delivery. Williams can get the lines out all right, but he can't control the direction they head off in; Grant has a more basic problem, in that he can hardly get them out of his mouth. Maybe Divine Brown could help.

Chris Columbus is the man who made "Mrs. Doubtfire," which was tear-smeared dreck from start to finish, as false and padded as the bosom of its hero. Before that, he directed the "Home Alone" films, which, in their vision of a smirking child getting high on adult pain, seemed to me to inflict on the culture the kind of damage that some people associate with "Natural Born Killers." So when I first heard that Columbus was making a movie about babies my reaction was to turn purple, kick my feet, scream all night, and dribble my lunch down someone else's shirt. What if some hitherto underexposed member of the Culkin family was hired to play the fetus? In the event, "Nine Months" has the streamlined feel of a comfortable summer hit. The last twenty minutes or so, which could have easily softened into "Natural Born Fathers," quicken into spirited slapstick, with Grant, Williams, and Tom Arnold pratfalling around the delivery room. The drawback is that, ever since the trademark scream shots of "Home Alone," Columbus has forgotten how to stand back from his leading men. He plants his camera right in Grant's face, and tells the face to mug and pull and stretch, so that what appeared charming in "Four Weddings" grows oddly oppres-



Hugh Grant: His confessions are so winning that it's becoming hard to remember the original sin.

sive, the oh-my-gosh tics of doubt broadening into a crazy-guy grimace.

Not that different, in fact, from the face of the white worm we saw on the "Tonight Show." The Grant smile was still functioning, and the lovable stammer chugged away like an outboard motor, but he looked as if he were ready to throw up into his coffee cup at any moment. Hugh was funny, modest, perky with self-censure, and closer to imploding with distress than anyone I have ever seen on network television. I didn't know whether to keep watching or call Amnesty International to report a torture. What American viewers should understand is that for a certain brand of Englishman social defenses will always be the last thing to go; they can never be dropped in the interests of an emerging truth, and, anyway, they are likely to be twice as telling as any actual revelations. The *Post* followed up on the Leno show by asking members of the public, "Star's sorrow: Was it just an act?" But in the case of Hugh Grant that isn't a fair question: sorrow can be an act and still be genuinely ghastly—even more so, because of the effort required to keep it up. The only good question so far has been Leno's opening shot. "What the hell were you thinking?" he asked. Boringly, Hugh took this to mean "How could you do such a thing?" and offered another gracious mea culpa. If only he had taken it literally—"What were you thinking about *during* that blow job off Sunset Boulevard?"—we might have got some fascinating replies. "Chocolate-chip ice cream," for instance, or "Liz Hurley," or "Her Majesty the Queen." We'll never know.

TWO days later, going head to head on "Larry King Live," Grant was a different man. No jacket, no tie, no audience to spook him. Even the hair was back on form, flopping into its traditional spaniel-after-a-rubdown mode, as opposed to the curiously molded look pioneered for "Nine Months," a style suggesting that Grant had arrived on the set via a wind tunnel. Prodded by King toward self-examination, he scorned the need for psychotherapy—a source of vast bemusement to his host, who failed to realize that Englishmen have devised a cheap alternative to shrinks. The technical term for this alternative is "a cup of tea." Failing that, "a good book." Hugh put it this way: "If you read enough good books, you're kind of sorted out in life"—a claim that will have the good citizens of Hollywood rushing to call their friends, desperate to know what these book things are and how to get hold of them. Just to drive home the point, Hugh added that his behavior had been "disloyal, shabby, and goatish," a fine turn of phrase that is only a beat away from sounding like a line of Robert Lowell. On Leno, the goat had been right at the end of its tether; on Larry King, it was stroked like a pet. Hugh was home free; his confessions were so winning that it was becoming hard to remember the original sin.

One of the perils of being a sweet guy, or a jolly nice chap, is the feeling of being caged in the role, but even worse is the premonition that you might start to enjoy it—that you'll lock yourself in and swallow the key. Some say that Hugh went in search of his dark side that night in L.A.; if so, all he found was a cop's flashlight and the hot glare of maximum publicity. And that was that. The niceness kicked in again. A couple of talk shows, and he was back on the path of redemption—the Englishman Who Went Down Sunset and Came Up Again. In England, where press intrusion is a kind of compulsory colonic irrigation, he will have to squirm a little longer; he will already have opened his London *News of the World* and found Divine Brown dressed as the Julia Roberts figure in "Pretty Woman." In America, however, all is going according to plan. Grant's lawyer has pleaded no contest; Elizabeth Hurley turned up at his side for the première of "Nine Months"; and the public seems to be both prurient enough and forgiving enough to see the movie for itself. The only problem is that the great finale of American scandal—contrition, acceptance, mass love—may be a punishment even more disabling for Grant than the crime. The temptation will be to rip off the microphone, repeat the first six words of "Four Weddings and a Funeral"—"Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!"—on live TV, and never be seen again. But Hugh Grant, I suspect, will always play the game. He is doomed to keep smiling through. As he said on Leno's show, "I've never been one to blow my own trumpet." Maybe he should have learned. It could have saved him an awful lot of trouble. ♦

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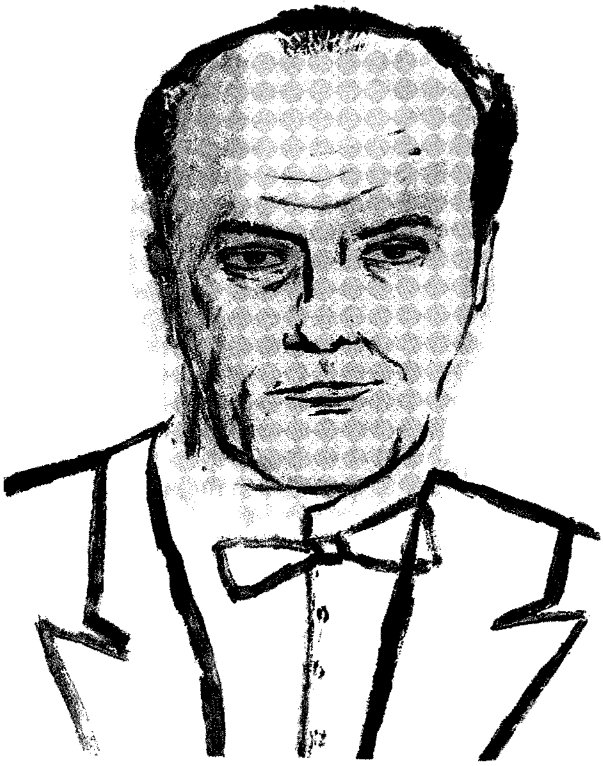
A virtuoso muses on the meanings of Romanticism.

BY GEORGE STEINER

How to write about music? How to find words and grammar that can communicate the musical fact, our experience of melody, the nature of music? Can language ever tell us what music *means*—where the notion of "meaning" is itself a kind of helpless analogy? Historians of music and biographers of composers are, of course, legion; but they labor at the surface. A handful of masters—St. Augustine, Rousseau, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche—have nade philosophical statements about nusic that carry an approximate but suggestive force. A clutch of poets and novelists, sometimes uncannily, have found erbal means whereby to make their eaders remember, hum inwardly, imagne this or that piece of actual or fictive nusic. There are wondrous moments of inguistic counterpoint to music in Joyce, n Proust's "invention" of the Vinteuil onata (a leitmotif in his chronicle), and n Thomas Mann's "programme-notes" o the imaginary compositions in Doktor Faustus." Yet these are talisnanic exceptions. At least ninety per ent of what is written about music is mpressionistic twaddle.

The obvious exception is theoretical ind formal musical analysis, in which a erbal code, itself largely technical, is ised to set out the formal elements of a piece. The analyst elucidates the conventions of internal relations, of sequence, of construction in a score. He examines esolution in this bar or that, a leap upvard to F, the chromatic dissonance on diminished seventh, the weakening of syncopation, the precise weight of a ownbeat on a second bar, the mediant iifting into changes of mode instead of ianges of key. His readers should be le to follow the argument score in hand id, ideally, on the relevant instrument. very rare cases—among them those of ir Donald Tovey, Theodor Adorno, and Hans Keller—such theoretical anatomies of musical facts can be combined with distinguished writing. Rarer still is the concordance, in a single mind and sensibility, of articulate style, analytic mastery, and virtuoso performance. In this regard, Charles Rosen, as his new book, "The Romantic Generation" (Harvard; $39.95), reminds us, must come close to that slippery word "unique."



Charles Rosen: A musicologist and pianist who thinks with his fingers.

He is a fluent writer, having at his command both informality and rhetorical force. He is a musicologist and theoretician whose authority extends from Bach to Boulez. The rigor of his technical demonstration is, to a singular degree, grounded in a vivid knowledge of cultural history, of the social and intellectual background to Western music; it is this rich sense of background that made Rosen's "The Classical Style" (1971) a masterpiece. But, first and foremost, he is a pianist of penetrating originality.

Like Alfred Brendel, though in a very different mode, Rosen thinks with his fingers. Schumann's secret humor, he argues, rests with the thumb of the pianist's right hand. An astonishing effect in Chopin depends on the fact that the left hand, unharmonized, resolves the cadence one measure before the right. Romantic études are genuine finger exercises; they may compel a painful stretch between the second and the fourth fingers. The second Étude of Chopin's Opus 10 is in essence "an exercise in playing the chromatic scale with only the three weakest fingers." In Schumann's "Carnaval," at the end of "Paganini" "the musical idea *is* the pedal effect."

The major part of this seven-hundred-page book will be truly accessible only to those who can make out the host of musical examples—to those who can sit at a keyboard with Rosen's analyses open before them and listen to Rosen's own recordings (a CD generously comes with the tome) in tandem, as it were. A more just title might have been "Romanticism on the Piano, with Especial Regard to Chopin." At the heart of almost every pianist's daily activity, Rosen observes, lies the music of Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt. It is these masters, together with Schubert, who define "Romanticism."

For Beethoven, music was *shape*, realized and inflected by instrumental sonority, Rosen says; a work's conception took precedence over its realization in sound. "For Schumann, however, as for Chopin and Liszt, the conception was worked out directly within the sonority as a sculptor works directly in clay or marble. The instrumental sound is shaped into music." What Rosen argues in this book is that "the Romantic generation" permanently altered the relations of com-

"I was going to fax you, but then I decided you needed a human voice."

• •

position and realization. This alteration can be grasped only in technical detail, in the new layout of the pianist's hands. But it did have its background in analogous alterations of general perception and taste. Rosen evokes (as others have evoked before him) the Romantic pleasure in ruins and the importance of the musical fragment—of the motions toward incompletion in a Schumann Phantasie which imply the greater, if unstated, unity of the work as a whole. The elevation of the song, of the lied, "from a minor genre to the vehicle of the sublime" is wholly exemplary of Romanticism. It arises from the representation of the past through the immediate sensation of the present.

Subtly, Rosen proposes that this deepening of the time experience relates to a new "combination of immediate perception with a sense of immensely slow natural development." Geology matches landscape—mountains, in particular—to the unfolding and eroding genesis of feelings. Thus, in Schubert's "Winterreise," Rosen writes, "the dynamic processes of Nature are represented by musical landscape painting of extraordinary suggestion and even precision: the pivoting of the weathervane, the flowing water under the ice, the rustling of leaves, the winter wind, the will-o'-the-wisp, the slowly moving clouds, the quiet village street, a stormy morning—all these receive a remarkable musical contour. As in the great landscape tradition, present sensation and memory are superimposed and confounded." The very lack of a strict large-scale harmonic scheme in the cycle or of the precise, delicate motivic connections we find in Beethoven or Schumann is an advantage. As Rosen makes clear, disparities—the juxtaposition of seemingly unrelated images—are, in fact, crucial: too tight a construction would lessen the emotional power. This kind of judgment, sustained by close technical analysis, shows him at his finest.

The three chapters on Chopin, running to some two hundred pages, make for a book within a book. Rosen is an urgent advocate: "Chopin's poetic genius was based on a professional technique that was without equal in his generation. . . . After he reached the age of twenty, there are almost no miscalculations in his works." Often, Chopin's piano scores—as in the closing pages of the Polonaise-Fantaisie—"go by implication beyond any instrument available" to the composer. Even a modern nine-foot steel-frame concert grand is inadequate. In a detailed analysis of the Berceuse of 1844, Rosen drives home his main point—that in Chopin supreme pianistic virtuosity is not an end in itself. "The apparent indifference of the right hand to the left, of the figuration to the underlying harmony, creates a web of delicate dissonances. . . . All overt excitement has been removed from virtuosity, leaving only the breathless tension which is the homage paid to supreme grace." At this pitch of articulate insight, Charles Rosen's prose simulates the music and his actual execution of it.

Yet, in spite of its immense popularity, Chopin's music has no parallel in its own time: it remains "the most private and esoteric achievement of the period." At once the most radical and the most conservative composer of the Romantic generation, Chopin demonstrated those intimate relations between line and color in music where the line is that of complex polyphony. Thus the interplay of poetic lyricism and dramatic shock in Chopin's magical sonorities—"the exquisite spacing, the vibrant inner voices"—is an almost perfect distillation of Romanticism.

The summary of Franz Liszt is characteristic of Rosen's manner:

> The early works are vulgar and great; the late works are admirable and minor. Lisz may be compared to an old ancestor wh built up the family fortune by disreputabl and shameful transactions in his youth an spent his last years in works of charity.

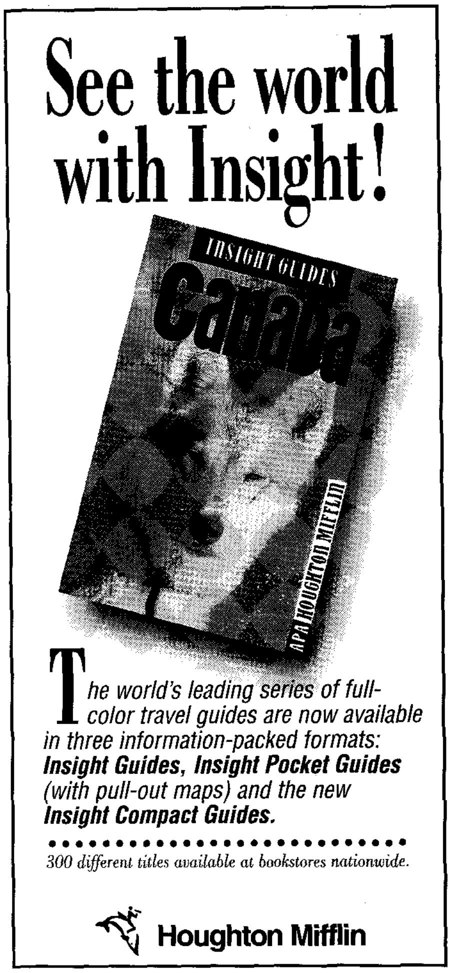
Undoubtedly, Liszt's études an other compositions during the eighteenthirties "achieved one of the greates revolutions of keyboard style in history. The entire technique of keyboard playing changed, making possible a ne range of intensely dramatic and pictoria piano sound. Since realization now too precedence over the underlying compositional structure, it follows that ever successive version of the same piece (constant pattern in Liszt) is in fact a ne performance. Liszt's "finger-feel" fo sound—the production on the piano o contrasting layers of sound—surpasses i audacity anything else achieved betwee Scarlatti and Debussy. The extraordinar velocity—the "smear like a glissando"—called for by Liszt's pieces may relate t the composer's "international reputatio for erotic conquest": a reputation adver tised throughout a thrilled Europe b Liszt's transformations of Mozart i the "Réminiscences de Don Juan." Th bravura turn and the attendant adul tion, itself tinged with sexuality, sta for Romanticism in a more ancient a general sense.

Would that Rosen's book had end on this note, at once enthralled and sa donic. What follows is perfunctory and only fitfully persuasive. A brief chapter on Hector Berlioz is lame. Berlioz, both as musician and as writer, but, above all, in his tumultuous existence, incarnates the genius and the problems of the Romantic. His metamorphic relations to Shakespeare, to Victor Hugo, to Goethe, to Delacroix, the fascinating dialectic of his attitudes toward classical antiquity, and his personal immersion in the history of post-Napoleonic and revolutionary Europe give his music, uneven as it is, a commanding role. Yet Rosen copes neither with the experimental, radically innovative nature of Berlioz's harmonic structures and orchestration (some of them still "ultra-modern" today) nor with the mysterious beauty of his best work, where you find a delicacy and strength of feeling unsurpassed in Western music. The "Nuits d'Été," the love music of Romeo and Juliet, of Dido and Aeneas, the early parts of the "Damnation," but also the lighter sections of "Beatrice and Benedick" possess a secret of enchantment, of soaring energy at once "architectural"—Berlioz was, after Monteverdi, the re-creator of space in music—and inward. His recently rediscovered heroic Mass was composed by an autodidact in his twenties, but it already contains music without real precedent. How much Wagner took from a rival he professed to despise!

BACK in the world of the piano, Rosen acclaims Mendelssohn's youthful greatness—his daring treatment of cyclical forms, his "wonderful tone painting," his masterly manipulation of Classical form to achieve deeply unclassical, "modernistic" effects. Rosen avows that "Mendelssohn is the inventor of religious kitsch in music"—a bright, throwaway epigram, but hardly a convincing one. (Has Rosen had occasion of late to listen to, among so many others, the cantatas of Graupner, the liturgical pieces of Biber, the oratorios of Jommelli?) And when Rosen, rightly, refers to the substitution in Mendelssohn of the emotional shell of religion for religion proper, a moment of further reflection might have pointed to the extreme ambiguity of Mendelssohn's personal position between his ancestral Judaism and his acquired Christianity. This enforced duality, together with that of Heine and of Offenbach, constitutes one of the most suggestive complexes in the Romantic and post-Romantic European sensibility.

A short chapter on opera, with the catchpenny subtitle "Politics, Trash, and High Art," illustrates the constraints on vision in what is the work, however voluminous, of a musical analyst for whom Romanticism in music is almost exclusively that of the keyboard. The banal point is that nineteenth-century grand opera is the Romantic form and statement above all others; that the often unresolved relations in opera between music and language, between the private and the public, between the political and the aesthetic are at the absolute pivot of Romanticism. Romanticism springs, in its diffuse doctrines and literary-artistic-musical practice, from that fundamental acceleration of European life, both personal and social, that was brought on by the French Revolution, the Napoleonic saga, and the industrial revolution. (Berlioz measured something of the scope of all three.) It argues a new dramatization and intensification of everyday existence. It is dangerously lighted by those bayonets that Blake and Goethe observed passing their garden hedges, by the sombre blaze of the new factory ovens and speeding railway engines seen by Turner. Above all, it anchors human emotions, notably love and hatred, in a specific historical setting.

Rosen's general abstention from these themes, of which he has elsewhere shown himself totally aware, is palpable even in his treatment of the pianistic. (Consider the life of Chopin and that life in his music.) The asides on opera are those of impatience. It may indeed be the case that neither Gounod's "Faust" nor Thomas's "Hamlet" does justice to its literary source. But Verdi's "Don Carlos," in which every facet of the Romantic genius for complex theatrical structures, for the congruence of psychological intimacy and historical-ideological conflict, is enacted, matches Schiller. As to Verdi's "Falstaff," a very late yet profoundly Romantic work, how much greater it is than "The Merry Wives of Windsor." And can this book really fulfill the prodigal purpose that it has set for itself without looking at the spiritual and technical consummations of the Romantic—in evident response to the music here dis-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cussed—in Wagner's "Tannhäuser"?

With audible relief, Rosen returns to his pleasures and to his authority in a coda on Schumann. It is he who "is the most representative musical figure of central European Romanticism as much because of his limitations as because of his genius." Never realizing that Beethoven's trust in harmonic balance was no longer tenable, Schumann persisted in trying to adapt Classical models to his own style. But out of this struggle his triumphs were born. The failures to establish any key firmly, the unprepared motions from one theme to another, from one tonality to the next, together with the paradoxical effect of continuity in both melodic and tonal dynamics, generated an unrivalled interiority and complexity of emotions. With reticent acuity, Rosen connects this pulsing, unquiet motion to Schumann's mental states and to the capital theme of Romantic madness. This madness may in many cases have been a desperate flight from unbelief, from the collapse of an ancien régime of established religious-moral values. In this crucial regard, Romanticism is an incipient darkness in the mind which recurs from Hölderlin to Nietzsche and on to Artaud.

Charles Rosen's "The Classical Style" was a more encompassing, logically coherent achievement. "The Romantic Generation," in illustration, perhaps, of its very subject, is an often idiosyncratic, lopsided magnum opus. Strangely, there is in its voluminousness a sense of haste. But it is a magnum opus, nevertheless. ♦

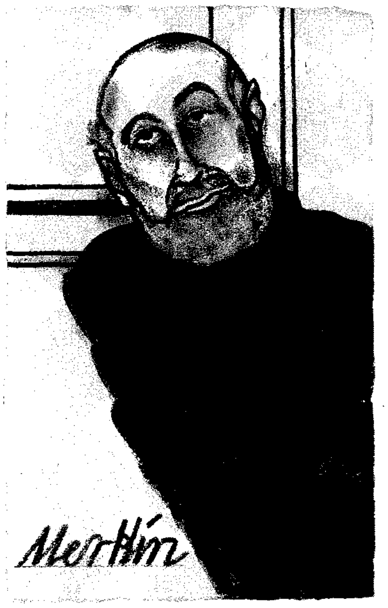
BIRTH IN VENICE

A young American's sentimental education.

BY HILTON ALS

A PENCHANT for projecting my life into the margins of almost any writer's text was tempered when, at the age of twenty-three, I discovered Harold Brodkey's fiction, in this magazine. The publication of his long story "Nonie," in 1984, alerted me to the presence of one who clearly owned the page his work appeared on:

> Did Nonie feel real pain? Nonie was often miserable psychically—and she had bad monthly cramps. She was dramatic over scratches, cuts, her periods, and being snubbed. . . . Did she feel pain to *match* the pain she caused? Or was it that any pain triggered her demand for justice? She burned to death—maybe that hurt. . . . Do you love your sister? Probably. It's enjoined. I still don't care much what happened to her. If I love her or forgive her or whatever, it doesn't mean I want her to come back—I don't want to be with her. Any forgiveness going, she always used for her purposes. I can't go through that anymore—you know how it is.



Harold Brodkey

Brodkey's syntax—idiosyncratic, monumental, an inimitable kind of music—conveyed many things simultaneously: that the phrase "dysfunctional family" is pleonastic; that American colloquial speech can convey expansive thought; that a literature documenting the awful in everyday life can have the stately force of Greek tragedy; that truly personal writing necessitate throwing off the social constraint o "niceness," and speaking withou permission.

Harold Brodkey's superb nove "Profane Friendship," recently published in paperback (Mercury House

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$14), reiterates those lessons. It takes place in Venice—a Venice that, as the narrator, Niles O'Hara, recalls it many years later, "moves and shifts and crumbles as the buildings do." Venice first became Niles's adopted home during his childhood in the nineteen-thirties. As a boy, Niles also wanted to "move and shift," in part to avoid the bitterness that his father, a second-rate novelist, harbored toward the artistic success of his contemporaries and former friends Ernest Hemingway and John O'Hara. It was their success that galvanized the snobbish Dennis O'Hara to move his family to Europe. "Poor Dee-dad," Niles writes from the distance of nearly sixty years' time. "So ungreat and, often, so in his cups, so malicious about these other men and their mannerisms and vanity and beliefs."

Young Niles's principal means of escaping his father's disavowal of male friendship—and his oldest brother's resentment of any form of male camaraderie that excludes him—is through his extraordinary friendship with his schoolmate Giangiacomo Galliani, whom Niles affectionately calls Onni. He was "a too much admired and pawed and mauled and fondled child," Niles writes. "I felt I knew why Onni liked *me* . . . By comparison to his family I was sensible." Onni and Niles begin a different kind of education after the war, when Niles returns to Venice with his mother, whom he characterizes only glancingly. (Women play a distinctly marginal role in this world of shared, combative maleness.)

The education that Niles and Onni embark on is largely sentimental. Through Onni, Niles learns to embrace the life of the city. As adolescents, powerfully alive in that ancient place, they jointly explore their differences. They discuss and act out their political beliefs (during the war Onni was a Fascist), their nationalist sentiments (" 'The U.S.A. is rotten.' 'Your country is rotten.' 'No, I mean it' "), and their erotic preoccupations (Onni is the more overtly homosexual of the two). What Niles and Onni are particularly attuned to—and what forms the basis of this novel's "action"—is the various forms that communication can take, including the sexual. One scene describes a simulation of heterosexual intercourse that is at once tender and sad, hokey and sophisticated:

> The moment's drama is a progression into sexuality of a realer sort than before. The feelings are larger. The progression is difficult with a guy, with this posture, but the ugliness is effectually sexual. . . .
>
> Touch. Touch can be like words.

In this scene, which forms the emotional nexus of the book, Brodkey continues to push against the boundary between sex and language. He creates an entirely new fiction out of the ashes of Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice." Unlike Aschenbach, the writer who, despite a passionate homosexual awakening at the end of his life, remains repressed, Niles pursues this complex love—"love such as it is, love in reality, moment by moment, as, in a way, we invent it as we go along"—and he is transformed by it. "I am not handsome," Niles writes. "I am noticeable. I am someone partly created by Giangiacomo." Niles's freedom is embodied in Brodkey's prose, which is always colloquial and surprising, syntactically offbeat. "Onni needed me. . . . I was consciously well-meaning and that lightened his sense of things." It brings to mind the way bluejeaned Americans abroad may look to Europeans: looser in their gait, unmindful of the weight of history. And within this prose Niles and Onni glitter against Venice's backdrop of aged stone in all their complicated camaraderie.

Niles and Onni are rapacious when it comes to understanding each other, and it is this desire for an encyclopedic understanding—of sexuality, identity, politics, the idea of home—which is their true queerness. As in Brodkey's previous books, the real subject of this novel is intimacy, a nearly vanished sentiment in much of the American fiction being written just now. Like his characters, Brodkey is most obsessed with exploring the moment in which intimacy happens, and our subsequent greed for or avoidance of it. Onni and Niles grow up and separate, but their friendship, profane or otherwise, is the first haunting of their lives. ◆

RECOMMENDED READING

Mrs. Jordan's Profession

by Claire Tomalin
(Knopf; $27.50)

Tomalin's title, with its stylish nod to Shaw, sets the tone of this sparkling biography. Dora Jordan, an eighteenth-century English actress known as the Siddons of comedy, belonged at one time or another to nearly every social class. With George III's son William she established a comfortable domestic liaison that lasted twenty years, during which she maintained the frenetic pace of a theatrical star. Tomalin has rescued from obscurity not only a gifted woman but also a terrific story; her account of Jordan's daily existence counterpoints a plot that reaches tragic dimensions.

A Byzantine Journey

by John Ash
(Random House; $25)

This charming record of sightseeing in Istanbul and Anatolia is the author's way of sharing his fascination with the Byzantine Empire, which Western Europeans first envied and then forgot after Constantinople fell to the Turks, in 1453. Ash's jaunt shows us what's left of a millennium of Christian civilization—ruins, mostly, but ruins in styles as lovely as they are unfamiliar.

Diary of a Survivor: Nineteen Years in a Cuban Women's Prison

by Ana Rodríguez and Glenn Garvin
(St. Martin's; $22.95)

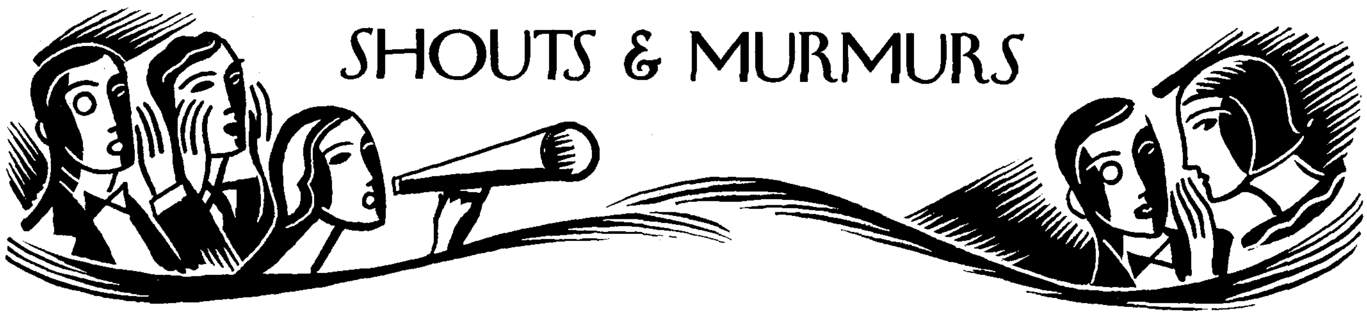
Arrested in 1961, released in 1980, and now living in Florida, Rodríguez recalls that she was an idealistic young medical student who supported Castro until his use of power disillusioned her. This account of her prison years grips the reader like a thriller. Everyone in the book—prisoners, guards, relatives—is realized as an individual, with the result that the Cuban gulag becomes simultaneously a metaphor for the country, an indictment of the regime, and a display of human possibilities ranging from baseness to nobility.

Tennis and the Meaning of Life

edited by Jay Jennings
(Breakaway Books; $24)

Something more than summer reading, this superb anthology collects exceptional writing about tennis, including a brilliant story by William Trevor, a tour-de-force poem by Robert Pinsky, and a nostalgic fantasy by Bill Tilden himself. Mandelstam and Nabokov lend cosmopolitanism to the English and American contributions. Although the book's obvious appeal is to people who know and care about the game, it will also be a delight—and perhaps a surprise—to those who know and care about literature.

SHOUTS & MURMURS



SPACE INVADERS

BY RICHARD STENGEL

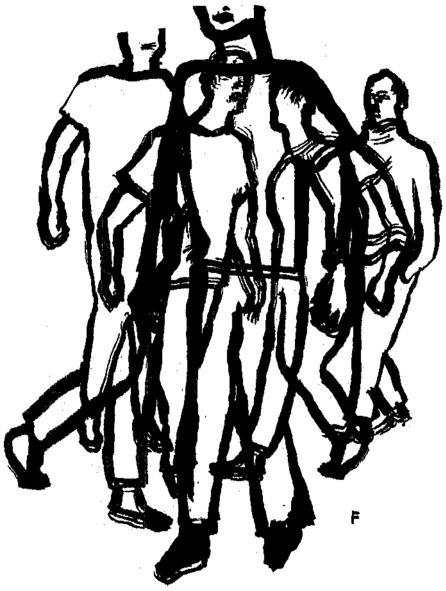
At my bank the other day, I was standing in a line snaking around some tired velvet ropes when a man in a sweatsuit started inching toward me in his eagerness to deposit his Social Security check. As he did so, I minutely advanced toward the woman reading the *Wall Street Journal* in front of me, who, in mild annoyance, began to sidle up to the man scribbling a check in front of her, who absent-mindedly shuffled toward the white-haired lady ahead of him, until we were all hugger-mugger against each other, the original lazy line having collapsed in on itself like a Slinky.

I estimate that my personal space extends eighteen inches in front of my face, one foot to each side, and about ten inches in back—though it is nearly impossible to measure exactly how far behind you someone is standing. The phrase "personal space" has a quaint, seventies ring to it ("You're invading my space, man"), but it is one of those gratifying expressions that are intuitively understood by all human beings. Like the twelve-mile limit around our national shores, personal space is our individual border beyond which no stranger can penetrate without making us uneasy.

Lately, I've found that my personal space is being violated more than ever before. In elevators, people are wedging themselves in just before the doors close; on the street, pedestrians are zigzagging through the human traffic, jostling others, refusing to give way; on the subway, riders are no longer taking pains to carve out little zones of space between themselves and fellow-passengers; in lines at airports, people are pressing forward like fidgety taxis at red lights.

At first, I attributed this tendency to the "population explosion" and the relentless Malthusian logic that if twice as many people inhabit the planet now as did twenty years ago, each of us has half as much space. Recently, I've wondered if it's the season: T-shirt weather can make proximity more alluring (or much, much less). Or perhaps the proliferation of coffee bars in Manhattan—the number seems to double every three months—is infusing so much caffeine into the already jangling locals that people can no longer keep to themselves.

Personal space is mostly a public matter; we allow all kinds of invasions of personal space in private. (Humanity wouldn't exist without them.) The logistics of it vary according to geography. People who live in Calcutta have less personal space than folks in Colorado. "Don't tread on me" could have been coined only by someone with a *spread*. I would wager that people in the Northern Hemisphere have roomier conceptions of personal space than those in the Southern. To an Englishman, a handshake can seem like trespassing, whereas to a Brazilian, anything less than a hug may come across as chilliness.



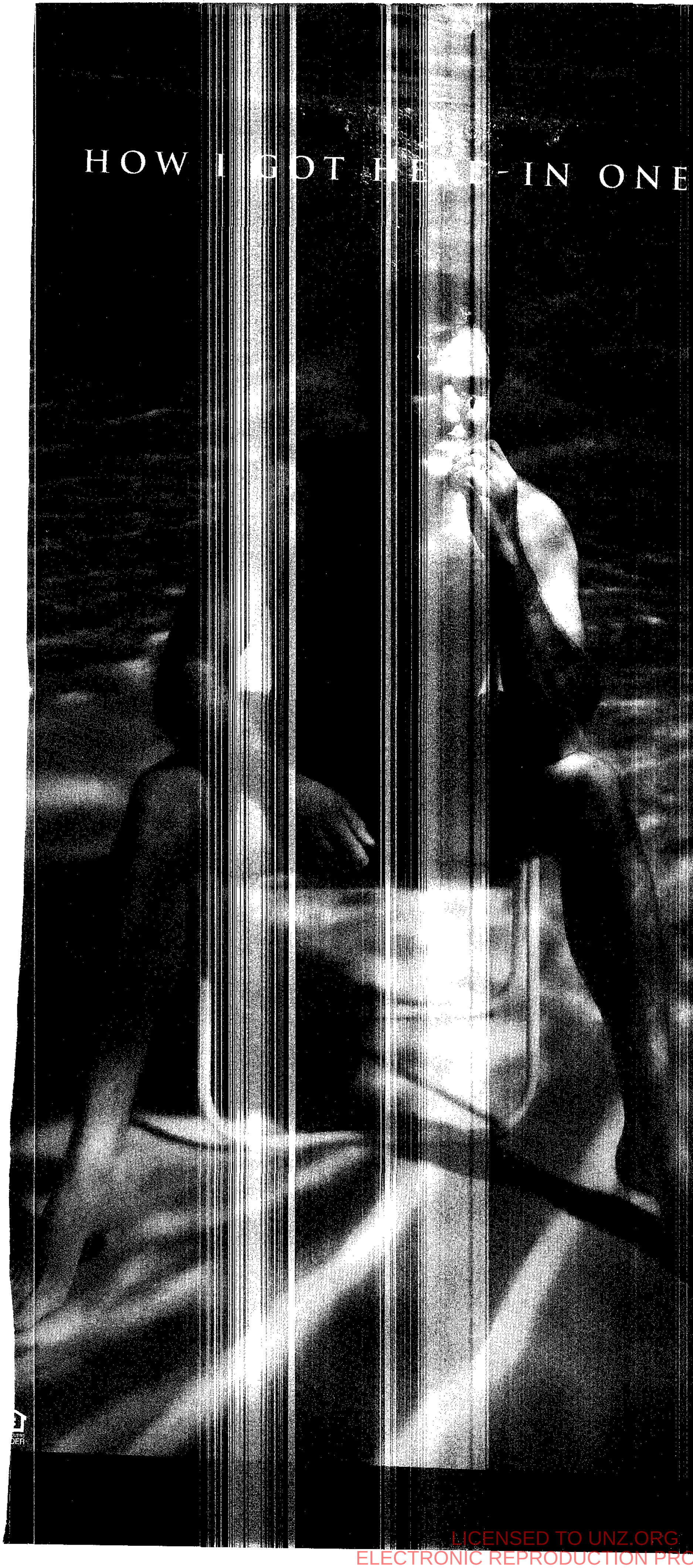
Like drivers who plow into your parked and empty car and don't leave a note, people no longer mutter "Excuse me" when they bump into you. The decline of manners has been widely lamented. Manners, it seems to me, are about giving people space, not stepping on toes, granting people their private domain.

I've also noticed an increase in the ranks of what I think of as space invaders, mini-territorial expansionists who seize public space with a sense of manifest destiny. In movie theatres these days, people are staking a claim to *both* armrests, annexing all the elbow room, while at coffee shops and on the L.I.R.R., individuals routinely commandeer booths and sets of facing seats meant for foursomes.

Ultimately, personal space is psychological, not physical: it has less to do with the space outside us than with our inner space. I suspect that the shrinking of personal space is directly proportional to the expansion of self-absorption: people whose attention is inward do not bother to look outward. Even the focus of science these days is micro, not macro. The Human Genome Project is mapping the universe of the genetic code, while neuroscientists are using souped-up M.R.I. machines to chart the flight of neurons in our brains, taking snapshots of a human thought.

In the same way that the breeze from a butterfly's wings in Japan may eventually produce a tidal wave in California, have decided to expand the contracting boundaries of personal space. In the lin at my bank, I now refuse to move close than three feet to the person in front o me, even if it means that the fellow behind me starts breathing down my neck.

HOW I GOT HERE—IN ONE DEEP BREATH:



Fell out of rowboat,
age 2.

Swimming lessons,
age 2½.

Belly-flop champ,
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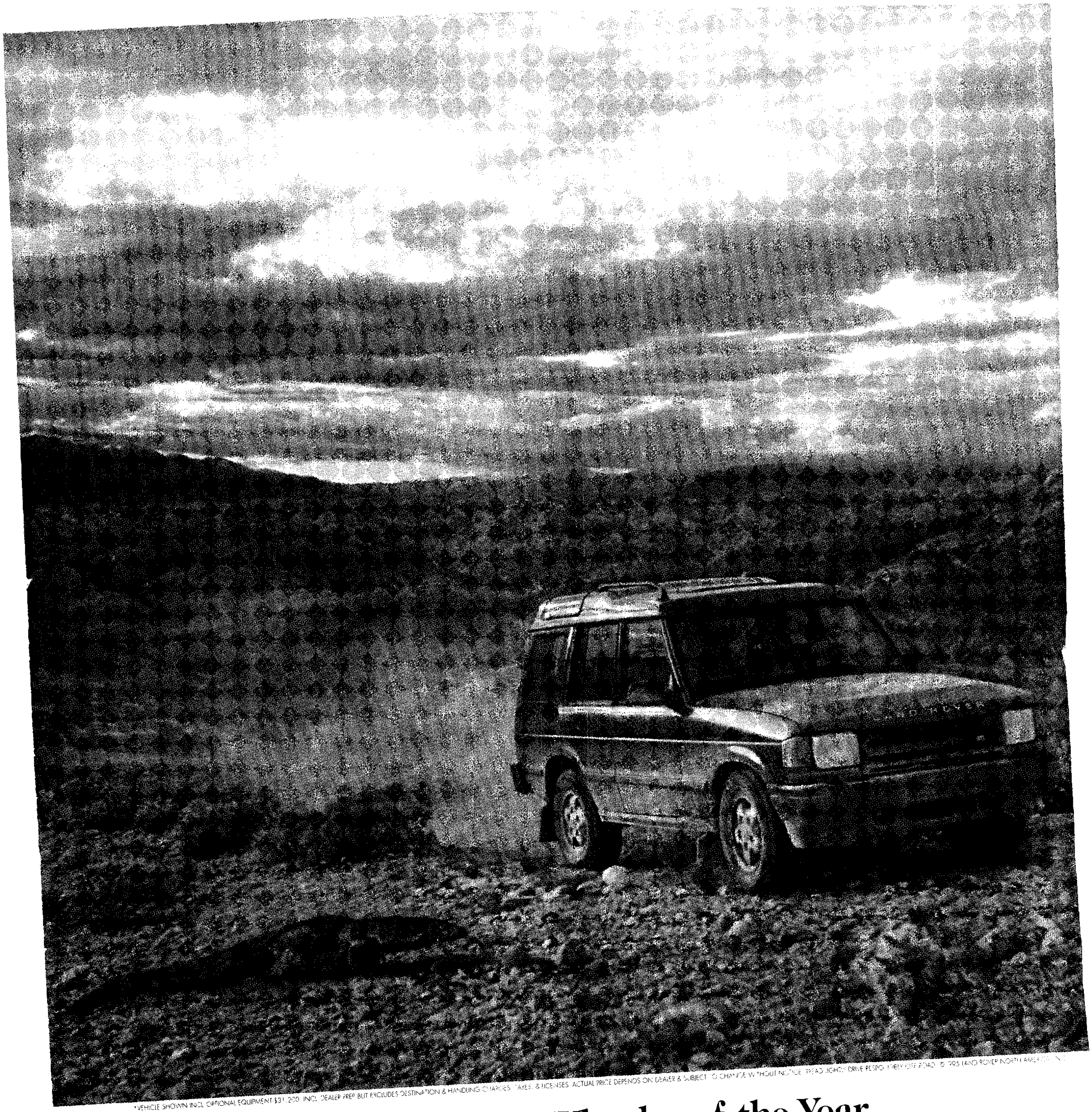

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The Discovery from Land Rover has made it to yet another one of those incredibly hard-to-reach places.

First place.

After *Four Wheeler* magazine tested it both on and off road, along with a number of other top new sport utility vehicles, the Discovery won the illustrious title of Four Wheeler of the Year.

It was also selected by *Automobile Magazine* as the All-Star Sport Utility. And it even appeared in *Popular Science* as the Best of What's New.

Of course, such praise isn't too surprising for a 4x4 with all-terrain ABS, permanent four-wheel drive, standard dual airbags, and an astounding ability to handle the farthest-flung corners of the planet.

Not to mention six children.

Why not call 1-800-FINE 4WD for the nearest dealer? Despite all the fame and recognition, the Discovery is still most reasonably priced at $29,950.*

As the acclaim it's been getting shows, it's undoubtedly ahead of the competition.

And not just in places where there isn't any.

LAND ROVER **DISCOVERY** $29,950*

Always wear your seatbelts. SRS/airbags alone do not provide sufficient protection.